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REVELATIONS

OF

PORTUGAL.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

REVELATIONS

OF

PORTUGAL,

AND NARRATIVE OF AN

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO LISBON,

AT THE CLOSE OF 1846;

WITH

A PICTURE OF THE

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.

BY T. M. HUGHES, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "REVELATIONS OF SPAIN,"

&c. &c.

"One word set down *on the spot* is worth twenty written after."—Gray.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A JOURNEY OVERLAND

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CHAPTER I.

Mr. Bulwer.—Sketch of his appearance and character.—Progress of the marriage question.—The invasion of Portugal designed to support the claims of Count Trapani.—Abandonment of the Count's pretensions.—Proposal of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg; declined to be specially supported by England.—The night-scene at the Palace.—Arrangement of the two-fold marriage.—Convocation of the Córtes.—Illegality of the Montpensier alliance.—Subserviency of the Deputies.—Causes which prevented a hostile decision.—Power of the Court and the Army.—Vote of the Córtes.—Constitution of the Chamber.—Seizure of three journals for proposing to reward Señor Orense, "the one honest Deputy," with a gold medal.—Mr. Bulwer's formal protest.—The British fleet at Cadiz.—Energy, a day too late.

Madrid, September 28.

I CALLED this morning at the British Legation, and had an interview with our minister.

The Right Honourable Henry Lytton Bulwer,

Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Spain, is a man of rather tall and graceful figure, with a face which, without being handsome, is clever and self-satisfied —the features marked, but deficient in smoothness and colour. Some roughness in the texture of the skin, and a slight hue of biliousness in the tinge of the rather thin cheeks, indicate no high state of health, and point to sedentary habits. His hair is worn very copiously, and his glossy brown locks wave not ungracefully over the lower part of his head and neck. His address is pleasing, correct, and fluent, his manner affable, frank, and conciliating; but an unimpressive softness in his voice and langour in his mode of delivery, give him an effeminate *petit-maître* air which his copious locks and general demeanour by no means tend to dispel. Nevertheless, he is a good representative of a school of which England alone can boast, but which I trust will, ere long, extend to other countries—the school of truthful diplomacy; and the principles which have characterized his public career, however they may for a moment, through lack of energetic action, have been forced to cede the *pas* to a rare combination of French intrigue and effrontery, are sure to triumph in no very remote futurity, and to maintain the just influence which England alone desires in Spain, when France, by her own suicidal efforts, shall have trebled the number of her enemies in the Peninsula.

There is a general, but by no means a striking,

resemblance between the features, style, and bearing of Mr. Henry Bulwer and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—brothers, both of rare endowments and of singular success in life.

Having thus cleared the ground, it is right that I should justify the independent tone of the following observations, in which I shall deal with Mr. Bulwer's public acts as if I never had spoken to him the few words which I have done in private. To Mr. Bulwer I owe nothing, but a general offer of civilities, all of which I carefully abstained from accepting, except one formal dinner, to which I first declined going, but on receiving a renewal of the invitation could not well refrain from appearing. In other respects I am not indebted to him (through cautious abstinence) for one introduction, or acquaintance, or facility, or frank, or even for the official service of protecting me from *espionnage*, or assisting me in surmounting passport difficulties. I guard myself carefully against misrepresentation, by stating that I even frankly informed Mr. Bulwer, on entering his cabinet, that I was about to write the present work. I have had six years' experience of foreign diplomacy, and know that the dinner was pressed on me a second time for the very purpose of committing me to a particular line of observation; but I am too thoroughly acquainted with this sort of manœuvre to allow my independent action to be warped, and my usefulness impaired, by trials of my moral courage.

The fatal error of Mr. Bulwer's career is an excessive opinion of himself. Not satisfied with a high reputation, a distinguished position, and even considerable fame, he would outshine all men within his sphere, and eclipse the proudest Grandes of Spain in outlay and magnificence. It is not sufficient for him to have a splendid town-house in the openest and finest street of Madrid, but he must have his two country-houses, (one his property at Aranjuez, the other hired at Carabanchal,) his racing stud to superintend, his alternate villas to repair to. The more practical Bresson lived next door to the Palace, and never was absent from his post; the theoretic Bulwer lived in an atmosphere of his own, and left the Palace to shift for itself with lordly indifference. Bresson worked by *vivâ voce* intercourse, Bulwer by diplomatic notes. I have not been six years watching the course of diplomatists without learning the infinite superiority of verbal communication on all ordinary occasions. Twice before the night of the 27th of August, when the intrigue was finally wound up, had meetings of the Ministers, leading prelates, and presidents of the legislative bodies, been held at the Palace for the very purpose of deciding this marriage question—one meeting ten days before, the other three days before —yet Mr. Bulwer thought it consistent with his duty to go out of town with his usual frequency. The result, any man not blinded by vanity and self-love, might have anticipated. No one cared for him or his inactive opposition. The marriages were

even arranged in his absence. He was not consulted on the question, nor was its decision submitted to him; and when the news on the following day reached the British Legation, after having become previously known to the metropolis, our Minister was at Carabanchal! Then, indeed, he became very active, and displayed much *ex post facto* energy, writing a series of diplomatic notes and protests, in one of which he went the length of saying, "Had he known this result, he would have voted for Don Carlos instead of Queen Isabel"—for even the Ambassador cannot lose sight of the individual—"when he (Mr. Bulwer) was member of Parliament!" Thus England has been reduced to a position thoroughly ridiculous, from which she would have escaped under the management of a person of the commonest abilities—and all because her representative judged that one of his prodigious diplomatic notes would, like a thunderbolt, arrest the progress of events at any given time. His diplomatic notes were treated with the most marked indifference, and in every particular he was entirely foiled.

An amusing defence has been set up for Mr. Bulwer—that he was not, forsooth, like M. Bresson, an *ambassadeur de famille*, and should be put on the same footing with him if the same familiarity at the Palace was expected. Thus he would cure his own deficiences by obtaining a step in promotion! More ingenious truly than modest. The Palace was always open to Mr. Bulwer, but he chose to write. There

is a Spanish proverb, which he would do well to study, and with the truth of which M. Bresson is familiar: "*Quien quiere, va, quien no quiere, mandâ.*"*

I shall now proceed to give in detail the history of this memorable transaction, in which British diplomacy has received a check which may lead to disastrous results, from which the national honour comes forth without stain, but the national character for sagacity becomes sadly liable to imputation. My record of events shall be given with perfect impartiality, and I shall deduce no inferences which do not force themselves on the conviction:—

Up to the beginning of August last, Louis Philippe was the warm supporter of the claims of Count Trapani, and Count Bresson was instructed to push the claims of the Count to the hand of Queen Isabel by every possible means within his power. This was in pursuance of Louis Philippe's determined policy to suffer none but a Bourbon to become united to Queen Isabel—a policy loudly proclaimed by M. Guizot. The more, however, Bresson urged this suit, the more unpopular Trapani became, until his name grew so odious at last that he was no longer to be thought of, the country being wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation by the belief that a wretched Neapolitan Count was to be forced upon the Queen by the King of

* He who wants a thing goes himself, he who doesn't want it, sends.

the French. Towards the end of July, the French plan was somewhat varied, M. Bresson's instructions directing him to divert the indignation of the enemy to another point, and the invasion of Portugal was devised for this purpose. Never was fabrication more iniquitous than that which was trumped up for this purpose. A succession of letters and articles was published, chiefly in the *Heraldo*, announcing a meditated invasion of the Spanish territory by a numerous body of Portuguese insurgents and Spanish refugees in conjunction. The Portuguese province of Minho, it must be observed, was at that time in a state of permanent insurrection, and the disturbed state of the country and the irregularity of communications were calculated to give some colour to the allegation. General Villalonga was directed to march to the frontier, at the head of the army of Galicia. Meanwhile Baron Renduffe, the Portuguese Minister at Madrid, was not idle, but established by official documents, and by the communications of his own private agents on the frontier, the fact of the utter absence of the alleged provocation by his countrymen, and of the traitorous design to invade Portugal without even communicating to him the existence of such an intention. Remonstrance followed, and England now intervened; some officers belonging to our squadron in the Tagus were despatched to the frontier, to ascertain with their own eyes the real state of the question. The result was an entire falsification of the case made out for the Spanish

counter invasion, and Isturiz was obliged to halt in his mad career. At the bottom of the intrigue was discovered the piebald name of Gonzalez Bravo, who in conjunction with Costa Cabral, then banished from Lisbon, was working heaven and earth for a restoration of the Cabralist party. All these efforts of sinister intrigue failed, and Count Trapani's claims failed with the rest. Bravo was recalled by the purely-minded Isturiz, but to be sent back again the moment that the storm blew over. At this turn in the intrigue, M. Bresson had affected to become the warm advocate of the claims of Don Francisco to the hand of Queen Isabel, and, the Trapani alliance becoming impossible, he could not now recede. He was, in fact, caught in his own snare. Francisco turned up a trump-card, and has remained in that position till the end of the game. Cristina became alarmed by the turn which things were taking in favour of the Infante Francisco's family, which she hates, and on Monday, the 24th August, a meeting was held at the Palace, by adjournment from the previous Monday, which resulted in the decision, by common accord of the Queen-mother, Queen Isabel, and Isturiz, in favour of the Coburg alliance. All then depended on the determination of England.

During the course of these negotiations, Queen Cristina paid a visit without ceremony and entirely *incognita* to Mr. Bulwer, who was then at Carabanchal, some distance from Madrid. Here she told him, that whatever she might have said to the

French minister, and whatever opinions she might be represented to have put forth on the matter, she was far from being pleased with the idea of the marriage of her daughter to Don Francisco, and added, that if this marriage could be prevented she would have no difficulty in breaking off the other projected alliance between the Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier. Mr. Bulwer thereupon addressed an official note to Isturiz, and dispatched a courier to London at six o'clock the same evening. Within an hour after, M. Bresson dispatched a courier to Paris. The Montpensier marriage was then distinctly on the *tapis*, and Mr. Bulwer declares, that his Government was duly informed of the circumstance; but Lord Palmerston declining to become the patron of the Coburg candidature, the arrangement which was then proposed became impracticable.

The advocacy of the pretensions of Don Francisco de Asis by the Queen-mother, was finally adopted by her as a *pis-aller* upon England declining to become the patron of the Coburg alliance, the two remaining candidates being alike inadmissible—Count Trapani in consequence of the rooted dislike of the Spanish people, and Don Enrique, from insuperable grounds of political hostility. Cristina, even while supporting the claims of Don Francisco, could not conceal her dislike to his person, which she openly extends to every member of his family, and it cannot be a matter of surprise that Queen Isabel shared this dislike.

It was on the night of the 27th August, three

days after the final meeting at the palace, that the grand intrigue exploded. No movement whatever occurred until past eleven o'clock, and it was not until after midnight that Caneja, the Minister of Grace and Justice, and as such Grand Notary of the Kingdom, was summoned out of his bed to join a Council of Ministers. At the same time were summoned several *employés* of the Ministerial offices, and in particular the keeper of the Archives of Caneja's department. Thus mysteriously and surreptitiously did the intriguers go to work. It was not the official councillors of the Queen that were summoned in the first instance, but the leading members of the Camarilla. These remained closeted in Her Majesty's apartments from shortly before midnight until five the following morning, Cristina during this interval using every persuasion and argument, and resorting at last even to menace, to overcome Queen Isabel's dislike to marry her cousin Don Francisco.

The history of this famous night scene at the palace, (which has been attempted to be denied) is precisely this:—At an advanced hour of the night, by the admission of the French party, Queen Isabel, before retiring to her private apartments, received Donozo Córtes, Queen Cristina's private Secretary, and some other leading members of the Camarilla. Queen Cristina next was sent for, and remained in the Real Camara for several hours, Queen Isabel having previously taken leave of her Ministers.

The interval between Queen Isabel's dismissal of

her ministers, and her subsequently sending for them a second time, was passed most miserably by Her Majesty. Queen Cristina and the Camarilla employed every art of persuasion and even of indirect menace, to induce her to accept Don Francisco for her husband. Her repugnance to him as a partner was great and decided. It is a positive fact that she shed bitter tears at the idea of the proposed union, and for two hours continued weeping almost continuously in her private apartment. Worn out at last by teasing and solicitation, the moral power of resistance of so young a female gave way, she descended once more to the Real Camara, and said to Queen Cristina :—" Do as you will : I accept Don Francisco." In that moment of excitement the marriage of the Infanta to the Duke de Montpensier was likewise urged upon her, and, in the same feeling of escape from annoyance, acquiesced in. So strong was the moral coercion employed that Cristina is said to have even used this expression :—" If you do not consent to marry Don Francisco you shall marry no one else."

I shall not enter into further details, which I regard as mere Palace scandal, about a certain Camarista who was detected some time before lecturing Queen Isabel on the advantages of matrimony, and other racy particulars. I set out with the determination to tell the truth, and truth alone ; and, as I cannot answer for these Palace rumours, I leave them where I found them. But for what I have stated as to the young Queen's manifestation of dislike for Don Francisco's person, at the moment that he was

definitively proposed for her husband, and for the determined spirit by which Queen Cristina overcame this repugnance, I will be answerable, having been informed of the circumstances from a quarter in which I cannot be deceived.

The Queen's consent having been thus wrung from her, M. Bresson was instantly on the spot; and, profiting by the occasion, while Isabel was still in tears, and glad to escape by any course whatever from the importunities by which she was besieged, and take refuge even in a desperate decision, the French Minister made a formal demand of the hand of the Infanta Luisa for the Duke de Montpensier. The Queen's consent was hastily and without consideration given to this proposal, and in less than two hours afterwards a courier was on his way to Paris.

It was five in the morning when Queen Isabel gave her reluctant consent, and Caneja and the other ministers were instantly summoned to give formality to the proceedings. By the result of a *most singular accident*, although the Queen had finished transacting regular business with them some hours before, they were still nearly all in the Palace, at the office of Isturiz, the principal Secretary of State. They immediately assembled in Her Majesty's presence. All this (except Count Bresson's having been there) is admitted in the French diplomatic account, and has even been published in the *Journal des Débats*. By the very admission of France it was an affair arranged and disposed of in the clouds of the night—an affair, therefore, irre-

gular and of intrigue, to which the epithet "hole and-corner" is justly applied. Count Bresson despatched no fewer than three couriers to Paris in the course of that day. He was the only foreign minister present; the only one whose opinion or advice was consulted on so momentous an occasion. In these clandestine proceedings nearly the whole night was consumed, and it was little short of six o'clock when Queen Isabel went still weeping to bed. Next day at nine o'clock, the night's business transpired upon the Puerta del Sol, and it was not until an hour later that the intelligence was communicated at the British Legation. The British Minister himself heard of it only during the course of the day, for, unfortunately and inexcusably, he was out of town. He was, as usual during the summer, at his country-house at Carabanchal, but must have known, as all Madrid knew, of the previous formal meetings at the Palace for the very purpose of determining this much-debated question.

The union between the Infanta Luisa and the Duke de Montpensier was a matter long agreed upon and settled between Maria Cristina and Louis Philippe. It was the occult object to which all the intrigues of the Tuileries tended, and whatever professions may have been made at Eu, it was never for an instant abandoned by that aged sovereign's long-sighted policy. I believe that very shortly after Cristina's forced secession to France in 1840, it was arranged between them, and that the Queen-mother's volunteered acceptance of the candidature

of Leopold of Saxe Coburg in August last for her elder daughter, had for its deep-rooted *arrière-pensée* the marriage of Montpensier with the Infanta, whose probable longevity in comparison with that of Isabel, Cristina has the *best reasons* for assuming, as she and Louis Philippe have had consequently for believing that the chances are neither few nor inconsiderable of her proximately ascending the throne of Spain.

In the *Gazette* of that day was published the Queen's betrothal to Don Francisco, and the Córtes were convoked for the 14th September.

The Constitution of 1837, before it was modified, made it incumbent on the Sovereign to consult the wishes of the Córtes before contracting any matrimonial alliance. This important article of the fundamental law was, however, suppressed in the remodelled Constitution of 1845, at the same time that the preamble acknowledging the Sovereignty of the People was expunged. These exchanges were made undoubtedly both in the same direction; but that which respects the formation of marriage contracts appears especially ill-advised, since an *ex post facto* discussion of this description can seldom be independent, or lead to good. The Sovereign says, "I mean to marry—thus." Is it likely that Chambers will be found in the Peninsula to say, "No!" At all events the form was gone through, and the Córtes solemnly convoked. Provincial Deputies talked and looked very big, and came up apparently charged with the electricity of opposition.

But their excess of the fluid of positive patriotism was straightway liberated by the Leyden jar of Ministerial influence.

The meeting of the Córtes, at which the announcement of the twofold marriage was made by Isturiz, in his capacity of Prime Minister, took place on the 14th of September. That was a day of memorable excitement in Madrid. The Puerta del Sol was entirely deserted—though the weather was of enchanting warmth and beauty—and the quintessence of the excitable Madrilene populace was assembled in front of the Theatre del Oriente, near the Palace, where the Sessions of the Congress are provisionally held. The galleries were crowded with spectators. Isturiz's voice trembled, and his person shook like an aspen leaf, on reading out the Duke de Montpensier's name. Hisses of reprobation burst from all the public galleries, and even some voices were raised in disapproval. With difficulty the President's bell procured the restoration of order. Many a voice was raised in the *varrios vajos*, or "backslums" of Madrid, with "Down with the *Gavachos!*" and a journeyman tailor was hissed in the Calle Toledo for some fancied resemblance to the Duke de Glucksberg—an insult at which the tailor was desperately indignant.

The marriage of the Duke de Montpensier with the Infanta Luisa was directly opposed to the laws both of France and Spain. In France no marriage with any female under sixteen is recognized by law, and the Infanta Luisa is little more than fourteen years of age. In Spain the New Constitution passed

in June, 1845, distinctly declared that "the Royal Family of Spain cannot form a marriage with any individual who is excluded from the succession by law." The Treaty of Utrecht embodies a renunciation of the succession to the Spanish Crown for himself and his heirs by the head and representative at that period of the Orléans family, and an edict was promulgated by Philip V. immediately after, excluding *in totidem verbis* the Orléans family from the succession, and consequently rendering it illegal for the issue of any marriage contracted by the Duke de Montpensier with the Infanta to sit upon the Spanish throne. Thus this project of marriage was in direct opposition to both French and Spanish law, and so clearly outrageous in every respect, that the British Government, although informed by our Minister at Madrid at several periods before the intrigue exploded, that such an intrigue was on foot, treated the matter as merely a bugbear, relying on the strong assurances of Louis Philippe and his Government of their sincere and anxious desire to maintain that "cordial understanding" which has now been flung to the wind. We were a little overloyal, and a good deal too confiding. But if French intrigue has been for the moment triumphant, French influence will be eventually impaired.

The illegality of this audacious transaction was not unknown in Spain, and there were not wanting in the Córtes men to advert to this feature of the case. But, alas! when the time arrived for testing the sincerity of this opposition, when the question came to a division, of all these doughty orators not

one but Señor Orense was found to vote against the French marriage—but one just man, but one honest, sincere, and consistent representative of the Spanish people who did not shrink from incurring the hostility of the court while discharging his conscience and clearing his honour. The day will yet arrive in Spain, when for this act the name of ORENSE will be written in letters of gold.

In Spain, at this moment, the Court, for good or evil, is omnipotent. The entire power of the country centres here—the result of the Cristina and Narvaez policy. Representation there is absolutely none. The Deputies are returned by the Gefes Politicos, and the great bulk are employés of the government. The Senate is an assemblage of political ciphers, subject to a show of election, but in reality nominees of the Crown. The people have no real voice in these elections. The Progresistas scarcely appear at the urn. Terrorism and every undue and abominable influence universally prevail. Bayonets swarm around the voter's path, and a persecution not to be resisted appals the honest elector. The Chambers being thus converted into mere registries of the ministerial decrees, the army is officered entirely by dependants of the court and of the men in power. The national militia has been entirely disarmed. The papers are seized the instant that they tell the truth. The voice of the Spanish nation is utterly stifled. *Que hay para hacer?* Nothing. A successful revolution appears, for some time to come, impossible. The army, clothed and fed, comparatively "like

fighting cocks" (an expression applied by the Duke of Wellington in his admirable despatches to the Portuguese soldiers under English management, in the Peninsular war,) and raised since the establishment of Narvaez's system, to an effective and carefully maintained force of 130,000 strong, has no earthly inducement to turn against the court; the arms are removed from the people's hands since the suppression of the Nacionales; except in isolated Guerrillero demonstrations of no avail, no resistance can be made for the present.

The chance of the Spanish nation recovering its liberties is thus unfortunately remote. The unfortunate results of former revolutions make even the most daring apathetic. The roulette-table goes round, round, but none but a few gamblers win. A great and stirring cause must be presented, something almost approaching in stringency to the French invasion. And Spaniards will for some time to come be content to prate about their rights. How hostile is the feeling of the great bulk of the country at this moment to the Montpensier marriage is manifest upon the shortest sojourn in Spain. The British Consuls and Vice-Consuls in every part of the country, amounting to upwards of forty, have attested without exception the existence of this feeling; but again I repeat, the voice of the Spanish nation is choked, there is no representation. No echo, except a farcical opposition unsustained by a single vote, makes itself heard in the Córtes. Yet at this moment, so strong is the popular feeling against the Montpensier alliance, that

if any man were to raise his voice in its favour in public he would instantly have his head broken. Melancholy position to which the great Spanish nation has been reduced, of being unable to exercise the slightest influence upon the most vital of questions within its own soil!

Concurrently with the weakness, venality, and corruption, which unfortunately exist in the Spanish Chambers, came in this instance a considerable doubt in the minds of those Deputies who were not altogether deficient in manly and patriotic feeling, as to whether England was really opposed to the Montpensier marriage. An opinion had got abroad, and was sedulously encouraged by the French partisans at Court, that the matter had been all arranged between Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe last year, during Her Majesty's visit to the Château of Eu. The project of marriage was now presented in so precipitate a shape, that it was impossible to disabuse the minds of the Deputies and leading politicians of this fatal error. Our Minister, in this respect, was by no means idle. On the last day of the discussion in the Congress, he was present, and communicated to several Deputies the fact that he was in momentary expectation of the receipt of despatches from his Government, announcing their strong opposition to the marriage, and containing even a protest against it. But the despatches did not arrive in time. The debate would not be adjourned, according to his reasonable suggestion. The partisans of the marriage took especial care to

precipitate its conclusion, and obtain the sanction of a slavish vote, which they call the voice of the Spanish nation, speaking through its representatives. The question was closed at once, and became an *affaire accomplie*. The distance of the Court of Madrid from that of London was thus the same element of difficulty in negotiation that it ever has been.

The present Spanish Chamber of Deputies is composed of 241 members, of whom there are only thirty in all who ever make any show of opposition to the Government. Of these 241 members, fifty-eight are at this moment actually subject to re-election under the terms of the Constitution, in consequence of having recently accepted places, favours, and other emoluments from the Government. They have not, however, been made subject to this re-election, and for this job they are therefore, bound neck and heels to Isturiz. At the period of the vote on the Montpensier marriage, there were 198 Deputies in Madrid, 178 only voted on the Queen's marriage; therefore twenty stayed away from the Chamber, in order that they might not have to vote on the question of the Montpensier marriage. But, besides these, twenty-one left the Chamber without voting. One voted *against* the marriage, Señor Orense, the sole representative of the Progresista party. Of the 158 members who voted with ministers, 120 are either *employés*, or in some shape dependent on the Government. There were positively therefore, only thirty-eight Deputies, with the slightest pretensions to

independence, who voted in favour of the Montpensier marriage.

The galling tyranny which exists to-day in Spain, may be estimated from the following fact:—Three leading Madrid Journals inserted a day or two since a paragraph announcing it to be the intention of the Progresista party to present Señor Orense with a gold medal, to commemorate the single vote which he recorded in the Córtes against the Montpensier marriage. The journals which contained this most innocent paragraph,—the *Espectador*, *Nuevo Espectador*, and *Eco del Comercio*, were all seized next morning, for this high crime against the dynasty of the sabre. The nature of that dynasty may be equally inferred from the fact, that the Progresistas as a body have been compelled, in self-defence, to keep away from the elections, and that Señor Orense is their only representative in the Córtes. There can be no manner of doubt or question that a moderate absolutism, or the "*despotismo ilustrado*" promulgated by Zea Bermudez on the 4th October 1833, five days after the death of Ferdinand VII., would be incomparably better for Spain, and would secure the enjoyment of more real liberty than the despicable pretence of a Constitution which mocks with the form of freedom.

On the 22nd, Mr. Bulwer, having previously exhausted every argument and consideration which could suggest itself to his mind, to induce the Spanish Government to postpone the Montpensier marriage, and written even in terms so strong as to be open to reproof, but found the counsels and the

wishes, the friendly feelings and the interests of England alike disregarded, felt compelled; as a last measure, to present a formal protest. With this view he proceeded to the Royal Palace, and having in the first instance obtained an audience of Queen Isabel to congratulate her upon her approaching marriage with Don Francisco de Asis, he next repaired to the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which is likewise in the Royal Palace, and handed to Señor Isturiz a formal protest upon the part of his Government against the marriage of the Infanta with the Duke de Montpensier. It was not until every other means had failed, that he had recourse to the disagreeable measure of a protest, and the views which he had orignally presented were strongly sustained by Lord Palmerston.

The British fleet next sailed into the Bay of Cadiz. Eight ships of the line, four frigates, and six war-steamers! There was a force to "astonish the natives." The time was when the exhibition of such an armament would have produced a powerful effect, but the days of St. Vincent and Trafalgar have too long gone by to make the alarm immediate or overwhelming. The froward youth, Joinville, has been ordered to watch the English fleet. And this is enough to quiet the apprehensions of the Madrid cabinet, and cause the excitement which the appearance of this squadron produces to be limited to the Puerta del Sol. I only wish that our displays of physical force were confined to occasions when it is determined to exert it. In the Tuileries and here *l'on passe outre* without concern, knowing

too well that the English people will not fight for such a cause. Why then parade our fleet to be laughed at? I am pacific—more so than the ocean which bears the name. But if there were a little brush—just one little brush with Joinville, how much more potent would be the spell of a British fleet at Cadiz!

Mr. Bulwer was unfortunately not at his post in Madrid at the critical period when this important transaction was completed. He proceeded to his house at Carabanchal in the course of the day, the 27th August. The Montpensier betrothal was completed at the Palace in the course of that night, and it was not until the following night—nearly twenty-four hours after all was accomplished—that he returned from Carabanchal and made his appearance again in Madrid. Count Bresson, it must be added, was never thus facile and confiding in his demeanour. It was by being "instant in season and out of season" that he succeeded so provokingly at last; and the frightful mistake of our Minister's absence at the decisive moment was but ill compensated by the posthumous energy of writing a series of insolent notes to the Minister, Isturiz, and sending a special messenger twice over the wilds of Ronda, a distance of 350 miles, to Gibraltar, to subsidize our Minister's deficiencies by the despicable parade of a fleet which dared not strike a blow, and reduce our gallant seamen to the miserable condition of the *Flying Dutchman* firing impotent signals of distress.

CHAPTER II.

Three invasions of Spain by France during the present century.—Unremitted domination of the Tuileries.—Death-bed advice of Talleyrand.—Intentions of the framers of the Treaty of Utrecht.—Text of the Treaty as affecting this question, and of theDuke of Orléans' Act of Renunciation.—Declaration of Philip V., and Royal Cedula of Renunciation; and establishment of Succession, with consent of the Córtes.—Results, should Queen Isabel die without issue.—Louis Philippe's management.—Analysis and critique of our policy.

Madrid, September 28.

SPAIN has been thrice invaded from France during the present century—first by Napoleon, next by Angoulême, and now by Montpensier under the auspices of Hymen. Though it be unaccompanied by the din of arms, and though lutes supply the place of martial music, it is not the less an invasion. The dictator's rod is there, and the imposition of a foreign yoke. The will of the Spanish nation has been contemptuously defied. There is every reason to believe that this invasion may hereafter become an armed one. A French party most odious to the nation will soon have a French Prince at its head.

That party will interfere (it is next to impossible that it can be otherwise) in the disputes between Moderados and Progresistas. A deadly struggle will ensue. Can France fail to march an army over the frontier, with the dearest interests of the Orléans dynasty at stake? Can England fail to intervene? *Attendons à la fin.* The Court of the Tuileries, throughout these transactions, has laughed at its engagements, sneered at treaties, and derided the idea of "the balance of power." A good *parti* has turned a very old and hitherto very wise man's head, and the interests of the family of Orléans have overrode in his estimation those of the European family of nations.

The singular ingratitude of the Spanish reigning family towards England is not to be lost sight of in this transaction. Twice in the present century had we interfered, at a great outlay of blood and treasure, to place Isabel and her father on the throne of St. Ferdinand. In the great Peninsular contest England fought and won nineteen pitched battles, took four great fortresses, and recorded her zeal for Spanish independence by strewing the hills of Spain with the bones of forty thousand of her sons, and expending more than a hundred millions sterling on her own operations, besides subsidizing both Peninsular kingdoms. But what of all this? *Pelillos à la mar.* "Little hairs blown to the sea!" When the Royal sisters of Spain were to be married, the nod of a French cousin (though those cousins had kicked and cuffed them like mules, and plundered and murdered all before them) was more regarded

than the earnest remonstrance of that faithful, constant, and generous ally. The marriage was to be arranged as a family affair; the voice of England was unheard or despised. And she, whose services had been so eagerly invoked by the Asturian Deputation in 1808, and who performed such gigantic exploits for the establishment of Peninsular independence, was now put aside and flouted when it was again so rudely threatened. How truly does the Spanish proverb say: *El dia de beneficio es vispera de ingratitud*, "The day of a benefit is the eve of ingratitude!"

The most indecent part of the transaction is the precipitation with which it has been hurried through—evidently with a view to securing the chance of the Spanish succession, in clear violation of the arrangement entered into at the Château of Eu between the sovereigns of France and England. That understanding is well known to have been, that Queen Victoria would have no objection to the Duke de Montpensier's marriage with the Infanta, provided the Queen of Spain's marriage took place beforehand and was followed by issue. But the grasping policy of the French Court would not brook the year's delay, and with a Princess of only fourteen. Could indecency exceed this? The charge of gross duplicity cannot be escaped from, and a compact sealed by what would have been thought to be the most binding engagement—the plighted honour of a King—has been unblushingly violated for the furtherance of mere family interests. In vain has King Louis Philippe written pages on

pages of private correspondence to Queen Victoria. Our pure and noble-minded Queen harboured no suspicion. Incapable of deceit herself, she did not dream of it in a monarch so venerable by his years; but had she been less upright, she would have smiled at Louis Philippe's palaver, as Philip did at Louis XIV.'s renunciation of the Spanish crown, and called it "*patarata.*"

It must be borne in mind that all the difficulties of this question are yet unsolved, that the *nodus* still remains to be undone by diplomacy or the sword. The Queen of Spain has yet no issue, and hers is no charmed life. The Infanta Luisa and the Duke de Montpensier may mount the throne of St. Ferdinand to-morrow. The Sovereign of Spain would then be the mere executor of the will of France, and, in despite even of the late resipiscence of the *Afrancesado* party (should they have patriotic virtue enough to denunciate it at the eleventh hour), the fruit of this inauspicious marriage would be to destroy their nationality. It is but twenty-three years since France invaded Spain with an army of 100,000 men, under the pretext of liberating Ferdinand VII., but in reality to deprive her of her liberties, and subject her to French domination. It is less than forty years since France seized her fortresses, her capital, and her crown, and thrust into her ancient palace an abhorred intrusive King. Let Spaniards look to it, if the spirit of independence is not extinguished amongst them, and if they would not have their beautiful country converted into a French department.

It was the death-bed advice of Talleyrand to successive French administrations, "Never to quarrel with England, and to be Bourbon as much as possible." This *dictum*, like the prophecies of the oracle of Delphi, was rather ambiguous in its wording, and susceptible of different interpretations. M. Guizot has interpreted only its latter portion. In endeavouring to be "Bourbon as much as possible," he has rushed into a "quarrel with England." His interpretation, like his party, should have had more of a *juste-milieu* character. He should have reconciled the two sections of the sage diplomatist's advice, and preserved the inestimable friendship of England by being less madly Bourbon. No statesmanship can ever long be triumphant which is not based on moderation and justice. "*Il y a une vérité dont je suis entièrement convaincu,*" said Napoleon; "*c'est de l'impuissance de la force pour faire quelque chose.*"

The framers of the Treaty of Utrecht, not satisfied with requiring the Duke of Anjou's renunciation of the throne of France for himself and his heirs, made the renunciation of the Crown of Spain by the Dukes de Berri and Orléans for themselves and their heirs, express conditions of the recognition of Philip V., *and their exclusion from the Throne of Spain* was with them a paramount idea. Those renunciations were made, not merely in the names of the Princes themselves, but also for their children and descendants for ever, of whatever degree or sex, and in whatever manner the succession might revert to their line; and even these

renunciations were not held sufficient of themselves, but were required to be converted into fundamental laws both in France and Spain, by the Parliaments of the two countries respectively, and were then incorporated with the Treaty. The act of the Duke of Orléans' renunciation thus incorporated declares himself and his successors, "*exclus, inhabiles, et incapables absolument et à jamais;*" and formally renounces "*les droits de notre naissance, ou tous autres qui pourraient nous appartenir, de quelque manière que la succession puisse arriver à notre ligne.*" In the negotiations of 1809 it was proposed to recognise Charles of Austria as King of Spain, and in the Treaty of Utrecht, signed and ratified in 1813, Philip V. was recognised in that capacity. This difference has been incorrectly attributed to a difference between the Whig and Tory policies in England. It in fact arose from a most important historical event which occurred during the intervening period, in 1811. In that year died the Emperor Joseph, and Charles of Austria was elected to succeed him. The union of Spain with Germany would have been as much calculated to disturb the balance of power in Europe as that of Spain with France; and for this reason it was agreed to acknowledge Philip V. with the stringent restrictions above mentioned. It is idle to talk, as the French Diplomatists do, of the spirit of this Treaty being one thing and its letter another. There is no contradiction in its clauses, no dubious passage in its wording, which can justify this forced separation. The manifest spirit and intention are to

exclude every French branch except that of Anjou *from the throne of Spain, the succession to which is declared to be in the House of Savoy;* and our refusal some time back to admit Cuban sugar under this Treaty, on the ground of desuetude and contradictory practice in both countries, is utterly beside the case, since the question of a French marriage *now arises for the first time.*

As this question is of the deepest interest, and will speedily be submitted to Parliament, I give the principal documents relating to the transaction, and have marked the most striking passages in italics:—

Extract from the Act of Renunciation of the Duke of Orleans, November 19th, 1712.

"We, Philip, descendant of the house of France, Duke of Orléans, Valois, Chartres, and Nemours, to all the kings, princes, republics, powers, communities, and all other persons present and future, make known by these presents that the fear of the union of the two crowns of France and Spain having been the principal motive of the present war, &c. &c.

"We consent that in failure of Philip the Fifth, our nephew, and of his descendants, the crown of Spain do pass over to the house of the Duke of Savoy, whose rights are clear and known, inasmuch as he descends from the Infanta Catharina, daughter of Philip the Second; and as he is called by the other kings his successors; so that his right to the succession of Spain is indisputable.

"And we, desiring on our side to concur towards the glorious end which is proposed for re-establishing the public tranquillity and for preventing the fears which the rights of our birth, or all others

which might appertain unto us, might occasion, have resolved to make *this relinquishment, this abdication, and this renunciation of all our rights, for ourselves, and in the name of all our successors and descendants;* and for the accomplishing of this resolution, which we have taken of our mere, free, and frank will, *we declare and hold ourselves, from this present, us, our children, and descendants, for excluded and disabled, absolutely and for ever, and without limitation or distinction of persons, of degrees, and of sexes, from every act, and from all right of succeeding to the crown of Spain.* We will and consent, for us and our descendants, that from this time and for ever we be held, we and ours, for excluded, disabled, and incapacitated, in whatever degree we may happen to be, *and in what manner soever the succession may fall to our line,* and to all others, whether of the house of France or that of Austria, and of all the descendants both of the one and the other house, which, as it is said and supposed, ought likewise to hold themselves for cut off and excluded; and that for this reason, the succession to the said crown of Spain be deemed to be devolved and transferred to him to whom the succession of Spain ought to be transferred in such case, and at any time whatsoever; so that we do take and hold him for true and lawful successor, because neither we nor our descendants ought any more to be considered as having *any foundation of representation, active or passive, or making a continuation of a line effective, or contentive of substance, blood, or quality,* nor ought we to derive any right from our descent, or reckon the degrees from Queen Anne of Austria, our most honoured lady and grandmother, nor from the glorious kings her ancestors. On the contrary, we ratify the renunciation which the said lady Queen Anne made, and

all the clauses which the kings Philip the Third and Philip the Fourth inserted in their wills.

We renounce, in like manner, all the right which may appertain to us, and to our children and descendants, by virtue of the declaration made at Madrid the 29th of October, 1703, by Philip the Fifth, King of Spain, our nephew; and any right which might appertain to us, for us, and our descendants, we relinquish the same, and renounce it for us and for them; *we promise and engage, for us, our said children and descendants, present and to come, to employ ourselves, with all our might, in causing these presents to be observed and fulfilled, without allowing or suffering that,* DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, the same be violated, WHETHER IN THE WHOLE OR IN PART.

"And we relinquish all means, ordinary or extraordinary, which, by common right or any special privilege, might appertain to us, our children and descendants; which means we renounce absolutely, and in particular that of evident, enormous, and most enormous prejudice which may be found in the renunciation of the succession to the said crown of Spain; and we will that any of the said means neither may nor can serve or avail us.

And if under this pretext, *or any other colour whatever*, we would possess ourselves of the said kingdom of Spain by force of arms, that the war which we should make, or stir up, be held for *unjust, unlawful, and unduly undertaken;* and that on the contrary, that which he should make upon us, who, by virtue of this renunciation, should have right to succeed to the crown of Spain, be held for just and allowable; *and that all the subjects and people of Spain do acknowledge him, obey him, defend him, do homage to him, and take the oath of fealty to him, as to their king and lawful lord.*

Extract from Treaty between Austria and Spain, of April 30, 1725.

"Art. III. Comme l'unique moyen qu'on ait pu imaginer, pour établir la balance de l'Europe sur un pied assuré, a été que les Royaumes de France et d'Espagne ne pouroient être réunis en aucun tems sur la tête d'une même personne, *et dans une même ligne, et que les dites deux monarchies seroient séparées pour toujours et à perpétuité;* et que pour affermir une règle si nécessaire pour la tranquillité publique, les princes, qui par leur naissance pouroient avoir droit de succéder à l'un ou à l'autre Royaume, ont pour eux et leur postérité solemnellement renoncé à l'une des deux; tellement que cette séparation des deux monarchies est *établie pour loi fondamentale, qui a été confirmée à Madrid, le* 9 *Novembre,* 1712, *par les Etats du Royaume, communément appellez les Córtes, et outre cela, confirmée au Traité d'Utrecht, le* 11 *Avril,* 1713; Sa Majesté Impériale, pour l'entier accomplissement d'une loi si nécessaire et si salutaire, et *voulant prévenir toute occasion de mauvais soupçon,* et pourvoir à la tranquillité publique, accepte et accorde tout ce qui a été fait, statué, et arrêté à Utrecht, touchant ce droit, et l'ordre de la succession aux Royaumes de France et d'Espagne; *cède tant pour lui que pour ses héritiers, descendans, et successeurs mâles ou femelles, tous droits et prétensions, quelles qu'elles puissent être, sans aucune exception, à tous les Royaumes, Etats, et Païs de la Monarchie d'Espagne,* dont le Roi Catholique a été reconnu pour légitime possesseur par les Traitéz d'Utrecht, comme elle a déjà fait dresser, publier et registrer dans la meilleure forme partout où il était nécessaire, son acte solemnel de renonciation, et en a fait délivrer les instrumens accoutuméz à Sa Majesté Catholique, et à toutes les parties qui y sont intéressées."

Declaration of Philip the Fifth of Spain, July 8, 1712.

" L'assurance que les Couronnes d'Espagne et de France ne seroient jamais mises sur une même tête, a été un des principaux et des plus importans motifs de la guerre qui a affligé l'Europe jusqu'à ce jour ; ç'a été aussi comme le préliminaire dans les vûës qu'on a euës pour la paix, et principalement dans les propositions qui ont été faits depuis peu en Angleterre.

"C'est là dessus qu'on a posé le fondement de cet ouvrage, et l'on a jugé à propos d'établir la certitude, qu'en aucun temps, ni par quelque incident et événement que ce soit, les deux monarchies ne puissent être unies dans une seule personne ; et c'est sur ce point et sur d'autres points préliminaires, qu'on est convenu du Congrès qui se tient à Utrecht pour traiter des autres articles de la paix, et les régler, pendant lesquelles négotiations les morts imprévûës des Dauphins notre neveu étant survenûës, l'Angleterre en prit occasion de porter ses vûës, jusqu'à prévenir et anéantir les effets de tous autres accidens qui pourroient encore survenir un jour ; cette Couronne vint à proposer et soûtenir, comme un moyen nécessaire pour éviter toutes sortes d'inconvéniens dans les circonstances qui pourroient arriver, qu'il falloit que je renonçasse en mon nom et en celui de tous mes descendans, dès maintenant et à toujours, à la monarchie d'Espagne, ou à celle de France : en telle sorte que si je demeurois dans l'Espagne, *aucun de mes successeurs ne pourroit jamais succéder à celle de France ;* et que ceux qui règnent ou régneront en France, *ni tout autre prince qui est issu de cette famille, ou qui en naîtra ci-après,* NI SES DESCENDANS, *ne pourront jamais posséder la Couronne d'Espagne.*

" Je ne hésitai pas un moment sur le parti que

j'avois à prendre, et aussi on ne me laissa pas le moindre loisir de prendre conseil et de délibérer. Mon affection pour les Espagnols, la reconnoissance des obligations que je leur ai, les fréquentes expériences que j'ai faites de leur fidélité, et la reconnoissance que je dois avoir pour la Providence Divine, de la grande faveur qu'elle m'a faite de m'avoir placé et maintenu sur ce trône, et donné des sujets si illustres et d'un si haut mérite, furent les seuls motifs, les seuls raisons, qui eurent accès dans mon esprit, et influèrent dans ma résolution; laquelle, lorsque je l'eus fait connoître, ne demeura pas sans être combattue par d'autres propositions et avantages, qu'on me vouloit faire envisager comme plus considérables que celles qui m'avoient déterminé: mais tout cela n'a servi qu'à m'affermir dans mon dessein, et à me mettre en état de pousser et terminer cette affaire, afin qu'il n'y ait rien qui puisse plus m'empêcher de vivre et de mourir avec mes chers et fidèles Espagnols. Mes sincères intentions et ma constance étant venuës à la connoissance des Puissances qui sont intéressées au maintien des propositions et des moyen susdits, ont donné occasion à la Reine d'Angleterre de rendre compte à son Parlement, le 17 du mois passé, de l'état où étoit la paix avec les deux Couronnes d'Espagne et de France, et cette notification y a été aprouvé et aplaudie.

"J'en ai aussi fait donner communication au Conseil des Indes, afin qu'il soit informé de l'état de cette importante négociation.

Extract from Article XLVII. of the Spanish Constitution of 1845.

"Neither the King, nor the immediate successor is allowed to contract marriage with any person excluded by the law from the succession to the crown."

(Translation.)

Royal Cedula, establishing as law His Catholic Majesty's renunciation of the succession to the Crown of France, and the renunciations of the succession to the Crown of Spain by the French Princes, excluding therefrom the House of Austria, and also recording the assent of the Córtes, declaring it to, and calling to it, the House of Savoy, in default of Descendants of King Don Philip V.

"Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, Aragon, &c. &c.

[After an act of solemn renunciation of all claim of succession to the throne of France the King proceeds thus:]

"And having convened the kingdom, *which is assembled in Córtes, to the end of the greater validity and firmness of the renunciation and of the preceding instrument*, it was communicated to them by my order, and on their part *accepted and consented to with all formality*, and by the representation which they made to me on the 9th November of last year, they supplicated I would be pleased to order in my Royal resolution contained in the said instrument of renunciation and exclusion of the Royal House of France and that of Austria, and the order of succession, after all my descendants, to the House of Savoy, *that it might be established as a fundamental law*. And this method, being so very proper and necessary for obtaining the universal peace of Europe, the quiet and alleviation of my subjects, and the common good of these kingdoms, considering what I was advised thereon by those of my council, I have thought proper and resolved that it should order, as *I do order, that all which is contained in the said instruments should be guarded, fulfilled, and executed, perpetually, according as contained therein*, and that in consequence, I and all my descendants shall for evermore remain excluded

from the succession to the crown of France, so as not to be able to succeed to it on any pretext, or at any time by any accident or in any case that might happen, *and that there also shall remain excluded reciprocally from the succession to the monarchy of Spain all the princes of the blood of France, and all their lines, existing and future;* and that in the same manner remain excluded all the princes, male and female, of the House of Austria, existing and to come, so that the one and the other, by no foreseen or unforeseen case, can ever succeed to the Spanish monarchy and the states annexed thereto, or that hereafter may be appended to them. And I declare, in default of my Royal person and of my legitimate descendants, male and female, the succession to this monarchy shall be entered upon by the Duke of Savoy, and his sons and male descendants, born in constant and lawful matrimony, and in default of their lines male, by the Prince Amadeus of Carignan, and his sons and male descendants by the same line, born in constant and legitimate marriage; and in default of their male lines, by Prince Thomas, the brother of the Prince of Carignan, his sons and male descendants by the same line male, born in constant and lawful matrimony, who, as descendants of the Infanta Donna Catarina, the daughter of the Señor Philip II., and in virtue of express calls, have a clear and notorious right to the succession of this Crown; which order of succession I desire to be guarded, fulfilled, and executed literally as here contained, for ever, notwithstanding the law of Partida, which lays down the form and manner in which these kingdoms are to be succeeded to; and notwithstanding any other laws, ordinances, statues, or customs, that exist or may exist to the contrary; and notwithstanding also any testamentary dispositions, or those of living persons, made by the

Kings our predecessors, and the declaration which we made in favour of the Duke of Orléans and his sons and descendants, as grandson of the Infanta Donna Anna Mauricio, late Queen of France; all which by this law I abrogate, cancel, and annul, in so far as they run counter to what is contained in this instrument, leaving them in force and vigour as to all the rest; the present renunciation, exclusions, and order of succession, with all that has been expressed, remaining for ever as the fundamental law of the succession to this monarchy as punctually as set forth, for such is my pleasure.

"Given at Madrid, the 18th March, 1713.

"I, THE KING."

Extract from the Treaty of Utrecht, April 11, 1713.

"VI. Whereas the most destructive flame of war which is to be extinguished by this peace, arose chiefly from thence, that the security and liberties of Europe could by no means bear the union of the kingdoms of France and Spain under one and the same King; and whereas it has at length been brought to pass, by the assistance of the Divine Power, upon the most earnest instances of Her sacred Royal Majesty of Great Britain, and with the consent both of the Most Christian and of the Catholic King, that this evil should in all times to come be obviated, by means of renunciations drawn in the most effectual form, and executed in the most solemn manner, the tenor whereof is as follows:—

[Here follow the Acts of Renunciation of the King of Spain, the Duke of Berry, and the Duke of Orléans.]

"Now whereas, it is provided and settled by the preceding renunciation (which is always to have the force of a pragmatic, fundamental, and inviolable law,) that at no time whatever either the Catholic King himself, or any one of his lineage,

shall seek to obtain the crown of France, or ascend the throne thereof; and by reciprocal renunciations on the part of France, and by settlements of the hereditary succession there, tending to the same purpose, the crowns of France and Spain are so divided and separated from each other, that the aforesaid renunciations, and the other transactions relating thereto, remaining in force, and being truly and faithfully observed, they never can be joined in one. Wherefore the Most Serene Queen of Great Britain, and the Most Serene the Most Christian King, engage to each other solemnly, and on their Royal words, *that nothing ever shall be done by them, or their heirs and successors, or allowed to be done by others, whereby the aforesaid renunciation, and the other transactions aforementioned, may not have their full effect; but rather, on the contrary, their Royal Majesties, with joint counsels and forces, will always sincerely take that care, and use those endeavours, that the said foundations of the public safety may remain unshaken, and be preserved untouched for ever.*"

The act of renunciation of the Duke de Berri bears date the 24th November, 1712, and is almost identical in the wording with that of the Duke of Orléans.

These acts were likewise, by letters patent of Louis XIV., made part of the public law of France, in March, 1713.

If, as seems probable, the great powers of Europe, in view of these several solemn acts, and of the clear and obvious interpretation both of their letter and spirit, will unite to inform the French Government (as England has already done,) that they cannot recognize the right of any issue from the

marriage of the Infanta Luisa with the Duke de Montpensier to mount the throne of Spain, I doubt whether the Tuileries will have reason to be proud of its triumph.

And if the great European powers, indulging in unworthy jealousy of England, and anxious to contribute to her humiliation, should affect to see these solemn treaties and national and personal acts in a different light, and sustain the interpretation of the Tuileries, yet even this would not "rail the seal from off the bond," or alter the character of official documents. Suppose that the dislike and suspected repugnance of Queen Isabel for her new consort should (independently of other causes) prevent her from having issue, at the Queen's death the heir of the Duke de Montpensier would claim to mount the Spanish throne, and England is committed to oppose that claim. She may not even then resort to the arbitrament of arms, but a civil war in Spain —another war of succession—would be the inevitable result. The claim of the family of Don Francisco de Paula would then be inevitably preferred, and if neither Don Francisco has ambition to maintain them personally, doubt not that the energy of Don Enrique will then make itself manifest—the more certainly because he has been so grossly outraged. All Spain will then rally round his standard as opposed to France, and the moral support of England will be as a tower of strength. And even should there be no intervention, there will be an internecine war. What a prospect for Spain! What results from the policy of France!

Triumphant and straight-forward as the French game may now appear to be, it may lead to consequences, both for France and Spain, of even appalling magnitude. Do not believe that the Spanish people are prostrated and crushed for ever. These are the events and incidents which drive the iron deep into the souls of nations. A people that has often been roused upon far minor occasions, and risen in irregular but tremendous array, upon every mountain crag and in every savage defile, to fling defiance against the invader and make coercion impossible, will yet (be assured) have its day of awakening. Then will come the terrible reckoning with France: then will be cleared the score of half a century of insults, of deadly affronts and injuries. Dear to Spanish souls is *la venganza*, and equally cherished is the hope that it will *producir-se*. The Corsican *vendetta* is not more ruthless. It is the special attribute of Peninsular natures to remember affronts for ever; their pride when outraged knows not how to forgive.

The Spanish nation is at this moment more quiet externally than from their "antecedents" might perhaps have been expected. But it is in truth for no other reason, but because the Liberal party bide their time. The Progresistas of Spain, and all who took part in the Peninsular War, or remember its details, consider this marriage as a personal affront. They had an intrusive King from France in Joseph, the *Pepé* of a hundred unsavoury tales; and now they have an intrusive Prince in Montpensier, for whom their most biting sarcasm is sure speedily to

invent some other epithet not less contemptuous Already the old name *Gavacho*, applied to French men in general, derived from the Arabic and signifying "silly coxcomb," is beginning to be generally revived. The ferocious outrages of the French occupation, the butcheries of Murat on the *Dos de Maio*, the plundered provinces and the murdered people, the monuments wantonly mutilated at every step of the invader's progress (which I have traced in outraged shrines and broken marbles from the Pyrenees to Madrid) are beginning to be raked up from the repose of Time to which the lapse of years was consigning them. France has had her way; let us see what will be the result. *Attendons à la fin.* The stirred-up mass will ferment; the remembrance of injuries will seethe till it boils over. You cannot alter the Spanish nature, though you should level the Pyrenees. Here *la sangre hierve sin fuego*, "blood boils without fire!"

It is an equivocal triumph for the close of Louis Philippe's days that, at the age of seventy-three, he should have conquered a youthful female Sovereign by dint of sheer duplicity. The game was an easy one for any one who had the hardihood to play it: "By impudence the friar becomes a Provincial." This then is the result of the Royal visits of Queen Victoria to Louis Philippe, and of Louis Philippe to Queen Victoria, of the exchange of the most exquisite courtesies at Eu and at Windsor, of the more than paternal regard which the King of the French professed for our youthful Sovereign. She might well have addressed him: "*Eh; mon*

Dieu, mon brave homme, ne me protégez pas autant!" Really the old King's diplomacy has not been half so much taxed in this transaction as his powers of face and of cool deception. Not all his shining abilities have been able to subdue his master-passions of avarice and philoprogenitiveness. The Infanta Luisa's magnificent *dot* was in view on the one hand, and a splendid settlement for his son, Montpensier, on the other. To make the two meet became a noble aim. The possibility of complicating inextricably the future relations of France, Spain, and England, was utterly forgotten; Montpensier's *avenir* was alone remembered. Not meaning any irreverence in the allusion, the aged Sovereign, like Sancho Panza, saw that he had a *muger y hijos para sustentar*, "a wife and children to support." Pinching necessity, with the Orléans private domain! Three great nations might become frightfully embroiled, but Louis Philippe must marry his youngest son out of the way before he died. His policy was thus expressed by a sarcastic Spaniard: *Mas vale un pajaro en la mano que un aguila volando*, "More worth is a sparrow in the hand than an eagle flying!"

The eagles which fly over the Pyrenees now-a-days are not the daring ensigns that obeyed the voice of Napoléon. They are impressed upon good French coin, or upon showy decorations; their crest is set in demoralizing brilliants from the Orléans Golconda. How was it to be expected that the Deputies of Spain—employés almost to a man of the Government—could incur at once the certain

loss of their employment and of Louis Philippe's well planted douceurs? could wrap the mantle of integrity around them more closely than Æsop's traveller, in defiance alike of the storm of ministerial vengeance and the golden rays of the French King's sun-like benevolence? Impossible! They, like Louis Philippe and Sancho Panza, had a "*muger y hijos para sustentar.*" The shower of decorations and of other Royal beneficences was concurrent with the suspended lightnings of ministerial resentment. Tax not weak nature beyond the powers of endurance of that tender *pièce de resistance*, patriotic virtue. But one vote against the marriage was recorded amongst all the *representatives* of the Spanish nation! And Louis Philippe found once more—what he has not lived seventy-three years without being tolerably well convinced of—that *dativa quebranta peña, y entra sin barrena*, "A gift will break through rocks, and enter without a gimlet!"

One of the most annoying parts of this transaction is, that it makes us cut so silly a figure. We seem to have been utterly outwitted by France. A little consideration, however, shows that only a shameless cheat has been practised on us. The commonest *chevalier d'industrie* could have done the thing as well. There was not even the burglar's hardihood, it was only a pettifogging theft. Hard words, but stingingly true; it is impossible to write of the transaction otherwise. France played the part of what Spaniards call, by a double diminutive, a *rateritillo*, a very petty

little thief. England was tricked. What then? Surely it was noble and generous to be actuated by the gloriously truthful impulses of Achilles :—

> Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
> My soul detests him as the gates of hell!

One thing is certain, that England can never more henceforth place trust in the word of French King or minister. *Quien hace un cesto hara un ciento:* "Who maketh one basket will make a hundred!"

Already have the fruits of this base intrigue made themselves manifest in the contempt of Europe. The events of the night of the 27th of August have affixed an indelible stain on the monarchy of July.

CHAPTER III.

Fray Gerundio on the star of Spain's felicity.—Growing hatred of Frenchmen in Spain.—Tricksy diplomacy of M. Guizot.—Loss of a move by England.—Several courses which were open to her.—Possible divergence of interests between Don Francisco de Asis and the Montpensier party.—Possible formation of a third party by Don Enrique.—New conscription.—Possibility of a new Revolution.—Modification of the Camarilla.—Influence of the two Physicians, Rubio.—Miserable Parliamentary Opposition.—Insolence of the French Minister.—"Excellent Italian diplomacy."

Madrid, September 28.

It was a profound philosophical reflection of *Fray Gerundio* that the star of Spain's felicity must be one of those fixed stars placed at such enormous distance from our sphere, that though their light has been travelling towards us since the beginning of the world it has never yet reached us. "*La estrella de la felicidad Española*" must indeed be one of those. How often do I remember the advent of the Spanish millennium! Not a remarkable event has occurred during the last ten years, which was not hailed as the precursor of permanent tranquillity and happiness. The liberal constitution of 1836, the convention of Bergara and close of the Carlist

War in 1839, the revolution of September, 1840, the *pronunciamiénto* against Espartero in 1843, the declaration of Queen Isabel's majority in the same year, the remodelled constitution of 1845, the two-fold marriage of the present year—have each been proclaimed the forerunner of a "*novus rerum ordo.*" But swift and sharp has been the disappointment which followed on each of these events. Till sound representation and just government are established, till honest men are ministers, till office-hunting is abolished, and the spirit of intrigue exorcised, never, never will the great Spanish nation have peace, tranquillity, or repose!

If "coming events cast their shadows before," the French name is likely, as the consequence of this marriage, to become more execrated in Spain than it was even during the Peninsular war. Isolated Frenchmen do not escape insult in the streets, and a notification has just proceeded from the French Embassy, advising Frenchmen never to appear after night, except in sufficient numbers for mutual protection. Several French couriers leaving Madrid with despatches have been hooted in the streets, and in some cases threats were even uttered of stoning them. No member of the French Embassy would escape insult, if he presented himself in certain public places. Even M. Bresson himself has been hissed as he drove in his carriage along the Calle Alcalá. Never has greater excitement been witnessed in Spain; never have grosser epithets been flung out against the *Gavachos.* Not even in 1808, when the conflict was raging in

the Prado between the Madrilenes and Murat's soldiery, was the French name much more fiercely execrated.

The despatches which have passed in relation to this subject between M. Guizot and Lord Palmerston have been published in substance in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and M. Guizot's defence is now before the world. He admits his engagement with Lord Aberdeen not to form any matrimonial alliance between the Infanta and the Duke de Montpensier until Queen Isabel should have had direct heirs, and he justifies his breach of this engagement by stating that Lord Palmerston was the first to break through it, by entirely changing, upon his entrance into office, his predecessor's line of policy. He attempts to support this statement by asserting that Lord Palmerston then brought forward Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, as the candidate for the Queen of Spain's hand supported by England, in violation of the previous understanding that the candidate should be limited to the actual descendants of Philip V., an understanding which he declares to have been entered into on the 27th of February last. So far, however, from Lord Palmerston having ever brought forward the Prince of Saxe Coburg as a candidate for Queen Isabel's hand, it is notorious that he expressly declined to do so, on the ground that there was no parity between the relationship of Prince Leopold with Queen Victoria and of the Duke de Montpensier with Louis Philippe, and not only refused to become the patron of that candidature at the suggestion of

Queen Cristina, but declared that, in his opinion, the most eligible husband for Queen Isabel would be one of the sons of Don Francisco de Paula. He expressed a preference for Don Enrique, but the reasons for that preference had been suggested by M. Isturiz himself. M. Guizot's defence, therefore, falls to the ground. Lord Palmerston in no respect departed from the arrangement agreed to by Lord Aberdeen, but M. Guizot perfidiously violated his sacred engagement, entered into in the presence of his Sovereign and of the Queen of England, that the wishes of both should be consulted in the final arrangement. He seized the moment when the change of Administration in England made the attempt possible, but he is not to be exempted from the consequences of this act, which he deems so glorious.

The grave charge of duplicity is established by Lord Palmerston against M. Guizot in his note of the 22nd September, where he complains that "when the French Government proposed to him to come to an understanding at Madrid for the marriage of Queen Isabel, M. Bresson had received orders to conclude every thing, and thus the question which the Chargé d'Affaires of France (Count Jarnac) proposed to discuss in London had already been decided by the instructions addressed to the Ambassador of France at Madrid." This charge is attempted to be rebutted by the statement that "Lord Palmerston pushed forward the Prince of Coburg in an underhand manner, while he openly advocated Don Henry for the hand of the Queen."

But this counter statement is destitute of truth, since Lord Palmerston positively declined to become the patron of the Prince of Coburg's candidature, and equally declined to show any marked preference for Don Enrique over his brother Don Francisco. M. Guizot has but one subterfuge left. He declares that in the month of July he made a proposition with reference to one of the sons of Don Francisco de Paula, which Lord Palmeston left for a month unanswered. But that proposition was at best ambiguous; and what sort of excuse does this form for his subsequent conduct? "*Tão depressa,*" says a strong Portuguese proverb, "*apanhes um mentiroso que um coxo.*" "You will catch a liar as quickly as a cripple." But the course of misrepresentation which, as usual, has followed up this gross transaction, is worthy of the morality which presided over the intrigue itself.

It is impossible to deny, however, that we have lost a move. To be over-confiding is certainly no sound principle of diplomacy. That the scheme of a Montpensier marriage was in preparation our Government was duly informed for a considerable period before. Our Minister at Madrid did his duty in this respect, and the active local correspondents of the London journals equally discharged theirs. The secret was not an entire secret; it had been published by the British press. But rumours and contingent results are never well realized to the mind; and the more audacious an act is, until it is done, we are disposed to reject the probability of its commission. Thus a supercilious doubt took the place of prudent

caution, and warnings too full of meaning were for the most part disregarded. The tone, too, taken by the majority of the London press, upon the first announcement of the Montpensier marriage, had an unfortunate effect in deciding the minds of the Spanish Deputies to admit the fable propagated by French intrigue, that the English nation was not opposed to the alliance, and that "all had been arranged between the two Sovereigns at Eu." It was a very unfortunate circumstance, and not overlooked by the intriguers, that, in addition to the fact of the British Parliament being closed, which prevented troublesome members from calling attention to the delicate question, the members of the new administration were scarcely firmly fixed in their seats. They were not therefore perfectly *au courant* of what had passed, and had to read up bygone communications before they could minutely attend to those of the hour, as in the case of a housewife obliged to shift her knitting to the hand of a successor, a dropt stitch or two become almost inevitable.

There were three courses open to England; one of which was to accept the proposal of the Spanish Court, distinctly and even earnestly made to it on the part of Cristina, and become the champion of the marriage of the Queen with Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. This would to a certain extent have secured British influence in the Peninsula. Another course was to become the active advocate of the marriage of the Queen with Don Enrique, in order to effect

which it would have been necessary to revolutionize the country, Queen Cristina's repugnance to this Prince being of the most decided character, especially since the publication of his liberal manifesto. By adopting this course, England would have effected a junction with the Spanish nation, as against France and the influence of the French Court. The third course open to us was to take part with France, even at the risk of offending Spain, and looking to the maintenance of the *entente cordiale* as our paramount object. Thus, by supporting the Trapani marriage originally proposed by France, she would not have ventured to propose the Montpensier alliance. We did none of these things, and the consequence was that, while we declined to ally ourselves with France or Spain, both those countries joined, in our despite, against us. Our course was that of high-minded integrity. Was it that of political prudence?

I have already said that this marriage may lead to disastrous results. The results may in fact be appalling. The interests of the family of Don Francisco de Paula are directly opposed to those of France, both having an aim to the eventual succession to the Spanish Crown. This feeling may after the lapse of some time develope itself in a shape little anticipated at present. The opinions of the Court may become modified so as to be entirely anti-Gallican. Queen Cristina's present influence over the mind of her Royal daughter may become weakened as the latter grows up, and yield entirely

to the undeniably stronger influence which will naturally belong to a husband. Don Francisco is not so entirely deficient in intellect as has been asserted. It may become their grand object to effect the exclusion of the Duke de Montpensier's children from the throne of Spain (supposing that Queen Isabel has no issue) and to secure the reversion of the crown to the family of Don Francisco de Paula. The Chambers, ready tools, would not be slow in voting the exclusion of the Montpensiers, once the wishes of the Court were made known, on the motion of some sham-Liberal Deputy grounded on the Treaty of Utrecht and the still more unanswerable Edict of Philip V. Or finally, Don Enrique may put himself at the head of a third party, hostile to the existing dynasty of Spain, and expel his own cousin and brother from the throne and country, as Ferdinand VII. would have done his own father. The Bourbons of Spain are a bad stock, and now nearly exhausted. This is by no means an impossible result. *Je vois le commencement de la fin.*

For the maintenance of the established system of Government in this free country, a new conscription of 25,000 soldiers is about to be proposed and carried (of course, with pantomimic velocity) in the Córtes. Thus, in lieu of Hymeneal torches and fiddlesticks, the country is to receive its dotation of bayonets.

The possibility of a new Revolution in Spain depends greatly on the course which the family of Don Francisco de Paula may take, and likewise on the tendency to mutability which ever lurks in the Spanish Army. One never can know the mo-

ment when a portion of the latter, corrupted by secret intrigue or indulging the mere whim of an utter recklessness and love of excitement and change, may hoist some particular flag. If the cause were popular, the people would immediately pronounce in its favour, and thus a revolution might instantly be effected with the facility of the former Revolution of La Granja, the pronouncement of 1843 against Espartero, and the Revolution of last summer against the Cabrals in Portugal. Thus always impulsive is the work of the excitable temperaments of the Peninsula. The answer of that pink of Spanish patriots, Gonzalez Bravo, to a person who twitted him with the utter profligacy of his change of political professions, will illustrate this common trait of Peninsular character: *No es ridiculo estar para siempre el mismo?* "Is n't it ridiculous to be always the same?" A Spaniard once joined his townsmen in a *pronunciamiénto* without having ever troubled himself to inquire what it was about, and on being asked what flag he hoisted, his answer was: *No se;—peleamos*, "I don't know, we're going to have a fight!"

A modification has latterly taken place in the Spanish Camarilla, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that the Marqueza de Santa Cruz now possesses the influence which was some time since attributed to her. In fact this lady, though an accomplished *intrigante*, is now *passée*, and has little or no control over the more womanly Isabel. Still smaller is the influence of the Marqueza de Valverde. The paramount influence over the mind of

the youthful Queen is exercised by the Queen-mother. But a powerful influence is likewise exercised by two men, who are at present the leading members of the Camarilla, or set about the Court nearest to the two Queens' persons. These are two brothers, medical men, named Rubio, one of whom is private physician to Queen Isabel, and the other to the Queen-mother. The influence possessed and exercised by these two men in shaping the Royal decisions is very considerable; and as they are of the class of adventurers, it is not to be supposed that they are much swayed by considerations of principle in its exercise. In point of personal character, they are not very objectionable men, but they are exposed to a variety of influences which makes the line of integrity a difficult one to pursue. Throughout the recent discussions they were the warm adherents of France. The third member of the Camarilla who exercises a real influence, yet less than that of the *medicos* aforesaid, is Donozo Córtes, who has long filled the post of Secretary to the Queen-mother, and likewise figured at one time as a journalist. A coolness and indeed a quarrel had arisen between him and Queen Cristina, which Mr. Bulwer was the means of reconciling. But Señor Córtes has repaid this good office by now throwing his whole weight into the scale of France. It is a curious coincidence that the amount expended by Louis Philippe since the arrangement of the Montpensier marriage, in diamonds, decorations, and other presents to persons about the Spanish Court, altogether inde-

pendently of implied gifts, is three millions of francs, or 120,000*l.*

From the Parliamentary Opposition little may be expected. The Amnesty, by bringing back some of Spain's best subjects, will make it more effective, but as at present constituted it is the merest mockery. Serrano, Orense, and a few other independent statesmen, are all that Spain can boast of. Those whom I have named are the chiefs of the Opposition —nay, they are the Opposition—for as not a single hostile vote in the Congress was recorded against the Montpensier marriage but Señor Orense's, so not a single hostile vote is to be found in the Senate upon a question of confidence in Ministers but General Serrano's, and the only one of the Madrid capitalists who has the courage to oppose the Government and make manifest his opposition is Señor Salamanca. These gentlemen—the sole ostensible representatives of an unfettered mind in Spain, deserve that their names should be recorded.

It is impossible to conceive greater insolence than the French Minister evinces in the moment of his triumph. The Family Ambassador elbows every one else out of the Palace. His ungovernable joy is not satisfied with less than the humiliation of all who in any shape took part with the late anti-Montpensier demonstrations, and while stars and diamond snuff-boxes are showered on every subservient lick-spittle of the Palace and the Ministry, Señor Castro y Orozeo, the independent President of the Deputies, is insulted with a secondary deco-

ration, which he has had the spirit to return. It is not difficult now to foresee a not very remote result. The ungovernable insolence of second-rate French diplomacy elated with its *Tom-Thumb* triumph, and swollen into bull-frog importance, will aim at the formation of a French party in Madrid of equally overbearing arrogance. They may be slaves here, but they do not like to see the whip. The spirit of undying *Españolismo* will be eventually roused to resistance, and satisfied with nothing short of the expulsion from the Spanish soil of all who took part in this marriage intrigue.

The conduct of Louis Philippe and his agents in this transaction may be summed up in a single Peninsular proverb: *Deja la verguenza, y todo el mundo es suyo*, "Take leave of shame, and the whole world is your's!" Lamartine, too, has characterized it extremely well: "It was excellent Italian diplomacy."

CHAPTER IV.

Fall of thirty degrees in temperature.—Terrible variability of the climate of Madrid.—Strange medley of placards.—Michaelmas-day; another peep at the Queen and Infanta at their devotions.—Costa Cabral, Count Thomar.—Frankness of Spaniards.—Their politics.—High position of Madrid Journalism.—Preparations of the Madrid Ayuntamiénto.—The by-streets of Madrid.—Impartial opinion of a Frenchman about French *Livres de Voyage*.—The *Manolos*, and the knife in the Saladero prison.—Political Acrostics.—Anti-Montpensier squibs.—Extraordinary expedition of two Englishmen.—The Theatres of Madrid.

Madrid, September 29.

The temperature during the last two days has fallen 30° of Fahrenheit from what it was on Sunday. I find the climate of Madrid intolerable for diseased lungs, and will let nothing induce me to remain more than a day or two longer, having a well-founded dread of *pulmonia fulminante*, the familiar disease of Madrid. As I walk each day by the Calle Alcalá and Prado to the Museum of Painting, the blasts from the Guadarrama hills cut me almost to pieces at the corner of every street. All judicious and experienced friends advise me strenuously to fly.

A strange medley of placards has just met my eye. "*La Economia,*" "*La Cruz del Salvador,*" "*Los Proscriptos,*" "*La Opinion.*" Politics and religion! Stone walls have tongues, and proclaim the life of Madrid.

I have seen the lancers of Calatrava pass with very showy helmets. Their dragoons here are for the most part splendidly dressed, but the horses are miserable. More placards. "The Devil's Album, by Col. Corsini," "*La Brocha Gorda,*" or the fat brush, a sort of *Espagnols peints par eux-mêmes,* "Picturesque History of the Reign of Isabel II.," a stilted thing with poor wood-cuts, "*La Risa,*" "*La Carcajada*" (the laugh, the horse-laugh,) the "*Almanaque Popular de España,*" which contains only one route from Irun to Madrid—and that by Valladolid!

This being Michaelmas Day is a great holiday, and affords a good opportunity of seeing the churches of Madrid crowded. The *mantilla* is the most admirably appropriate of female church-going costumes, and the cool floor covered with squatted Señoritas is the most picturesque conventicle in the world. At one, I again repaired to the Royal chapel, and saw the regal sisters, as usual, at their devotions. I was not sorry to see them alone, Maria Cristina having gone to a great *funcion* at the church of Alocha, where there is an image of the Virgin to which she has a particular devotion.

Returning from the Palace, I paid a visit to the celebrated Costa Cabral, Count Thomar, and had

an interesting interview with him of some length. I saw him turned out of Lisbon four months since, by the same people who sent up rockets to hail his advent four years before. Political reverses under such circumstances are not much to be deplored. He bears his banishment bravely, having apartments in the magnificent Casa de Cordero, near the Puerta del Sol, and tells me that he calmly awaits the turn of events, which like the flowing tide after the ebb will surely bring him back again to Lisbon, time and experience vindicating his system of government. Count Thomar is rather under the middle size, about forty-three years of age, with eyes of remarkable lustre, and a plain yet intelligent countenance. His cheek is sallow and bilious-looking (for he is terribly plagued by his liver), his hair dark and rather flat; his features are not irregular, but except the fine eye present nothing noticeable. He wears a nearly constant smile, which his enemies declare to be treacherous. He amused me by saying that "he was a Grande of the Kingdom, and that the Queen had given him leave for twelve months to travel!" The people sent him on his travels, and he made himself a Grande. On taking leave, however, I assured him with perfect candour that I believe his system of government, purely administered, to be the only one that will do for Portugal.

I have found Spaniards for the most part very open in their politics, and in defiance of the universally prevalent *espionnage* I have been struck by the

freedom with which they state their opinions in public. The consequence is very frequent denunciation, and consequent persecution. But still they persevere in this noble trait of character, and I am satisfied that any man who would open his lips at this moment in any of the places of public resort in Madrid, in favour of the Montpensier marriage, would have his head immediately broken. It is curiously illustrative of the freedom of Spaniards in their political discussions, that the editor of the *Clamor Publico* wrote to Mr. Bulwer to be informed by letter, with a view to publication, of the truth of Isturiz's statement as to England's having opposed the marriage of the Queen as well as that of the Infanta. Mr. Bulwer's reply was addressed to General Serrano. Whenever the Madrid Liberal papers publish any very telling document against the Government, they carefully postpone their comments till the following day, through dread of seizure. Then, when the poison has sufficiently circulated, they come to the charge against the unfortunate Minister, and it is a common saying with them :—"*Mañana le mataremos?*"

It is a noticeable fact, as ascertaining the position of the Spanish press, that, in addition to nearly all the statesmen in Madrid, including the Ministers and some Ambassadors in foreign countries, having been at one time or other connected with journalism, even Grandes and Titulos de Castilla are not ashamed of the connection. Thus on the occasion of the discussion of the Royal marriage question, a new Progresista journal was started, called "*La Opinion*,"

and edited by the Marquis Tabuérniga. The writing in this journal is creditable, and it has soon made way amongst its compeers, being elevated and gentlemanlike in its tone, and distinguished for moderate views.

The preparations of the Madrid Ayuntamiénto are carried on upon an enormous scale. No fewer than 6,000 workmen are employed in the construction of platforms, scaffolding, transparencies, and barricades in the *Plaza Mayor*, for the bull-fights which are to be held in this the great Square of Madrid, according to the ancient prescription, which is antecedent to the construction of the modern Plaza de los Toros. The venerable and not a little rickety old Royal carriages are being furbished up for the occasion, and daubed with varnish and gilding; and troops of horses may be seen each morning going through a peculiar sort of *manège*, on the grounds fronting the palace, with cumbrous housings on their sides and plumes nodding from their heads. These are to take part in the procession, at the commencement of the Royal bull-fights. The Grandes, who will be permitted to impoverish themselves by *boato* are inwardly cursing the occasion; and the town will be edified with balls and bulls, in which genteel and vulgar tastes will be alike consulted.

As I pass through the by-streets, where alone is seen the genuine Madrilene life, I am struck by the general meanness and poverty of the shops—some indices of the habits of life of the people. The great line of streets is in fact mere exterior gilding.

In the by-streets you get under the gaudy decoration, behind the scenes, and see little but a miserable make-shift existence. Comfort has not penetrated to these regions, and cleanliness has only given them a "lick" of her sweeping-brush. Here I saw over many a wine-shop the inscription in murdered Castilian: "*Aqui se bende bino,*" and over a barber's shop, with a Mambrino's basin stuck in front of it, I read "*Don Ramon Marañanos, Profesor de Cirujia*" (surgery). Coffee and chocolate are here commonly met with, but few and far between are the announcements of the refreshing beverage, "tea." They cannot even spell the name. In a *trajet* through two or three streets, I saw it announced only in one grocer's shop, and the barbarian spelt it "*Téey!*" Their mode of drinking it is still more barbarous—infused in such a quantity of water as to be nearly white in colour, and then poured into a tumbler!

"Les voyageurs Anglais," said an impartial Frenchman to me to-day, "approfondissent les choses. Les Français, qui écrivent leurs voyages ne sont genéralement que très superficiles." The Marquis de Custine's "*L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.*" affords an amusing illustration of this home truth. He passed in the diligence from Bayonne to Madrid, without stopping once on the way, and then he proceeded to write his travels in the Basque Provinces and the two Castiles. It is thus he executes his task; I translate literally for the benefit of country ladies: "I did not see the Bidassoa, it was night when we passed it. I only saw at the

frontier three custom-house officers, who perfectly resembled brigands in a melodrame.

"They were lighted by a candle-end, which the wind of the Pyrenees, apparently acquainted with the usages of the country, had the complaisance not to extinguish." ...

At Ernani he sees only a large escutcheon over a door, at Tolosa only a man whose nose began at the root of his hair, passed over his mouth, and came down an inch below his chin! (*commence à la racine des cheveux, passe par dessus la bouche, et surplombe sur le menton qui rentre de plus d'un pouce, &c.*) That, I will be sworn, *he did n't see.*

"We couldn't see either Vittoria or Burgos, so bad a medium is the diligence to travel in from curiosity. But, in the actual state of the roads, a stranger in his carriage would be sure to be robbed."

This alleged fear of being robbed is always the excuse of laziness or incompetency. It is not true now, nor was it true then, that a person in a private carriage "would be sure to be robbed." But how comes it that the communicative Marquis did not think of the other ready medium which I have adopted, of taking his seat in the diligence from town to town, and stopping as long as he pleased in each to see and describe its lions? To acknowledge that this might have been done would have been more in accordance with his motto: "*La vérité avant le vanité.*"

Here is his detailed description of the magnificent cathedral of Burgos: "The exterior architec-

ture of the Cathedral is striking." It was scarcely necessary to cross the Pyrenees for that piece of information: Whenever the Marquis is minute, he is generally offensive, as I discovered at Seville in 1843, where I found a very bitter feeling still to subsist against him after twelve years, in consequence of his gross attack upon a young English unmarried lady, whose only fault appears to have been that she did not appreciate his coxcombry.

The dexterity of the *Manolos*, or Madrilene lower orders, in using the *puñal*, or dagger-knife, has long been proverbial, and yields only to the superior skill with which the far more formidable *navaja* or razor-knife (shaped like a fish and comparable only to a sabre) is wielded at Seville. "*Con catorce puñaladas*," "with fourteen stabs," says the Manolo song, "the victim is put out of pain!" The common prison of Madrid is the Carcel del Saladero. Here, so imperfect (I am sorry to say) is the prison discipline, that terrible contests with *puñaladas á navaja* are of frequent occurrence amongst the robbers and murderers by whom it is most commonly tenanted. Within the last twenty days, there have been no fewer than ten prisoners seriously wounded in these contests, through the ill-judged sufferance of the use of cards and knives amongst the prisoners. These men seem to be treated as wild beasts, from whose mutual destruction society will derive a benefit—a mode of dealing with them which speaks not much for Spanish civilization. The *Alcaide*, or gaoler, is said to be entirely indifferent

to his charge. How can there be any sober legislation on such questions, when political intrigue absorbs every faculty of the mind, and the entire of the Progresista party is excluded from the Chamber?

Amongst the ingenious modes in which political feeling finds a vent, not the least noticeable form is that of the Acrostic, which, like a serpent, concentrates all the bitterness in the head—of each line. Some verses on the subject of the approaching marriage festivities have appeared in the *Nuevo Espectador*, which by a strange accident have escaped the prying eye of Señor Roda, the political chief of Madrid and inquisitorial censor of the press. The capital letters with which these lines commenced formed the very pretty sentence:—

"*Muerte á los Afrancesados y traidores.*" (Death to all Afrancesado traitors!)

The Congress has done its (dirty) work, having passed without a question the bill for raising by conscription 25,000 additional men for the army, and is now resting quietly on its oars, awaiting the passing of the Government bills by the Senate. When it shall have fiated these without a murmur—the last act of subserviency—it will expire equally without a murmur, the decree of its dissolution being passed. *Requiescat in turpitudine!*

Amongst other squibs to which the Montpensier marriage has given birth, are the following:—

"*Monsieur le Duc de Montpensier* hath his supporters in the Madrilene press. Who dares deny

it? The *Popular* and the *Imparcial* support him. He hath all the popularity of the *Popular*, and the impartiality of the *Imparcial*:—

Y quien dijere lo contrario mente,
Y luego incontinente
Caló el chapeo, requirió la espada,
Se acampó en Strasburgo, y no hubo nada!

"Who saith the reverse, in his throat he lies,"
Then straightway, d—ning the scoundrel's eyes,
He pressed down his hat, and he buckled his sword,
And encamped about Strasburg—*where nothing occurred!*

Next come "The Plagues of Egypt," which are to be the result of the encouragement given by the Montpensier nuptials to translators from the French, who will inundate literature and the stage with Gallicisms:—

Si ya es hoy el A B C
Galicana rapsodia;
Fuego de Dios! qué seria,
Si viniese Montpensier?

If our alphabet now is a Gallican jumb,
Pray what will it be, should Montpensier come?

An extraordinary and nearly incredible occurrence has just come to my knowledge. A brace of Englishmen had made their way to Madrid in perfect safety, without knowing a syllable of any language but their own. What is still more extraordinary they travelled post, and had to obtain fresh mules at every stage. They made themselves understood by signs, placing themselves on all fours when they wished to indicate their want of loco-

motive quadrupeds, and putting their fingers in their mouths when they desired it to be known that they wanted to eat. They were followed, of course, everywhere, by crowds, but beyond being stared at suffered no particular inconvenience.

There are seven theatres in all, now open in Madrid, but little can be said in favour of any of them. These theatres are the *Circo*, the *Cruz*, the *Principe*, the *Instituto*, the *Variedades*, the *Museo*, and *Buenavista*. The performances consist usually of translations, or at least adaptations, from the French. The actors, too, are all very Frenchified in their style, and their delivery is rather tedious and drawling. The performances for the most part hang fire, and are unhappily deficient in that rapidity of action and bustling intrigue, which formed the charm of the old Spanish school of Calderon and Lope de Vega. Their names are more classical than their performances; thus the principal actor is called the "*protagonista*," and they are never without a numerous "*coro*." The *Circo* is devoted to Opera, and has now a good singer, Madlle. Guy Stephan. *Boleras* are the fashionable dance, and now they mix this with other Andalucían dances, and call the whole a *Popurri* (pot pourri). Amongst the living dramatists of Spain is a wood-cleaver (*leñador*), named Gabino Leonor, who, I think, in figuring as a playwright should select the carpenter's gallery. The serial literary publications present no novelty except a Life of Espartero, and another of "Martin Zurbano, or the Memoirs of a Guerrillo."

CHAPTER V.

A visit from Señor Chico, Chief of the Secret Police.—Annoyances to which British residents are exposed.—Ingenious mode of getting up popular enthusiasm.—Madrid servants.—Small shops.—Houses and apartments, furnished and unfurnished.—Servants' testimonials.—Porters.—Multitude of internal doors.—Police *caladors* and *mouchards*.—Cotemporary literature.—Absurdities of the prohibitive tariff.

Madrid, September 29.

I WAS favoured to-day with a visit in my Hotel from Señor Chico, Chief of the Secret Police of Madrid. This modern Spanish Inquisitor and myrmidon of occult authority very coolly asked me, "Whether I had not taken up my quarters in the Fonda de San Luis, for the express purpose of creating a disturbance at the period of the Duke de Montpensier's entrance, since the Prince must pass through the central street, the Calle de la Montera, on his way to the palace?"

I answered with a roar of laughter.

"*Pues, Señor, no es una cosa para reir;*" resumed the imperturbable official. There is here a window looking out upon this leading street. I am informed that you have signified your intention of

planting yourself there, and hooting at the moment when the Prince is passing."

"*Si Señor*," I replied, "*no es una cosa para reir; es una cosa para indignar-se.*" The statement is an infamous falsehood, whose concoctors you may inform, that its baseness is only equalled by its absurdity. Will you be pleased to acquaint me with the name of your authority for this malignant calumny?"

The redoubtable Chico affected to have forgotten the name of his informant.

"Then I pray you to convey to him," I resumed, "when your memory resumes its functions, that he is a *calumniador infame.*"

"For my own part," said Chico, with an air of rather foolish condescension, "I did not believe the story from the first. I merely called to let you know the fact. *Pues, el Señor no tiene relaciones con los periodicos Ingleses?*"

"I may or may not have such connection," I replied, "with the English journals; for the secrets of your inquisitoral chambers of *espionnage*, I cannot be at all responsible; but of one thing be assured, that I am not so much in love with your *Mon-pon-seer* as to wait ten days for his entrance, though he should drop like manna from the clouds to refresh the Madrilene *gobemouches*. With due resignation be it said, that he may dislocate his neck on the journey without causing me the least disquietude; and whether he is hissed or applauded at his *débût* in the streets of Madrid is for me a matter of profound and particular indifference. If

el Señor Gefe had taken the trouble to inquire, he would have found that I had got my passport *viséd* for Badajoz; I expected to cross the frontier into Portugal within four days from the present time."

"A thousand apologies for this intrusion." And Señor Chico politely withdrew.

"*Adiosito, Chiquito!*" I muttered, with a smile of British security, as the modern Inquisitor crossed my threshold.

There are a number of English now in Madrid, some attracted by the incentive of sight-seeing, others by gas and railroad speculation, others by mercantile and mining enterprise, and others again by the *mania* of politics. They have an agreeable prospect before them of the systematic *espionnage* and persecution of which this is a small specimen. Flattering encouragement to monetary investments in Spain! There is not an Englishman now in Madrid, who cannot bear testimony to similar persecution. The rigour of the passport system is increased tenfold; in fact, every step we take is watched with the eyes of an Argus. And all because the French Embassy is nettled by the indignant exposure of its misdeeds in the columns of the English press—for which sturdy independence in the discharge of duty the local correspondents of the London Journals are entitled to the lasting gratitude of the English nation.

To show how subtle is this spirit of *espionnage* and persecution, I am informed that a list has been made out of all the houses in the streets through

which the French Princes will have to pass on their way to the Palace, from the Puerta de Bilbao to the Calle de Almadenas, comprising more than half the extent of Madrid! Not only, I am assured, have the numbers been taken, but a list has been made out of the occupants of each floor, the political opinions of each being carefully noted in the margin. This is done with a view to visit with severe punishment any one who may choose to express his disapprobation by shouting or hissing, or in any other of the recognised modes. Wo to him who shall cry "*Abajo Mon-pen-seer!*" If he is not shot down like a dog, he is sure to be hauled up by a bevy of police spies, by way of recording the enthusiasm of the populace at the entrance of the French Princes.

The servants in Madrid are for the most part rude and brusque in their demeanour. The refinement which has been latterly introduced does not extend to these lower classes. In the halls of the leading Ambassadors and Grandes, they smoke and hawk about at all hours, and their voices are attuned to anything but a harmonious or well-bred key. The bulk of them are Asturians—rude mountaineers—whom it is nearly as difficult to civilize as to wash a blackamoor white. My experience of these *Asturianillos* is that, with a great affectation of simplicity, they are for the most part rogues in grain.

The shops in the by-streets retain quite an aboriginal appearance, being as dirty and dingy and unenticing to the stranger as anything can well be conceived. The commonest of these that one meets

are the *Tiendas de garbanzos y trachuela*, a sort of huckster's shop for the sale of the never-failing *garbanzo* or chick-pea which constitutes the bulk of the food of the inhabitants, and of *truchuelas* and other small coarse fish dried or fried and then sold cold, as I have likewise commonly seen at Lisbon, and indeed all over the Peninsula. The carelessness of the people of Spain and Portugal as to their mode of living, and the coarseness of the food on which they are content almost continually to subsist, illustrate their habitual laziness and contentedness with their advantages of climate. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of people, at Madrid and Lisbon, who cut rather a brilliant figure on the public walks, and whom, if you follow them to their homes, you will find subsisting miserably, in wretchedly furnished floors, on the sort of diet sold in those shops. The *garbanzo* of Spain is called *grão de bica* in Portugal, and is greatly consumed also in the latter country, but chiefly in soup and other analogous messes. Coarse, cheap fish, and a small portion of the cheapest and worst meat in the market, with often refuse fruit and wine of the lowest quality, constitute the habitual food of very many who cut a fashionable figure, and are content to pinch their bellies for the sake of their backs.

Amongst the dirtiest of the Madrid shops are the *Mesones de Maragatos* or women's and children's finery. The chandlers' shops are called *Tiendas de Ultramarinos*, whose chief contents are oil, vinegar, and cheese of unsavoury odour.

The secret of the large population of Madrid ac-

commodating itself with such comparatively limited space is the same as in most other continental cities:—the houses are let out in flats to different families, and when they are on a large scale, several families often reside in different apartments on the same floor. Thus there are houses in Madrid which contain some hundreds of inhabitants! The generality of these floors contain for each family a *sala* or reception-room, a *gabinete* or smaller sitting-room, a *comedor* or salle-à-manger, a *cocina* or kitchen, and a few small bedrooms usually ill-lighted and comfortless. In a genuine Spanish house the furniture is always very scanty, and of poor materials, and luxury may be regarded as entirely unknown. I am happy to observe that the march of improvement is visible in many parts of Madrid, but when I speak of discomfort and inconvenience I am describing the *locales* of what are still the great bulk of the inhabitants. A floor, containing only the four or five small rooms I have described, is always called a *casa* or house; and, limited as is this scale of comfort, the rents are enormous. You cannot have an entire house to yourself without being a sort of little Rothschild.

The usual mode of letting is *un mes adelantado y fiador* (a month in advance, with security for future payments) or a quarter's rent always in advance, which is called *en depósito*. Making out the receipt (*el recibo*) is always a matter of great form, demanding for the most part the intervention of an *escribano* or small lawyer, for meditated or suspected roguery is familiar in all payments in the Peninsula. I

have been bored beyond measure with these receipts —especially in Lisbon.

Furnished lodgings are rare, though they are latterly more frequently seen: indeed the *casas de pupilos* (boarding-houses) are becoming less frequent as the latter are beginning to be introduced. As it is not likely that Spaniards will furnish at haphazard much to an English taste, and as when they furnish with any appearance of show they demand an exorbitant price, (I was asked ten dollars a week for but middlingly-furnished apartments in the Calle de Alcalá,) persons proposing to reside for some time, and disliking hotels, will do well to take unfurnished apartments and select furniture as much to their taste as they can procure at a *tendero's* or person's letting furniture for hire. Then you must look out for your *criados* and *criadas* (servants male and female)—the best prescription for whom I believe, is, that you must take them on trial and dismiss them one after another, until you find servants to suit you. This is my well-considered advice after many years' experience in the Peninsula. Written characters here are not in the least to be relied on. The greatest rogues or most stupid fools are set down on paper by these easy-natured and unscrupulous people as "*muy fieles y capazes.*" Nothing has struck me more as illustrative of the difference between English and Peninsular character, than the reliableness of servants' written testimonials in the one case and their utter worthlessness in the other.

All the porters' work, including carrying water, at Madrid, is performed by Asturians, as it is at

Lisbon by Gallegos. Some Gallegos likewise figure in this capacity in the Spanish metropolis, but comparatively few. The ordinary name by which these Madrid porters are called and summoned is "*Mozo*" (youth). They are likewise called by the diminutive "*Asturianillo*," and jocosely "*hidalgos de Covadonga*"—gentlemen of Covadonga, the valley in the Asturias where Pelayo obtained his first great victory over the Moors.

The rooms, both in Madrid and Lisbon—my acquaintance with the capitals of both Peninsular countries induces me to make these social studies partake somewhat of the nature of "comparative anatomy,"—are very largely supplied with doors, as might be expected in a southern climate, where the access of air is a much greater desideratum than its exclusion, during the larger portion of the year. The common allowance to each room, in both capitals, is four doors. In winter this often leads to great discomfort. It is however of advantage to limited purses, by reducing the quantity of furniture necessary to give the room a somewhat finished appearance, each door dispensing with a couple of chairs or sofa. Rooms of only 10 feet square have generally their four doors as well as their more expensive neighbours. The style of furnishing partakes of monastic simplicity—a taste undoubtedly inherited from the seraphical celibate orders who were so long in possession of the country.

Long before you shall have completed the furnishing of your apartments—indeed, before you shall have well taken possession, your name, pass-

port, pursuits, designs, and acquaintances (as far as he can contrive to poke his nose into them) will have been taken due note of by some *celador de la policia* or surveillant of police. In the present state of Spain, you, being an Englishman, will have been likewise placed under the special care and charge of one or more *mouchards* or police-spies. And the odds are a hundred to one that this *mouchard* will have for his *ayudante* (assistant) the *portero* or *portera* (male or female porter) who has charge of the street entrance.

How utterly hopeless is the attempt to extract any thing worth a moment's attention, or having a particle of local colouring, from contemporary Spanish literature, may be seen from the following leading passage in a work which was sold to me at a high price in Madrid, as of great merit :—

"The cavalier was noticeable, as well by the dexterity and mastery with which he restrained the fire of his courser, as by the simple English elegance with which he was clothed. His blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the throat, had not a single wrinkle in it. His pantaloons were like what a profound sculptor would hew out of marble, and his straw-coloured kid gloves might compare for brilliancy to the rich lustre of his boots."

The incredible puerility which I have quoted is not a mere joke, but serious; and the whole thing—which was designed to catch in imitation of Eugène Sue's novels—may give some idea of the state of living literature in Spain. The bibliopolist class subsist by trick alone, and if their dexterity in producing books equalled that which they shew in

putting them off, they would be worthy successors of Cervantes and Calderon. I was undecided whether I would purchase the six volumes in question, until the bookseller told me, with an air of mystery, that the first three volumes had been seized and suppressed, in consequence of the terrible truths which they revealed about the Court and Grandes. Accordingly, I gave him a commission to procure the *seized* volumes, which was very speedily done, (they should only have been seized by the trunk-makers). I found the entire six volumes filled with the sort of rubbish I have quoted!

The importation of bound books is absolutely prohibited. In sheets, or merely stitched, they are admissible on payment of a small duty. Our English cloth binding is tabooed; but the covers may be imported separately, and the books subsequently put into them. Thus contraband or evasion becomes familiarized to every mind by a system of *aranceles* from which reason has been utterly exploded.

The introduction of a liberal scale of tariff duties would furnish Spain immediately with the means of paying the interest on all her debt, and supporting the national credit and honour, while it would give a powerful impetus to legitimate industry, crushing her demoralizing contraband system, and diffusing happiness, wealth, and prosperity, throughout every Spanish possession. It would greatly favour the introduction of railways and other enterprises of civilization into the Peninsula, and would enable this country, through the wealth of its soil and the immensity of its mineral as well as vegetable

productions, to occupy a transcendent position in Europe. The liberal measures of commercial policy lately adopted by the British Parliament have given a great impulse to the Spanish export of sugars and cereal productions, and must consequently greatly benefit the Spanish Treasury. It is for Spain, if she is not utterly blind to her own interests, to profit by this pregnant example, and adopt similar measures both of personal and commercial freedom, with the same prosperous results. She may thus take her just position in the scale of European commonwealths, which she will never be able to do till her representative system and her credit are re-established.

The case of Spain with regard to customs duties and contraband, may be readily stated:—By returns derived from the best authority, which have just appeared in the *Guia del Comercio*, it is found that cotton goods are annually introduced by contraband to the amount of 15,000,000 dollars, or more than £3,000,000 sterling, on which the consumer is obliged to pay 50 per cent. above the first cost. The net produce of Spanish customs, after maintaining an inefficient staff of *douaniers* and guards, is only a few thousands a year. If a regular duty, averaging from 20 to 25 per cent., were laid on the amount of goods thus irregularly introduced, the customs' duties would yield a yearly revenue of 200,000,000 reals, or more than £2,000,000 sterling! What appalling blindness in a nation, with a revenue so desperately embarrassed, to reject this splendid source of income, because a few thousand scamps are leagued against law and order!

But the worst of the existing system is that it is fast draining the country of the small amount of specie that remains.

In the budget of this year the Finance Minister estimates the revenues of Spain at upwards of £12,000,000 per annum! In 1833 they were only £5,700,000; in 1838, £8,000,000; in 1840, £10,000,000. Thus she has been making a rapid progress in the midst of Revolutionary change. The growing prosperity of the country surely entitles the foreign bondholders to a correlatively improved position.

Amongst the swarm of English now at Madrid, some are on the scent of railways; others of coal-gas, others of mines, others again of commercial enterprise, and colonial companies. Some are for raising the sunk galleons in the bays of Vigo and Cadiz, and making them disembogue their dollars. But the most amusing of all these speculations, which ended more decidedly in smoke than any of them, was one of a Mr. Dunlop, for recovering the lost treasure which Sir John Moore rolled down the crags, upon his retreat to Corunna. His modest proposition was to keep half of all that he might recover for himself, and give the other half to the Spanish Government, reserving no share whatever for the British Government, which might claim it all, though the speculator is himself a Commander in the British Royal Navy! This loyal officer was busy the whole winter, but succeeded in bagging only a few stones, and was laughed at by all Madrid for his pains.

CHAPTER VI.

Hercules Rafferty.—An Asturianillo.—An Irish stew.—A Bottle-Hero.—Don Tito de Chiclana.—O'Gorman.—Perils of love-making in the Peninsula.

Madrid, September 29.

Amongst the singular characters whom I have met with in Madrid, not the least original and amusing was a countryman of my own, named Rafferty, who occupied a small house and garden on the banks of the Manzanares, to which he gave me more than one invitation.

Hercules Rafferty was one of those Irish military adventurers with whom the Peninsula has long swarmed, who unite considerable daring of character to no small bravado and Gasconade, and make up with much *bonhomie*, campaigning experience, and military resource in difficulties, of which penury is not the least frequent, a very odd and striking *mélange* of traits both mental and physical. Rafferty had participated in some of the irregular skirmishing which the Constitutionalists maintained against the troops of Ferdinand VII. at various periods of his reign, and though he never had held a commission, he called himself Captain. His

personal appearance was rather ferocious, with a large face and features, huge moustaches, an irregular nose very much speckled with *Valdepeñas* wine, of which he "punished," in his own words, "three bottles every day he got up," a bull-neck, a deep chest, and a most powerful frame, whose imposing appearance was somewhat detracted from by irregular obesity, the result of habitual indulgence in drinking, and of advanced age—for he was close on his sixtieth year, though his iron constitution, and fresh boyishness of heart, set him down in general estimation for full fifteen years younger. He enjoyed much consideration as a *viejo militar*, and as a native of that country which had furnished Spain with many a brave, since the days of that "Lieutenant-General Count O'Reilly," of whom Lord Byron makes mention in his *Don Juan*, and whose military and administrative achievements are still gratefully remembered at Cadiz.

How Rafferty lived, no one knew, but he had wonderful credit, and his Irish friends at home were in the habit of sending him occasional remittances, with which he invariably paid off his scores to the utmost extent of his power; and this rigid and unfailing honesty begat a very general esteem and confidence for his otherwise rather irregular character.

Rafferty had one servant—a small lad from the Asturias, named José, who, with the habit of his countrymen and their Galician neighbours, had travelled thus far in search of a livelihood. José was, in Rafferty's words, his "cook, shlut, an' butler,"

and the service which Hercules took out of him might have killed a full-grown ox.

Rafferty lived in a small cottage amongst the colony of washerwomen outside the Puerta de Segovia, to which a very tolerable *huerta* was attached, where he grew the great bulk of what was necessary for his own and José's use, and could repose beneath the shade of "his own vine and his own fig-tree." From its produce likewise he made two pipes of a rather weak wine each year, which with the assistance of an occasional friend he drank with rare *gusto*. He was a great connoisseur in matters of vinology, and had planted his little vineyard with the genuine Valdepeñas grape.

The first morning of the Asturianillo's service, he had duly washed his face at Rafferty's bidding, though his look of surprise indicated very clearly his opinion that it was a luxurious superfluity. The second morning he resolutely dispensed with the surplusage of cleanliness, or rather, the notion of its fitness or propriety never entered his head. As he waited on his master at breakfast, his face grimly shining with unscrubbed perspiration, lingering night-dews, and blears in the tails of both eyes—

"You didn't wash your face," said his master.

"Why, does it want it, *amos?*" returned the boy, with rustic simplicity and obstinacy combined.

"Wash your face," said Rafferty, angrily.

"*Asi pues*, I washed it yesterday!"

He washed his face, however, since his master would have it so, but thought it a most ridiculous waste of time and water. Rafferty kept a very

smart rattan "for lickin' mules and donkeys," as he described it, and when he had to tell the Asturianillo anything a second time, he usually accompanied the injunction with a tap. In three months he lashed José some fifty times on the score of his dirty face, yet José never could be brought to wash it without being specially commanded.

Rafferty, out of his small means, had provided the young Asturian with all appliances of cleanliness, and amongst other articles, with a supply of aprons. He had as invincible a repugnance to wearing these as to washing his face. Such a thing as an apron or towel he had never seen in his native village, and could not reconcile to his unfledged judgment the propriety or necessity of such expensive accessaries. A pig loves to revel in his sty, and you will gain no end of cleanliness by supplying him with a pinafore. Without meaning to trench on José's Spanish dignity by unsavoury comparisons, I am bound, as a faithful historian, to narrate that he never could be got to wear his apron. All Rafferty's scolding was useless, his licking unavailing. An apron José would not wear, unless when he was commanded to slip it over his ears under Rafferty's eye, and then it was to be slipped off again the moment Rafferty went out, to enable him to receive, during the process of cooking, all the superabundant grease on his nether envelopments.

"Jump, you young son of a *muleto*," said Rafferty, put on your apron, wash your face, give your hair a lick of a comb, and make yourself dasint, for there's company comin'"—such was his mode of

intimating to José that he had invited a friend to dinner.

The great card in Rafferty's entertainment was a dish, of which we shall presently have an account. Upon this he directed José to concentrate all his attention. But José, all the time he was cooking, was thinking of a wooden sword and cane pistols, which he had constructed with great ingenuity the day before, and which he had now secreted in a portion of Rafferty's garden. Whenever he could make an excuse, or steal a moment from the kitchen, the Asturianillo was out in the *huerta*, either shooting at birds, or playing at soldiers—a game at which his master had likewise been engaged, with little of the reality, nearly all his life.

Now Rafferty was by no means of opinion, be it observed, that his was an unreal military career, for he had exaggerated its glories so repeatedly in his cups, and bounced so systematically and incessantly, that he had really at last persuaded even himself that he had rendered services to the Spanish Government of the very highest importance. So thoroughly persuaded was he of this fact, that for ten years past he had been prosecuting certain groundless claims to pay and allowances, which he religiously believed would be admitted at last.

At the appointed hour I repaired to Rafferty's cottage, and was straight installed at the dinner-table.

"By Jakers, its a rale Irish shtew," said Rafferty, his eyes glistening, his teeth watering, "and no mistake! Such a thing as would be worth crossing

the Bay of Biscay for, or the Gooffer de Gascoyne, as the French calls it. José bring up the shtew; *corriendo*, up with the rale Irish shtew!"

The Asturianillo hastened with the prize, laid the dish on the table and removed the cover. Rafferty's jaw fell, his eyes expanded! he looked the picture of consternation; I burst into a roar. The mutton was perfectly dry, the potatoes looked withered as old apples, the onions bore the aspect of chips and shavings. All was dry and sapless.

"José! *bribon*, *picarillo!* José, you infernal scoundrel;" roared Rafferty, what did you do with the soup—the best of the dish—the chrame, the essence of the mate—the rail gravy—the sowl of my beautiful shtew—what have you done with it, I say?"

"You mean the water the meat was boiled in—I threw it out, to be sure!" said José. So Rafferty's and my dinner went to the dogs, sure enough.

"The Asturianillo has dealt with the stew," I observed, "as our countrywoman did with the tea, when it was first introduced into the province of Connaught. She poured out the ugly blackish water into the pig-trough, and served up the leaves with butter!"

"By the elevens," roared Rafferty, snatching up a huge cudgel, "I'll break every vinimous bone in his ugly, thievin' carcage!" And he would have forthwith proceeded to realize his threat, but that I gently withheld him.

"Never mind, Rafferty," I exclaimed, "I'm as

good a campaigner as you, and can rough it like a corporal of the Vieille Garde. Console yourself with the practical philosophy of our countryman, Private Curtis, who was the picture of a Spanish Grande of the first class, and whom I once heard after a Lenten dinner extemporize with great good-humour this Leonine distich:—

"Quod deficit in ferculis
Supplebitur in poculis!"

which, with your permission, I shall translate into Irish —

"What's short in the eating, I'm thinking
We're sure to make up in the drinking!"

Rafferty had by this time in some degree regained his composure, and with the aid of his fertile resources, we contrived to make a very tolerable dinner on bread, gaspachos, broiled ham, cheese, and olives, after which I fell to the coffee, and he to the Valdepeñas with a *gusto* which we should scarcely have felt after a more costly and regular dinner.

When Rafferty had entered on his second bottle, his vivacity and his courage rose *pari passu*.

"I never tould you, did I," said he, — he was most endearingly familiar in his cups—"how I shot the four-and-twenty inquisitors at Santiago in Galicia. That was in 1819, the year before the people *riz*, and the holy humbugs was put down in Spain and Portugal. I went into the Holy

Office myself all alone, and peppered away at them in the midst of their d—d familiars."

"What were your arms?"

"A brace of pistols and a *swoord*. I shlew the six-and-twenty ould beggars lie sheep—stuck 'em like pigs."

"What; with the brace of pistols?"

"Ah, come; none of your rigs. By Jakers, I shot every *wan* of the siven-an'-twenty!"

"With the brace of pistols. You must have had queer fun priming and loading; and the seven-and-twenty doing nothing all the time."

"The murderin' villains! They had one poor fellow, Blas de Corcaldero, a Colonel in the King's Lancers, strung up, and another, ready to roast him before a slow fire. I cut them both down"—

"With the brace of pistols?"

"Ah, hould your whisht; with my *swoord*.

"There was four of them rascally Vigoleros—hangman's valets, as you might call them—whose business it was to assist the executioner in givin' the question. I tuk them by the neck, two in aich hand, knocked their scoundrelly heads together, and cracked their sculls like filberts!

"They caught me afterwards in Madrid, and kept me for nigh an hour on the rack, by Jakers! But that was nothing to the day when I posted my guerrillas on the mountain-top of Ronda, and planted myself in front of them on my white horse. Did you never see my portrait in the picture-shop windows in London?"

"I saw Mina on a white horse in the picture-

shops. I was in London all that time, and saw none but him paraded on a white horse."

"*Oh, it was in Paris, thin.*"

Rafferty was now in his third bottle. "But, thunder alive, man," he continued with great energy, "that was nothin' to what happened to me, the time of the great *metion* in Barcelona. By my sowl, I levelled the cannon that took off General Prudo's leg—"

"What! An artillery officer as well?" I exclaimed.

Rafferty was too drunk to perceive the force of the absurdities which so tickled my fancy. I was becoming rather tired, however, of his reminiscences, and proposed that we should adjourn to a Café. To this proposition Rafferty readily assented. As we entered, his swaggering manner, and the portentous redness of his face, which rivalled the harvest-moon, excited, contrary to the usual manner of Spaniards, which is well-bred towards foreigners, a laugh in a youngster seated in a further corner of the room.

"Whoever laughs at me is a liar!" said Rafferty—a very pretty specimen of quarrel-picking, which fortunately elicited no observation from the young Spaniard, who felt manifestly much more surprised than affronted.

"Good Heavens!" I said in a whisper, "how could you be so rash as to make such a speech?"

"I dont want to ait the *pan de los niños*,"* said

* Prov.—To keep the young ones out of their bread,—said of a very old man.

Rafferty. "I don't want to pine away, totterin', withered and disgustin'." I dont want to make a nutcrackers of my nose and chin, to hobble with a stick and a stooped back over the ground I once trod like a man. I wish to die in the prime of life and vigour—to die fightin', "for then a man's in his glory!"

Rafferty had many acquaintances and friends, and at this Café he used to meet them. The history of one of them is remarkable, and was told to me as follows:—

Don Tito de Chiclana was a young man, twenty-three years of age, of extraordinary beauty and of a vanity which quite kept pace with his personal charms. Though barely five feet high, he was a notorious and professional "lady-killer," and sported one of the most delightful moustaches in all the Prado. His hand was of exquisite softness, and his foot of exquisite neatness; and he wore it encased in one of the prettiest boots in the world, with heels, however, an inch and a half in height, which were designed to eke out his diminutive proportions, and beneath which, with their perennial garniture of spurs, you could see the daylight shining with nearly as much ease as through a window. Don Tito sported a very elegant chain, over a chest which he arched like an Apollo's, and an eye-glass of which he had not the slightest need except to ogle the fair. He was a capital guitarrist, and had a very sweet, though slender, tenor voice, with which he serenaded famously. With these accomplishments, he could scarcely fail to please;

and truly, as the divine Cervantes has it, "*encanta quando canta,*" Tito "enchanted while he chanted!" To complete the character, he had a superabundant measure of assurance, and was said to have made the fair succumb like sparrows in a snowy winter. Tito had withal a keen wit, and great fertility of invention, and in intriguing might have followed Calderon. He had once been a theatrical character, belonging to that useful department which is known in Spain by the name of "Saca-Sillas-Y-Mete-Muertos," or Shift-the-chairs-and-take-up-the-dead. But by whatever means his success in life had been promoted, he was now able to live like an independent gentleman, and flashed it through Madrid as a star of the first magnitude. Though now in his three-and-twentieth year, he had never tasted wine—a circumstance surprising to an Englishman, yet by no means rare in Spain—and to the cool headedness arising from this regimen was attributable no little of his intriguing success. He was a great crony of Rafferty's, notwithstanding that the latter felt rather uncomfortable in any man's society who would not freely indulge in wine, and he seemed to derive considerable pleasure from puzzling Rafferty in the midst of his fanfarronnades. Often were they seen traversing the streets together, the giant proportions and free-and-easy air of the one contrasting oddly with the pigmy dimensions and foppishness of the other; and the quick Southern wits of the people had nicknamed them, "Elephant and Monkey." Tito was often very waggish about Rafferty's habitual gasconading.

"I'm goin' to dine with Don Vasco to-day," one of the few dinner-giving friends that he knew, was Rafferty's ordinary termination to a casual visit, or chat with an acquaintance in the street. When he was "in full fig," as he termed it, that is to say, dressed a little better than ordinary, he always used to say that he was going to dine with "his friend the Duchess of Medina Celi."

Tito was well acquainted with this weakness of Rafferty's, and noting his toilet as he came up to him, he used to bet privately with his friends that the Hibernian Guerrillero was fixed for the dinner table of Don Vasco or the Duchess accordingly. The best black trousers, a clean "front," and the green silk neckerchief were infallible indications of an imaginative attack upon the Duchess's larder. Tito invariably won. A full dozen of times he had caught Rafferty, after announcing his intention of dining with the Duchess, making the prandial meal at home on an humble *puchero!*

One evening at a *funcion*, one of those religious festivities in Spain where pleasure more than piety is the order of the day, and where the peculiarities of Manolos and Manolas are seen to such great advantage, Rafferty and Tito, in their usual association of contrast, sate with another Irish *militaire* named O'Gorman, enjoying themselves under a vine-arbour, Rafferty and O'Gorman with a bottle, Tito with his paper *cigarrillo*, while in front of them the guitar and the dance were plied without intermission by this lively people.

Rafferty had no sooner got near the end of his

bottle than he became valorous and descriptive as usual:

"These lights and banners," said he, "remind me of the great *say*-fight I fought with Napier against Dom Miguel off St. Vincent. We peppered them with our cannon till they hadn't a rag of canvash left, and thin we boorded thim like tarriers invadin' a pigeon-house—"

"What? A sea-captain," said Tito, "as well as a hero on land!"

Rafferty did not heed the interruption. "But, thunder alive, man," he continued, "that was nothing to what happened to me at Corunna, where a shell exploded aginst my charger's breast, blew me up fifty feet in the air; I lit like an Indian-rubber ball, so light and elastic—for I was then the symmetry of perfection,—and only fractured six of my ribs!"

"The English balloon-woman," said O'Gorman, "fell three-quarters of a mile—but then it was the wind that coquetted with her bustle, and made a parachute of her petticoats. Captain Rafferty, *did you wear petticoats?*"

"Bad luck to you, O'Gorman, you're always rigging me. But, after all, that was nothing to the day I had the *scrimmage* with the six robbers. I was crossin' the Sierra of Ronda, when they bid me, 'Stand and deliver!' I wasn't in the mind, though the divil an arm had I. So I plucked the blunderbush out of their hands, blows two of them first to smithereens with the contints of it, knocks five more o' them to pieces with the butt-end, and the *eighth*—'why, Paydro,' says I, eyeing him

attintively, 'by the powers of pewter, it's yourself and no other. Arrah, Paydro, sure you dont mane to say you'd be shootin' your ould Captain;' so with that I brings him to his knees, an' carries him on my back to the guard-house."

"But that was nothing," said Tito, "to the battle I had with the virago in Cadiz. It was in front of the chief military station on the fortifications that I met her, and presented her with a flower, which she took with apparent astonishment at the unexpected act of gallantry. Her drunken eye leered with a glance which she evidently thought bewitching, her brown complexion glowed like a copper furnace, her squat and stunted figure expanded with a new delight, and throwing her arms around my neck, she gave me a kiss in the presence of the entire guard! The smack resounded from my lips like the report of a pistol, the soldiers with one common accord burst into a roar, and the Captain, though bronzed and bearded like the pard, blushed like a very girl.

"'Other women wait till they're asked,' I observed.

"'A good thing can't be done too often,' was her quiet rejoinder, and as she said so she dislodged a small piece of coal out of the corner of her mouth. 'Some women,' says Cervantes, 'have a strange fancy to eat clay, plaster, and other things repulsive to look at, still more to eat." Why she indulged in this singular *quid* let learned physiologists determine. I gave her a violent blow, that threw her into the middle of the street, and her

milk, to the extent of eight quarts, was all spilled about!"

"Eight quarts! thunder alive, what a ruffin!"

"Yes; her cans were all emptied. *She was a milkwoman.*"

The laughter which followed this anecdote, reminding the hearers so forcibly of Rafferty's style of narration, was not sufficient to keep that personage awake. He presently enjoyed the drunkard's privilege, and during his disturbed and sonorous sleep O'Gorman and Tito passed to other themes.

In a confidential style of communication, which O'Gorman by no means relished, Tito at length acquainted him that he had at last succeeded in breaking down the resistance of a very lovely woman, who was highly reputed as a beauty, and whom O'Gorman had often heard approvingly spoken of as "the beautiful Doña Eugenia."

"You don't mean that?" said O'Gorman.

"Not mean it! I have an appointment with her for this hour, and am to scale her balcony."

"*Por Dios*, Tito, you shall not go!"

"Not go? Ha, ha, a good joke!"

"You shall not go, *por vida mia*. *Por cielo*, you shall not go!"

O'Gorman seldom swore. But when he did, there was logic in it. He was resolute, but Tito was not less so.

"You shall not go," O'Gorman proceeded, "to throw your sorceries around that innocent girl, to blur the stainless mirror of her soul, to make her loathsome as she now is lovely!"

"And who shall prevent me?"

"I!"

"*Nome da benta hora!* Go to, *Quijota!*"

O'Gorman started to his feet, and seized the mannikin by his collar. He shook him till Tito turned pale and cried out. O'Gorman in contempt let him fall to the ground. Tito was not long in regaining his legs.

"*Pelillos à la mar!*" (little hairs to the sea) said he, plucking a single hair from his head, which he blew into the air. This is a token of reconciliation after trifling disputes, but it is also too often the mask of revenge.

It was so on the present occasion. Tito fumbled for an instant in his bosom, and drawing forth a dagger with the speed of lightning, sprang like a tiger-cat upon O'Gorman. But the latter had suspected his man, and was prepared. With the coolness of superior strength and courage, he wrested the dagger out of Tito's hand, as readily as he would a toy from an infant's, and broke it in a crevice of the wall.

"I go—I go, notwithstanding!" screamed Tito.

O'Gorman now observed that he was dressed *en grande tenue.* After running a few paces, he walked more leisurely, and resumed his wonted air.

His cuffs were of velvet, over which half an inch of a snow-white wrist-band was turned; as he walked, he caught up, as it were by accident, a corner of his left skirt, thus displaying a delicate white kid glove, and a ring over it, on the fastidiously arched little finger. His lips, nostrils,

and the tip of his nose were also wreathed with a grin of fastidiousness. Half his steps were on tip-toe, and his chest was puffed out and arched to the imminent peril of his back.

O'Gorman heard no more of Tito until the next day, when the report reached him that a murder had been committed in the streets. Curiosity brought him, with many others, to the spot. Underneath a balcony he found the body of Tito lying, dead and frightfully disfigured.

A long cut reached from his right ear down to the point of the shoulder-blade, dividing every thing in its way. He had evidently died without a struggle, illustrating the point, that love-making is a perilous enterprise in the Peninsula.

Rafferty's claims on the Government of course were never allowed. Yet, strange to say, he had thoroughly persuaded himself of their justice. He had lived for ten years in this Fool's Paradise, expecting daily the arrival of his patent of promotion—a patent which he never did anything to merit, and which it certainly never was intended to transmit.

CHAPTER VII.

A dancing omniscience.—A "lucky dog."—Maria Cristina's horror of being called "Madame Muñoz."—Her flitting at Paris to the Rue des Courcelles.—Anecdote of the Duke de Montpensier and Prince de Joinville.—*Espiéglerie* of Montpensier played off on his tutor, Trognon.—A Bas-Breton sentinel.—The tutor taken for an assassin.—Practical jokes played off by the Prince de Joinville on the Abbé Coquereau.

Madrid, September 30.

Amongst the numerous piquant characters whom I have met in the Spanish metropolis is an opera dancer, whom I shall call Perchel, and whose acquaintance, upon my principle of studying original character wherever I meet it, in accordance with the advice of Sir Walter Scott, I cultivated for some time with a curiosity which was well repaid. This dancer is so eminent in his profession, and has so lucrative an engagement, as to be able to live *en prince,* and figure at a magnificent rate.

The peculiarity of Perchel's character is, that he is splendidly void of prejudices, and has a thorough knowledge of the great world, and as thorough a contempt for the personages who fill up its foreground. He has danced in every great capital and at every Court in Europe, and is intimately acquainted with the secret and scandalous history of them all. "I take a pleasure," he is accustomed to say, "in kicking up my heels at these great ones. I know right well that they despise me, that I am regarded merely as a diverting vagabond, but I have my *revanche* in the lusty kicks and flings which I send at their Serene Highness's heads. The turpitude of these Princes, Dukes, and Princesses is quite as familiar to me as to their major-domos and valets. I am acquainted with the galvanic telegraphing of their *lorgnettes*, and have mounted more Royal back-stairs than I have fingers. My symmetries are admired—I know not why, for I am made much like other people; but I am a *figurant*, a 'star,' and therefore have my peculiar éclat. I am invested with a halo in these grand people's eyes, which makes me most thoroughly despise them, and if I take the jewels of splendid dames, it is for the most part because they are forced upon me. More than once I have scorned a Christian Sultana whose love had the tones of

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command, and where supplication first, and then angry invective succeeded to haughty condescension, I have tripped out of the boudoir with a *pas de zephyr*."

"You're a peculiarly lucky dog," I remarked.

"I regard myself as peculiarly unfortunate, and but for the pleasure I feel in the pleasure of kicking my heels at them, I would have long since retired with the fortune I have accumulated."

"You are likewise accumulating an agreeable repertory of scandal."

"Precisely so," said Perchel. "I am deeply versed in the mysteries of the Court of Madrid."

The Reina Gobernadora has been irreverently described in familiar parlance as "*Madame Muñoz*" both in France and Spain. How she abhors the word! To be sure, this indecorum of language has been anything but exclusively confined to her; for his Highness of Némours, before his union with the beautiful Victoria of Saxe Coburg was commonly spoken of in Paris as "Le Prince Coquillard," in consequence of an alleged intrigue with a very flighty *danseuse* of that name; while the face of the crowned Majesty of France is mentioned as the pear which it grotesquely resembles. This ridicule of all that is greatest on earth may be overlooked when it is remembered

that Heaven is insulted by my countrymen with quite as much freedom; that a man who figured some time since in the "*Police Correctionnelle*" as the father of an endless family of children was facetiously likened to the "*Père Eternel*," and a new dance in which I appeared, puffed in all the papers as the most successful production of the season, to which the composer assigned the impious name of "*Galop du Jour du Dernier Jugement!*"

"And you kicked up your heels at your countrymen," I said, "as here at Royal heads."

"Precisely so," said Perchel. "I flung the dust from my feet in their irreverent eyes, and I untie the latchets of my shoes whenever I am to appear in Princely presences. But to return to the family of Madrid, the 'flitting' of Queen Cristina from her splendid palace in the centre of Paris to a half-hôtel, half-*chaumière* in the Rue des Courcelles, was a melancholy and interesting spectacle. I saw the sad procession. All the *souvenirs* of all the Spains, with which she had fondly surrounded herself, defiled at an early hour of a fine summer morning, from the heart of Paris to one of its remotest extremities. There were waggon-loads of the tenderest affections—souvenirs of the Escorial, souvenirs of Buen Retiro, souvenirs of Toledo, souvenirs of Valencia; some in velvet, some in damask, some

in inlaid ebony, others in buhl and marqueterie and splendid porcelain. They assumed every shape and form; pictures of Velasquez and Murillo; chefs-d'œuvre of statuary and *bassi relievi* by the old sculptors of the Escorial, rich sandal-wood furniture, tapestries of Cordovan leather, trinkets and nick-nacks, inconsiderable in their intrinsic value, but precious reminiscences to a woman's heart. And then there were the Crown Jewels of Spain. Yes, the Crown Jewels! excepting a state bauble or two which she left to be sported on solemn occasions by the girlish Queen, her daughter. This Princess transported with her to France in money, jewels, and other valuables, property to the amount of *four millions sterling!* And what feature of feminine character does the foregoing fact illustrate? Why this:—*not* that Cristina of Bourbon was mean enough to hoard for the mere sake of hoarding, *not* that she is an execrable miser, *not* that she hugged these sparkling treasures to her heart for their moneyed value, but that a woman will sooner hypothecate her heart, ay, 'coin it into drachmas,' than part unconstrained with her jewels, or take voluntary leave of her finery!"

"And what of the exquisite Muñoz?" I inquired.

"Oh, leave that sprig of nobility alone. For a stock-jobbing *coup*, or a saraband executed with

Queen Isabel on the floor of the Escorial, he is not to be surpassed in Europe; but a trying time he has of it, poor fellow—the lady is so horribly *exigeante*."

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"*Parbleu*, she has a temper! I once was in the way to hear. *Parbleu et pardieu*, she has a temper! There is a peculiarity about Royal ill-humour; when ladies that wear crowns are in a passion, they *must* have their way. The most convincing arguments, the most persuasive reasonings, the strongest and most irresistible proofs with them are as a few pebbles in the bed of a rapid stream. The stream murmurs a little louder than before, but it continues its course notwithstanding."

I asked him his opinion of the Duke de Montpensier:—

"A very harmless, quiet young man," he replied, "who dutifully does Louis Philippe's bidding, but would rather be engaged in a *lark* with Joinville—drinking *vin de champagne*, than doing husband's duty. Some time since, Joinville and he went to one of the *Bals Masqués* at the Renaissance Theatre, where the Royal pair wound up a night's jollification with such copious libations of champagne that they were hauled off as 'drunk and disorderly' to the *violon* (watch-house) and were compelled to establish their identity to the Commissary of Police

(their faces being disfigured with pyramids of wig and false hair) before they could secure their liberation—a somewhat farcical position for youths so near a throne. Montpensier is by no means a novice in *espiégleries*. He used to play off the most ludicrous tricks on his respectable tutor, M. Trognon, whom he kept, in truth, in a perpetual state of amusing trepidation. One day that Trognon was buffeting the waves of the Seine near Neuilly, after having entrusted the charge of his black coat and *culotte* to the nymphs of the neighbourhood, the budding Prince bribed these damsels to remove to a distance, and substituted for Trognon's decent wardrobe the complete costume of a Turkish dervish, which Joinville had carried home from his first voyage. You may imagine—for I cannot describe—what were the vexation and amazement of M. Trognon, when, having withdrawn himself from the humid embraces of the Naiad of Puteaux, he found nothing on the bank but this heap of Oriental rubbish. Never, *au grand jamais*, was preceptor in such a quandary before. After considerable hesitation and numerous vain researches, he was compelled to clothe his shivering limbs in the garments of the unchristian faquir, for return to the Château of Neuilly he must, and furthermore pass under all the Princesses' windows.

"Under such circumstances it was evidently impossible to do as Ulysses did with a more primitive Princess in the Odyssey—bind a leafy bough around his person, and dispense with all other attire. What might have been well enough 3000 years since, would be awfully misplaced in the nineteenth century. It was, therefore, manifestly better to make his appearance in the character of a dervish than to present himself before the Royal villa in the deshabille of a Triton—which would have been, to say the least, derogatory. Half reconciled to his strange disguise, Trognon took the direction of the Château. But, when he essayed to pass through the gate, a stout blow of the butt-end of his musket, with which the sentinel saluted him in the chest, was the touching reception which his Mahommedan holiness met with. Trognon burst into a rage, and strove to force his entrance. Now, it so happened that not very long before, an attempt had been made to assassinate the King; and the sentinel, with his proverbially thick Bas-Breton skull, surmised that he was here at arm's length with some new regicide more enterprising than all that had gone before, and, still worse, stark, staring mad. He held Trognon at bay with the point of his bayonet, roared out like *quarante mille diables*, called the guard to his assistance, and had Trognon led to the *poste*,

where he was constrained to remain for upwards of four hours before he could succeed in establishing his *pédantesque* identity !"

Perchel next told me the following anecdote of the great Sea-Captain, Joinville :—

" The Abbé Coquereau, who held the appointment of Chaplain to the Saint Helena expedition, previously to his being singled out from amongst his brethren to figure in that semi-solemn, semi-farcical pageant, was a simple, unpretending parochial vicar. It was to the protection of an illustrious lady, very highly placed at the Court of the King of the French, that the Abbé was indebted for a favour, which is said to have been solicited by Bishops, Archbishops—even by a red-legged Cardinal. M. Coquereau wrote a 'History of the Transport of the Emperor's Remains to the Shores of France.' But neither the Abbé, nor any one of his brother *raconteurs*, will relate the tribulations of spirit with which Coquereau was constrained to pay for this distinguished preference, not to speak of the fierce temptations to which he was unsparingly exposed by the evil spirit during the voyage, and from which Coquereau came forth unscathed as St. Charles Boromeo.

" Having thus glanced at the temptations with which the Abbé's godliness was gauged by the *esprit*

malin, it is as well to state at once, with a view to the better comprehending of this narrative, that the *esprit malin* of whom there is here question was no other than the Prince de Joinville, whose *espiègle* character, with the still adhering remnant of his page-hood's trickiness, contributed greatly to the delights of the voyage.

"The Abbé Coquereau is, I believe, a very worthy ecclesiastic; but though comely in comparison with the ascetic looks of the modern French clergy in general, he is little endowed with a *personnel* to challenge the attacks of that seductive half of the human race, whose principal pleasure seems to consist in incessantly plotting the perdition of the other half. M. Coquereau is a little fat man with an expansive paunch and a triple chin. He presents the true *physique* of a canon, annexed to a richly-endowed and highly-privileged Chapter. He has evidently more faith in the mysteries of Ude than of Udolpho, would prefer a dinner to the doings of Mrs. Radcliffe's monks, and if he be not turned like an Adonis, has at all events the short, stout leg of a jolly fat friar. Certes, he is the true ideal of a pilgrim, endowed with excellent locomotive appliances, though he combine but few of the requisites for lady's bower.

"Who shall paint the Abbé's stupefaction when at Cadiz one evening, while the *Belle Poule*

lay there at anchor, he found himself accosted at the corner of the street by a masked Duenna, in all respects similar to those who form the staple of our popular burlettas, and, still more, when the she-dragon, seizing the Abbé by the folds of his soutane slipped into his hand, with an air of the greatest mystery, an exceedingly pretty little billet?

"'It is doubtless some one in his agony that has need of my ministry,' said the single-minded Coquereau to himself, eying the old lady askant as she withdrew from the spot, and leisurely breaking the seal of the note. It was a charming *mignon* billet, which exhaled the sweetest and daintiest odour. Its crow-quill-penned contents were signed 'Ynesilla,' (the diminutive of 'Ynez,') and indicated to the Abbé, in some half dozen lines strewn with the most ravishing mistakes of the French idiom, a rendezvous for that same night beneath a certain balcony, of which the whereabouts was accurately designated, upon a certain quay at some distance from the harbour.

"'Alas! and alas!' exclaimed the excellent ecclesiastic, after having read this incredible epistle three times over. 'Has the grace from above supported me through so many trials in the thorny paths of life only to fall with the greater prostration when the hey-day of my youth is over? What incarnate demons, what ten-fold plagues are these

infamous women of Spain! Our *Parisiennes* beside them are angels of virtue; *et pourtant!*—'

"At the supper which followed, Coquereau found himself, as usual, seated at table with the Prince and his *état-major*, and the conversation turned entirely on the belles of Cadiz, their amiability and condescension, the exceeding lustre of their eyes, the warmth of their sympathy for the French nation. More than one of the guests complacently hinted that, in his own proper person, he had already received most satisfactory proof of an extremely flattering *penchant* for the French in general, and the French navy in particular.

"'A truce to all your vague inuendos, *Messieurs*,' said the Prince de Joinville at last. 'For my part, I confess that I have already been honoured with three rendezvous. Now, I call upon each of you to "make a clean heart" like myself, and you, too, *l'Abbé*, who say nothing and seem to be admiring yourself in your plate. Judging only from your appearance, I'll wager ten to one that some tender Señora has sent you pleasant tidings.'

"The Abbé replied by blushing even to the whites of his eyes, and feigned to pick up something which had *not* fallen under the table.

"'*Allons, allons, c'est bien*,' gaily shouted the Prince, 'We know what we are about.'

"And during the entire repast a running fire of

nautical and almost naughty pleasantries was directed *à bout portant* against poor Coquereau.

"During the night which succeeded this initiatory persecution, how many muttered orisons and mental ejaculations, how many thumbings of his breviary and fervent *vade retros* did it cost the worthy ecclesiastic to resist successfully the malignant suggestions of the enemy? The number is a secret between himself and his good angel. It is pleasant to be able to state with certainty the fact that, like St. Michael, he vanquished the Dragon (in petticoats), and that the roisterers who lay *perdus* at the nocturnal trysting-place mounted guard unsuccessfully. Fortunate was it for the Abbé, *au reste*, that he reposed tranquilly that night in his customary nest, for the Duenna who carried the billet was no other than the oldest mate on board the *Belle Poule*, and, as to the charming and captivated Ynesilla, a young midshipman belonging to the same frigate, coquettishly arrayed in a mantilla and basquina, was prepared to play the part from the fortunate balcony, to which the Abbé came not:—another proof that even here below virtue finds its own reward.

"At a later period of the voyage, when there was question of passing the equinoctial limit, M. Coquereau, although a very good Christian, must needs receive the baptism of the line. The ceremonies observed by British Jack Tars upon this

occasion differ very slightly from those which have been adopted into the French navy; and, under the command of so accomplished a youth as the Prince de Joinville, you may be assured that, upon this festive occasion, not one of the accustomed rites was curtailed of its fair proportions. I abstain from recording the particulars of the burlesque ceremonial. Never was the *gaillard-d'avant* (before-the-mast-man) more turbulent or hilarious than on the day in question; and the rumour runs that the excellent Mons. Coquereau was totally deprived of his *grand'voile d'artimon* (mizen main-sheet) and had his *gaillard d'arrière* damaged in the encounter with Neptune and Amphitrite, while his wig was raised as a momentary trophy on the summit of the Sea-God's trident! It must be confessed that, in this piece of equinoctial buffoonery, the officers of the *Belle Poule* have been the first to acknowledge that they 'passed the line' themselves, *tant soit peu*."

CHAPTER VIII.

Bayadères of the Grand Opéra.—The Demoiselles Coquillard.—Their influence.—An illustrious personage's prudence takes fire.—Summary ejectment.—Shipment of the fascinating Syrens for Portugal.—Capture of the heart of *Monsieur Maria*.—Courtly consternation.—Pawning of the Crown of Portugal.—The Princes de Joinville and Montpensier figuring as *débardeurs*.—Fashion transferred from the Grand Opéra to the Variétés.

Madrid, September 30.

"Really, Perchel," I remarked, "your fund of Court scandal is a prodigious source of entertainment."

"*Bagatelles! bagatelles!* my dear sir," the dancer replied. "You should hear me talk scandal when I am in the mood. Then might I tell you of the fundholders that a leash of *picaros*, answering to the names of Maria Cristina, Muñoz, and Narvaez, have robbed—of the capitalists that Louis Philippe and the telegraph have plundered—of the snare by which Diego Leon's life was forfeited—of the lie

by which Olózaga's was sworn away. These, as a Spaniard would say, are mere *frioleras*. But an' I would I could." *Cuando los mudos hablan licencia tienen de Dios*, "When the dumb speak they have license from Heaven." Though *Mas sabe el loco en su casa, que el cuerdo en la agena*, "The fool knows more of his own house than the wise man does of his neighbour's," yet *Deje me hacer, y allá verán*, "Let me have my way, and you shall see!" *Esperiencia tengo para saber de qué pie cojea cada uno*, "I know a thing or two, and can tell which leg each man is lame of;" and rest assured that *el que tenga joroba saldrá torcido*, "The hunchback shall go forth from my hand crooked."

A todos y á ninguno
Mis advertencias van:
Si alguno le incomodan,
Paciencia y barajar!

My hits are for all or for none,
Mere fanciful flights of the bard's;
Then, if the cap fits any one,
Why, "patience and shuffle the cards!"

Perchel then related to me the following amusing narrative:—

"The Grand Opéra at Paris possessed in 1840, two *bayadères* who created a most extraordinary

sensation by the empire which they obtained over the hearts of the Duc de Némours and the Prince de Joinville. It was not their poetry of motion—for they were *danseuses* merely of the second order, but their matchless symmetry of shape, and the exquisite beauty of their faces, which set the heads of the young Princes spinning, like their *inamoratas'* legs in a pirouette. The ladies boasted of no aristocratic name—they were called 'Coquillard;' —enough to demonstrate that they belonged to the *basse bourgeoisie;* but, since the days of Juliet, love takes no account of names, and rank and title melt before the genial influence of his soft and balmy breath. The Princes cared as little about the extraction of the Demoiselles Coquillard as if their ancestors were mere cockle-venders, which the name would seem to imply. They saw them, and, in a word, were violently *épris.* Albertine, the elder, was the Armida who snared and retained the warlike Némours, while her sister, Fifille, was the prettier Poll whose attractions proved irresistible to the sailor-brother. The charms of these lovely sisters operated more like a spell of enchantment, than any recognised principle of conduct, upon the youthful Princes, making them scarce at the Tuileries even at those hours which, in Louis Philippe's well-regulated *ménage,* have ever been

held sacred to the family *réunion*, and luring their Royal Highnesses each successive evening into grated boxes on the ground-floor of the Opera, into delightful *petits soupers* after its close, into the almost vulgar costume of *débardeurs*, and a thousand mazy involutions of the dance at the *bals masqués* of the Théâtre de la Renaissance. At length an august personage took the alarm, and determined to send the too-enchanting *figurantes* packing from Paris. But here a difficulty intervened. An indemnity must be provided for the loss of their services to the Opera, and of their salaries and appointments to the young ladies themselves. In a negotiation with Royalty, it may well be supposed that these accomplished *rats d'Opéra* did not render themselves remarkable by the moderation of their terms. The case, however, was urgent, and His Majesty of the Tuileries, remembering the words o the poet (so sage as to be quoted even by Thomas à Kempis,) '*Principiis obsta!*' and inferring that prevention was infinitely better than cure, came down with his dust to the extent of 80,000 francs, which he paid over to the young ladies' mamma, on the express stipulation that they were to leave the French soil *tout de suite*, and by no means to shew their seductive noses thereon for five years to come. The terms were accepted, the money paid, and the young ladies despatched with

their mamma to the frontier, a gentleman belonging to the Citizen Court being attached to their persons, to keep their feet warm, and take care that no communication should take place between them and the Orléans scions.

"The Court of St. James's was also for some time in a state of perturbation which it is impossible to describe, but gradually recovered its composure. In about a month afterwards the Syrens were followed to Lisbon, and here again they became an apple, or rather (having regard to the peculiar products of the soil) an orange of discord.

"No sooner were the Demoiselles Coquillard landed at Lisbon than the renown of their previous triumphs set Doña Maria's consort, as well as the other adolescent Highnesses of the Palace and its environs, in a state of effervescent ebullition. When the *danseuses* made their *début* at the San Carlos Theatre, the entire masculine portion of the Court of Lisbon crowded the Omnibus boxes. Hearts and *binocles* (double perspective glasses) were both expanded to their utmost width. *Monsieur Maria* (it was thus that they designated the Royal Consort of Portugal) was one of the most ardent and most *lorgnans* amongst them. He had even hired for the occasion a sort

of *quasi*-intriguant telescope. The *dénouement* may be anticipated. Mlle. Albertine Coquillard made her appearance first with her matchless charms and invincible pirouettes, which the heart of no human prince could resist. Doña Maria's liege lord's wits were carried away by a single *tour de jambe*. Mlle. Fifille, on her part, seduced, with one cachucha, I know not what obscure Highness of the land of oranges. Then came, as before, all the mysterious and sumptuous incidents of princely amours, such as parties of pleasure in *Omnibuses*, delicate *petits soupers* at three francs the head, and presents of glass diamonds and plated jewellery. Queen Doña Maria was not slow to suspect that something went wrong with her *Sposo*. *Monsieur Maria* took the liberty of frequently absenting himself from the Palace, and ceased all at once to pay his court to Her *embonpoint* Majesty by singing to her morning and evening the indigenous romance of *Rio do Tejo*. Chamberlains were let loose on his trail, with orders to watch all his movements. And one fine evening, while rummaging in the *coulisses* of the Opera, they found him billing and cooing tenderly by the side of Mlle. Albertine in a remote corner. Terrible and indescribable was the scene which ensued!

"It became absolutely necessary for the Portuguese Court to disembarrass itself of the fatal *danseuses*

by means of the pecuniary expedients which had been previously resorted to. But the Demoiselles Coquillard, whose pretensions had augmented with each new princely conquest, demanded not less than a million of indemnity. Now this was unfortunately beyond the reach of the Court of Portugal—a fact which must be tolerably apparent to all who know the country. Doña Maria's heart was swollen; but her purse bore no resemblance to her heart. At length, the Demoiselles Coquillard, not abating one maravedi of their exorbitant demand, and persisting alike to abuse their victory and throw their taper *calves* into the scale, exclaiming with Brennus, *Væ victis!* the indignant spouse was forced to scrape up all the money she could beg, or borrow, to pay her matrimonial ransom. If the *cancans* of the Court are to be credited, the poor Queen was obliged to place both her crown and throne in the *Mont de piété!* The Demoiselles Albertine and Fifille were packed off in a bandbox to the address of St. Petersburgh. *Et Dieu sauve la Cosaquie!*

"It must be confessed that His Majesty of France finds it necessary to keep rather a tight rein on the younger scions of his House, who are vehemently disposed at times to run riot, and to indulge in wild pranks. These practical jokes, however, are usually more *spirituels* than those which are known to fame at your side of the water—the masquerade ball and the *foyer* of the Opera being the chosen scenes of the Princes de Joinville's and Montpensier's mirthful procedures. These joyous brothers, during the past

Carnival season have had a prodigious success in the character of *Débardeurs*—the favourite *rôle* at the Parisian *Bals Masqués*, and somewhat analogous to that of the "Jolly young Waterman" in London. The personation was peculiarly favourable to the amorous propensities of the youthful Princes, and as they gave full scope and fling to their natural high spirits upon these occasions, they ended by offending "the Governor," who not only put a veto upon their future appearances in the same character, but, having first packed off the brace of *danseuses* to whom their attentions were rather pointedly exclusive, despatched the Princes themselves very recently, one to Strasburg, the other to Newfoundland, to be as remote as possible from too intoxicating a scene, and too obvious an occasion for scandal. It would be endless to enumerate all the hearts that have been broken *pour le quart d'heure* by this summary mandate, and idle to speculate on the number of sweet tri-cornered billets the 'rascally, sweet young Princes' have packed up with their interesting masquerade costumes in their travelling portmanteaux.

"The Grand Opéra used to be the fashionable resort of young men of the highest rank and fashion at Paris; but the Princes above mentioned have latterly given the *prestige* of their elevated rank to the little Théâtre des Variétés. The consequent temporary *décadence* of the Grand Opéra gave rise to much speculation. Formerly its *loges* were the resort of sundry Princes both foreign and native, whose incendiary *binocles* were nightly witnessed

in the pursuit of some shapely leg in the petticoat horizon of *La Gitana* or *La Sylphide*. When the adored foot bounded over the level of the foot-lights the well-gloved princely hands were seen to approach each other, and the *claque* applauded roundly. About the commencement of the last Carnival, however, the Lyric Temple was yielded up to solitude and spiders. The handkerchief of princely favour was flung at the Théâtre des Variétés; the hearts of the *figurantes* of the Passage des Panoramas were suddenly electrified; and the radiant presence of the young hopes of France made many an amorous heart beat with rapture. The causes which led to so high a manifestation of favour were wholly unknown at the period when the change was effected. It was a mystery, an abyss deep as the artesian well at Grenelle! And not even the most imprudent *feuilletoniste* in Paris dared to dip his pen into that well to make the truth spring forth. The brave young Gallic cock who commands the *Belle Poule* frigate, the warrior, Nemours, who has set out more than once for Algeria, like "*le beau Dunois partant pour la Syrie*," and the youngest scion of the Royal House of Orléans, all took their places together at that pic-nic banquet which M. Joudin of the Variétés serves up under the name of a dramatic representation; and the Manager of one of the Minors became the Intendant-General of the Princely *menus-plaisirs*. In vain did the *figurantes* of the Rue Lepelletier clip shorter and shorter their already too short robes; in vain did the female Coryphæi fling higher and higher in the air their most

seductive *flic-flacs*, their most erotic *entrechats*, their most enticing *pirouettes*—the Princes would not come. Calypso wept the departure of Ulysses; and the Académie Royale de Musique was filled with Calypsos—almost as old as the Goddess!

"Was the Théâtre des Variétés peopled with nymphs each as lovely as that Eucharis, whose charms were so irresistible to Telemachus? What! A poor Minor—a mere Parisian Adelphi compare with the Grand Opéra! Impossible! Yet must it be confessed that the *grisette*-beauties are set off not less effectively by the vaudeville-apron than by the ballet-petticoat. Of this there can be no question; though what is there that is not questioned now-a-days here below?

"Well; the Variétés became the favoured resort of rank and fashion; and, when the public went there, it never was satisfied unless some Prince went there likewise. The good *badauds* could not dispense with their Prince: "*the petit Prince s'il vous plaît!*" The public was rarely disappointed; when one was not there, the other was sure to be at his post—the General or the Admiral, Montpensier or Joinville. But, alas for the vanity of all sublunary delights! That rascally Spain comes to tear them from their tranquil pleasures, their peaceful joys, their delightful *lorgnettes*, and all the other charms of the *avant scène*. Bresson, what hast thou done? Atrocious diplomatist, shame! The *Saltimbanques* were the *bonheur* of these sprouting Princes. There they studied at once the manners of the French people and the legs of Madlle.

Esther, (Jewesses being now the rage in Paris), the traditions of the Carnival, and the snowy and taper arms of Ernestine Bressant. Such pursuits did no harm to a living soul, *au contraire.* Yet the Royal patrons disappear both together—the General and the Admiral! How will the love-stricken unfortunates console themselves? Esther, do not weep too much! Ernestine, do not raise your scissors against that lovely bosom; and oh, Madlle. Ozy, wipe those lovely eyes, *de grâce!* They will yet return. This without malice. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Count Chevrette, the Parisian *Merveilleux*.—The dancer put to his mettle.—The Rencontre.—The Rendezvous.—A nonchalant supper, and a talk about choregraphic art.—An original view of Opera rehearsals.—Elssler a good Opera-singer, and Grisi a capital swordswoman.—Adolphus Montague Dos-à-dos.—The Dancer's duel.

PERCHEL was one evening leaving the Circo (Opera House), and was emerging from the actors' private entrance, wrapped in his capacious cloak, when he was stopped by a foppish individual with a light gold-mounted riding whip in his hand.

By the light of a rather sluggish oil-lamp over head, Perchel at once recognized the notorious Count Chevrette, a Parisian *merveilleux* of the first water, slender, and by dint of padding presenting a very elegant figure, trousered, booted, cravatted, gloved, moustached, curled, and perfumed to perfection—that is, to the perfection which is recognised as such by Parisian barbers, men-milliners, and mercers, but which elsewhere is set down as more fit for monkeys than for men. Chevrette was the well-known *cicisbeo* of the Duchesse de ——, a Grande of the first class, had followed her aged gracelessness

from Paris, and now figured in the Spanish metropolis with a parade which ill compensated for the contempt to which he was generally consigned.

"Perchel," said the Count, in a tone of provoking insolence, "you will have to leave Madrid—the sooner the better."

"Why should I leave Madrid?"

"In brief, because I desire it—*moi, le Comte Chevrette.*"

"Indeed! How if I should not choose to leave?"

"You will leave."

"*Excellent!* I will stay."

"*Pardieu,* you will leave!"

"*Ecoutez, Monsieur le Comte.* If I were to leave Madrid, it should be through fear of you. I am not afraid of you. *Alors, je reste.*"

"I tell you, *moi,* you go," said the Count. "It is *I* that tell you, *moi!*" tapping his breast half a dozen times with the point of his finger, with great rapidity. "Here is money, 5000 francs, to defray the expences of the journey, and provide you with an indemnity."

Perchel let the notes fall in the kennel. "And *I* tell you, *moi,* I stay!" he said, while the Count picked them up. "I treated your threats with indifference; what shall I say to your bribes? I refused to leave through the base motive of fear. Think you I will leave through the baser motive of corruption?"

"I will make you leave," said the Count.

"Chevrette, I know and defy you," was Perchel's spirited answer.

"I will horsewhip you," said Chevrette, "if you do not promise to leave within three days."

Perchel drew forth a dagger from his bosom, and as the *cuchillo* gleamed beneath the lamp, exclaimed with great energy, "*Touche moi, fripon; je te tue sur-le-champ!*"

The Count lowered his horsewhip, and recoiled three paces.

"You must give me satisfaction. To-morrow, by day-break, in the fields on the verge of the Manzanares. I shall spoil your dancing, (with an insolent sneer.) Your weapon?"

"Let not the thought disturb your repose with the venerable Duchess. Pistols!"

My readers will have probably divined the reason of the Parisian Count's extraordinary proposition and threat. Perchel's "symmetries" had attracted more of the aged Duchess's attention than her engrossing cavalier desired. Her *lorgnette* was so unceasingly applied to her eyes during the periods of Perchel's appearance on the stage, and his *pirouettes*, *girouettes*, leaps, and bounds, so entirely at last absorbed her attention, and brought such a preternatural light to her eyes, that the Count began to fear for his position, and tremble for the exclusive hold of the purse which so liberally supplied him. When at last one of his household spies informed him that the Duchess, in token of her approbation of the dancer's talent, had secretly sent him a ring, Chevrette made up his mind at once, and underrating, as often happens, the opera-*figurant's* man-

hood and courage, hazarded the insolent proposal I have recorded.

There is nothing more current or fashionable than to represent opera dancers as ignorant, unintellectual, and destitute of mental endowments. This is merely a vulgar prejudice. The same quality (though not the same amount) of talent is requisite for success in this as in the other arts, and boobies would be utterly incapable of commanding the sympathy and admiration of thousands of refined spectators. Nothing but "soul" will do this, though it were only a soul in steps. Lord Byron has contributed no little to the above recorded prejudice, by his biting sarcasms on the class of opera-dancers, whose intellect he declares to be "centred in their heels," and to have left their heads bankrupt. It is very epigrammatical to talk of people's brains being in their heels, but the secret of Byron's sarcasms was in *his own club-foot*. Perchel was a living proof that an opera-dancer may have not only the intellect, but the spirit of a man.

On Perchel's return to his hotel, he happened to meet at supper, O'Gorman, the Irish *militaire*, whose encounter with Don Tito de Chiclana I have already narrated, and being on terms of some intimacy, narrated the entire circumstances to him, informed him of the difficulty of finding a suitable second, and implored O'Gorman to excuse the liberty he took in soliciting him to assume that position. O'Gorman thus appealed to, and sympathizing with the man for the coarse brutality to which he had been subjected, consented to be his *témoin*, and as

the first requisite preliminary, asked him whether he was skilled in the weapon he had chosen.

"You have nothing to apprehend in that respect," said Perchel, "I have amused my leisure with pistol-practice and fencing, and though I be not perhaps a perfect *maître d'armes*, I have no reason to fear any living man. But Chevrette knows nothing of this, and as he threatened with a sneer to 'spoil my dancing,' he doubtless thinks to wing me. Will you take this wing of a chicken?" and he helped O'Gorman with inimitable coolness to the part of the fowl in question: "He thinks to wing me. *Nous verrons!*

"I am a great admirer of the choregraphic art. Sincerely, I am quite *fanatico por la danza.*"

"Molière has said," remarked Perchel, "that '*L'Angleterre a produit des hommes bien celèbres dans les sciences et les arts, mais pas même un seul grand danseur.*' Some wiseacres amongst my countrymen have attributed this deficiency to physical malformation, but this is precisely an absurdity. *Je trouve vos tailles Anglaises parfaites.* I reject at once the nonsense about Britannia's incapacity for dancing, and attribute the superiority of the Continental people, simply to the circumstance of their attention having been more particularly directed to the cultivation of the art. But you are improving rapidly in England. In society now, you begin to dance in earnest. Formerly you used only to walk, which through the quadrille figures to the sound of music was *affreuse.* The time will probably soon arise when you will have a native ballet of merit. Then in Ireland you dance with more spirit than a

Spanish *majo* executing the Fandango. I mean your peasants—for your gentry have no particular merit in this respect. Is it possible those people are serious in believing that they can Repeal the Union! Because, if they are, I must believe all that I ever heard about Irish absurdities, mistakes, and blunders."

O'Gorman bit his lip.

"Really *ces gens* should bluster and threaten less, as they never mean to fight, unless indeed those qualities be essential to the Irish character. Allow me to help you to a bone."

"No country in Europe," said O'Gorman, "was livelier than England in the Plantagenet and Tudor eras."

"Two centuries since, a Lord High Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice might have been seen at high festival times featly performing a *pas de deux*, and fortifying themselves by the example of David before the Ark."

"My art," said Perchel, "is considerably older than David. The *pirouette*, as practised in modern times, was habitual at Thebes and Cairo 4,000 years ago. The *entrechat* was likewise introduced in patriarchal ages. By the way, that pleasing *appogiatura* seems nearly banished from the modern ballet; being voted, like the *cadenza* in singing, an artistical impurity, and vulgar. Pity that it should thus be banned, for most admirably does it display the graceful *danseuse's* 'many-twinkling' feet."

"But it will be restored by-and-bye," said O'Gorman.

"Yes, it will be restored by-and-bye.—A spoonful

of those red peppers preserved in vinegar.—In the mutable Empire of Fashion, a revolution will bring it back to the throne. The grand style, of which Taglioni is the legitimate representative, has certainly wonderful attractions for the eye of cultivated taste—the honour of a glass of this excellent Valde-Peñas.—*Par fortune*, it will be unnecessary to weary ourselves in the pursuit of weapons. I have an excellent pair of your countryman Manton's pistols.—A little of this powder of Parmesan cheese with your maccaroni? *Parbleu, c'est excellent!*—The "poesy of motion" is the only term by which Taglioni's dancing can be described. The grand style she introduced will never be surpassed. The firm *à plomb* and artistical *tenue*, the wonderful fusion of grace with agility, the beautiful *poses* in which male and female artist combine their figures with perfectly statuesque effect, the tip-toe flights across the stage, the aërial boundings, the life in air rather than on earth—a glass of this superb malaga?—have given to this phasis of art an enchantment perfectly intoxicating. If Elssler pleases more, it is because she is more of the mere woman. Taglioni exalts you into the region of imagination, etherealizes every thing, is in short the sylph, appealing less to the senses than to the fancy. Cerito's style presents a happy combination of the most salient attractions displayed respectively by the two Queens of Art. I have a great objection, *moi*, to male dancers."

"How?" said O'Gorman.

"*Positivement!* It may appear absurd for a man to decry his own profession. But, nevertheless, I

am emancipated from prejudices and candid. Just look at Coulon. The proportions of that artist are the most unwieldy that ever were seen on a stage. His thews are those of a perfect Hercules—a butcher, let me rather say. He has 'brawn' enough to set up an establishment at once, as a slayer of fat oxen. If we must have male figures in the most conspicuous parts of ballets, they should be young men of light and agreeable figures. All dray-horse proportions should be proscribed, and muscular power, as exhibited in surprising jumps, without one particle of redeeming elegance, should be relegated to Caffraria. But for the true realization of poetry in motion, the eye of the artist and true amateur requires the beautiful proportions of the female figure. What more pleasing than to see a pretty dancing girl display with ravishing ease the elegance of her form, and disclose with an exquisitely fugitive grace the beauty of her fine *tournure!* You have seen Canova's dancing girls?"

"Beneath the sunny skies of Italy;" said O'Gorman. "In Carrara marble, in motion and in repose."

"'Tis the large Andalucian olive, my dear Sir, Try one of them with this delicious claret. I import it myself through the French embassy. But a man," proceeded Perchel, "a hideous man, as ugly as you or I, Sir."—

O'Gorman bowed.

"*Excusez, cher Monsieur.* A man, I say,—a miserable animal who bobs about on the stage, without knowing why or wherefore—a creature made on purpose to carry a musket, sabre, and

uniform—that such a being should dance like a woman, impossible! That this bearded individual, who is the head of a commune, an elector, a member of the municipal council, should come before us in a tunic of sky-blue satin, his head adorned with a cap from which a floating plume descends and amorously fans his cheek—a frightful *danseuse* of the masculine gender—and *pirouette* in the best place, while all the pretty girls of the ballet keep at a respectful distance—*c'est affreux!* Dancing men should only be tolerated as the shade of the picture, the massive shrub which the graceful and elegant flowers of the *parterre* are to surround—the dark figure which is requisite as a foil to set off the rest."

"Is there no jealousy," said O'Gorman, who liked the claret, "mixed up with all this tirade?"

"None, *parole d'honneur*," said Perchel. "The jealousies of the Opera are more amongst the singers than the dancers. While I was at the theatre of Lucca last year, the performance was Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. A rivalry had been subsisting for some time between two of the male singers, and a *duetto* had taken place between them, in which the music was made by the clashing of steel—in other words they had fought a duel, and I was the *témoin* of one of them. To-morrow morning I will be a principal, and it strikes me that I will spoil Chevrette's flirtations. I had succeeded in apparently reconciling the two Lucchese artists. During the combat, however, which forms part of the second act of the Opera, their former animosity became suddenly revived, and they thrust at each

other in earnest—the stage-fight became a real duel. The public, all the time, not in the least suspecting that the actors were doing more than displaying 'their cunning of fence,' applauded their *empressement*, and gave tokens of the most lively interest. An appalling cry was heard, and the actor who personated the Master of Ravenswood suddenly dropped. He had received a deep wound in the breast, and fell dead on the stage! His antagonist was immediately arrested; the company broke up on the following day; and the theatre was closed for some time after. It appears to me to be time to retire for the night, Monsieur O'Goreman. I shall call you an hour before day-break in the morning."

"*Je vous attends. Bon soir!*"

The next morning, an hour before peep of day, the energetic Perchel had O'Gorman roused from slumber, arranging the essentials of detonating caps and powder, fitting the leathern wadding and charger, feathering the hair-triggers with Lucca oil. To avoid suspicion in the police of Madrid, they proceeded to the ground, which is not far from the city, on foot, and whiled away the time as they went with lively *causerie*:—

"The public imagine," said Perchel, "that they get the best of us Opera folk before the scenes. There never was a greater mistake. Before the foot-lights we are acting; in the green-room we are ourselves. The dancers there sing, and the singers dance, and often show clearly enough that the public has mistaken their vocation. Grisi, for instance, at the rehearsals is always dancing, and a

capital *danseuse* she is. Cerito again sings divinely. These rehearsals are as far superior to the public performance as it is possible to conceive. The object of the artists there is to amuse themselves, and not deceive the public. Elssler will extemporise you an opera there, and Persiani a ballet in five minutes. Grisi, with her usual riot of spirits, will perhaps dance laboriously *round Lablache's person*, and call it, as I once heard her, '*un ouvrage de près d'une semaine.*' Silvain, who is a countryman of yours, his actual name being Sullivan, and who was Taglioni's favourite companion-dancer for some time, used to amuse us all greatly with his mock cachuca, which he gave with great spirit in his shirt and trousers.—I chose pistols, *cher* Monsieur O'Gore-man, having hurt my wrist lately in rapier practice. *C'est dommage;* for Chevrette would have had no chance with me. *N'importe.* By the way, Grisi is a capital swordswoman, and though I know the weapon, I should not much like to stand before her had I incurred her resentment. She has a soul that would drive it home."

"How do you contrive to live," said O'Gorman, "in so outlandish a place as Madrid?"

"Variety, my dear Sir, and change of scene, are as necessary for the mind as for health and appetite. The monster, *ennui*, was killing me in Paris and London. I resolved to try a course of garlic and *pronunciamiéntos*, to study the Madrilenes with my own eyes, and complete my museum of curiosities with a few daggers picked from the garters, and a mantilla or two from the heads, of the brown-

cheeked, dark-eyed Manoles. I shall vary my sensations next by eating crawfish on the frozen Neva. I have an engagement at St. Petersburg, which begins in three months. The silly Chevrette might have waited. But, perhaps, it had become necessary to administer him a lesson. These empty-pated fops bring contempt on the French character —tailors' blocks that have walked forth from the Palais Royal. Next to *ce freluquet de Chevrette*, barbers' apprentices, linen-drapers' assistants, and milliners' men, are the best illustrations of male coquetry on a vulgar scale; but dancing-masters (the dregs of my profession) are the most perfect specimens. While in London I met with an amusing illustration. Mr. Adolphus Montague Dos-à-dos, was a 'Professor of Dancing,' residing on the confines of gentility in Great Portland Street. There was no one more accomplished than he in the sublime art of 'teaching the young idea how to *chasser*.' It was glorious to see him point the toe, puff out his chest, and curve his arms, as with a voice which seemed the very melting of a spicy zephyr, he solicited his young lady pupils to 'hold themselves thus!' But a frightful drawback there was to the efficacy of his instructions— a slight defect in symmetry which forbad the refined Adolphus from sporting those trying tights which he envied as a gaping boy does the contents of a confectioner's window, while his nose is flattened against the pane. The sublime Adolphus's shins were bowed! bowed in an undeniably disagreeable manner. But genius like that of Dos-à-dos was

never given to man to lie fallow, and ambition, even more than necessity, is the mother of invention. Adolphus was determined to shake off the loose dominion of trousers, and shine in stockinet. So he one day seized a razor, and having provided himself beforehand with an abundant supply of broken glass, deliberately proceeded to remove the outer skin from the offending shins, and, in the midst of his most excruciating torments (what will not greatly daring souls attempt?) as deliberately scraped off as much of the bone as he could, until his nerves sinking beneath a weight of agony which would have been too much for a North American warrior at the stake to bear, Adolphus fainted away. The curvature was undoubtedly reduced; but inflammation set in, and he was lamed for life. Being thus rendered incapable of pursuing his art, he fell from one level of disgrace to another, till the *ci-devant* inimitable Adolphus Montague Dos-à-dos was reduced at last to a sweeper of crossings, that classic London creation, in which capacity he may be daily seen, boring the passers-by for coppers in a semi-French jargon imported from the dancing-room—the incarnate spirit of male-coquetry in ruins!"

By this time they had reached the ground, and were surprised that, though it was past day-break, no Chevrette appeared.

"How shall we pass the interval," said Perchel. "Shall I tell you how the Emperor of Russia is killing his wife by dragging her from one end of Europe to another?"

"You are so versed," said O'Gorman "in the history of European potentates, that you have only to choose."

"Shall I inform you of the horror which the Empress expresses in private of reviews and military movements, though the Emperor will take her to no other spectacles? Shall I tell you of the King of Prussia's faithlessness to his Opera-Companies in regard to subventions, as well as to his subjects in respect of a Constitution? Shall I tell you how an Austrian Arch-Duke beats his wife? How a King of Hanover flogs his grooms? How an Oscar of Sweden takes lessons in the delivery of Royal speeches? How a Duke de Montpensier used to flirt with our Opera-girls? How an Empress-Duchess at the Court of Bavaria managed a match with the skill of a Calderon? How a young Queen of Spain swallows sweets and sends up fibs with the same *gusto?* How a King of Holland indulges in *schnaps* and tobacco? How a King of Greece talks gibberish at times to his servants? How a King of Naples ogles the maids of honour? How the Pope—"

At this moment Chevrette, accompanied by a friend, and followed by a very spicy groom, rode over the bridge that crosses the Manzanares, and the next minute was on the ground.

The *Merveilleux* smoked a cigar, as in contempt of his adversary, and took up his position as if certain of killing him.

"*Attendez à la fin,*" said Perchel, in a whisper to O'Gorman, as with concentrated coolness, and

with eye fixed on his man, repaying contempt with scorn, he also took up his ground.

They fired together. Chevrette's ball ploughed the ground half a yard in front of his antagonist. Perchel's entered Chevrette's right cheek, shattered both his jaws, and passed out through the further side. It disfigured him horribly for life.

"I said I would spoil his flirting:" said Perchel. "*Tambien los amenezados comen pan.*"*

* Literally,—"Threatened folks, too, eat bread."

CHAPTER X.

General aspect of Madrid.—The Museum of Armoury.—The Musem of Painting.—Houses of Public Entertainment.—Lounge in the Prado.—The *Dos de Maio*.—Character of the People.—Contests of Moor and Christian.—Charm of the old Spanish ballads.—The Maid of Galicia.—I start by the Silla-Correo for Talavera.—The Puerta de Segovia.—The Manzanares.—Mostoles.—Navalcarnero.—Maqueda.—Santa Olalla.—Sotocochinos.—Talavera de la Reina.—The battle.

Madrid, October 1.

THE general aspect of Madrid is sufficiently familiar to English readers to make it unnecessary that I should resort to the tediousness of a fresh description. The sights are worthy of a capital, but are not numerous, and are nearly all comprised in the Palaces, Prado, and Museums. In the Museum of Armoury, I missed the magnificent trophy of Pavía —the sword of Francis the First—which the Count Altamira, pre-figuring the base subserviency of the Spaniards of to-day, declared, when he restored it through Murat to Napoleon, was "consigned to worthiest hands!" I did not long remain in that degraded depository, but I spent three whole days,

and I advise every stranger to spend many more, in the splendid Museum of Painting, which contains beyond all question the grandest collection of the finest masters in the world, and in which even the Italian schools may be studied to greater advantage than in the combined collection of any three Italian cities, Rome, with the Vatican excepted. Of the Italian, Flemish, and Spanish schools, there are here ten Raphaels (including most of his celebrated pictures); forty-three Titians, sixteen Guidos, fifty-five Luca Giordanos, twenty-seven Tintorettos, twenty-four Paul Veroneses, five specimens of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, twenty-two Vandykes, ten Claudes, twenty-seven Bassanos, forty-nine Breughels, sixty-two Velazquezes, fourteen Zurbarans, eight Alonzo Canos, twenty-one Nicholas Poussins, ten Wouvermans, thirteen Antonio Moros, fifty-three Riberas, twenty-three Snyderses, with specimens innumerable of other great painters. It would be almost an insult to the reader to attempt any detailed description of these magnificent treasures of art. The catalogue is in itself a volume, and with this in hand, let the visitor proceed to this majestic banquet, which (I say it with due estimate of the force of my words) would alone repay a journey of ten-fold length and the encounter of more than ten-fold difficulties.

Amongst the houses of entertainment newly opened in Madrid, I must notice the French Restaurant in the Carrera da San Jeronimo, and the Café Suizo in the Calle de Alcalà, both of which

are on a scale of great splendour and (the latter especially) will astonish foreign visitors.

The pleasantest part of this metropolis to a stranger, is the Prado and the streets adjoining. Here may be seen the *mousse* of Madrilene life champaigning up to the eye in the creaming and beading froth of ever renewed existence. Here the Señoritas may be seen in all their elegant coquettishness, with mantillas fastened by enormous pins, gold or torquoise-headed, with pendent chains of great length, and the *merveilleux* with all his wardrobe on his back—a coat of a long (so called) English cut, a waistcoat down considerably below the haunches, and a chain reposing on the abdomen, and tucked up with the waistcoat-button. This is now *de rigueur*. Here the *manolo* may be seen with his round peaked velvet hat, knowingly tufted, and his trousers small at the knee and large at the ancle, (the invariable test of a manolo). Here may be seen Asturian nurses in their magnificently showy costumes, lulling high-born babes to sleep, and here, amid the enormous pressure of the fair, may be here and there spied a Parisian bonnet looking quite lorn amidst the more attractive mantillas, and bull-fighters dashing like madmen to the Circus.

The monument called the *Dos de Maio* is a handsome obelisk, situated to the left of the Prado. The massacre of Madrid, on the memorable second of May, did not, happily, involve so much bloodshed as for a long period had been imagined. The exaggeration common to all countries in commemorating

their patriotic struggles, and especially so in the Peninsula, had fully quadrupled the number of martyrs who fell upon that occasion. Recent minute inquiries have confirmed the statement of Napier, that the entire number of the Madrid population slain in this massacre did not exceed 200. The heroes of the day were two artillery officers, named Daviz and Velarte, who made a gallant stand against the French. The shootings subsequent to the street massacre took place, as I have recorded them, under circumstances which, in Spain, were of necessity regarded as of excessive atrocity, the denial of the assistance of clergy, which by Frenchmen was lightly considered, being in Spanish eyes the acmé of horror. For the circumstances of the rising which followed throughout Spain, the reader is referred to Napier and to Southey.

Whatever faults may be found in modern Spain, whatever outrageous excesses she may have committed in her struggles between the constitutional principle and despotism, it can never be forgotten that hers is the oldest, and was long the most compact, Christian society in Europe, and that for centuries she was the ensanguined bulwark between Christendom and Mahommedan invasion. Proud of her history, she retains her character of "old and rancid Christian" to this hour, and even her most enlightened lovers of liberty reject all compromise with what they regard as error; disunited on every other point, all Spaniards combine against extending sufferance to any form of religion but their own.

This dogma is recorded both in Spain and Portugal as a part of the constitution, and more Catholic than Rome, the sovereigns of the Escorial hoisted as a standard the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and prescribed it as a test-oath to their subjects. The Spaniard may change in form, but in the essence of character he is immutable. Incessant struggles have made him what he is. The Phœnicians, after a series of contests, conquered the Aborigines, the Romans conquered the Phœnicians, and then subdued the natives, but not without the tremendous contests of Saguntum and Numantia, and the irrepressible rebellions of Cantabria. The Goths wrested the country from the Romans, and the Moors in turn from the Goths, till at last the indigenous race, often defeated, but never extinguished, emerged from the fortresses of Asturias, and after 600 years of partial but obstinate combats, regained possession of their inheritance. Surely it is not Poland, but Spain, that is the battle-ground of Europe against the Mussulman invader. For near 2000 years Iberia has been an incessant tilt-yard! How could such a series of iron events have failed to mould irresistibly the character of the people? Here the most opposite principles have the longest struggled, and pacification has here been not the result of a "transaction," but of the extermination of the conquered. The Spaniard is essentially a man of faith, and despises toleration as a sacrilege. His simple-minded nature rejects every idea but that of unity; his belief is so active that whatever he sees to doubt he deems himself called on

to kill! Despotism is his normal state in government as well as in religion.

Of all the records of human conflict, that which affects the imagination most painfully is the recital of the combats between Moor and Christian. The struggles of Palestine are not so absorbing in their interest, the Moslem there was a barbarian. In Spain the champions upon either side were highly accomplished and for their era civilized. The conflicts of Greece and Rome are too remote, those since the Renaissance too modern for intense sympathy. What exciting interest, what heroic struggles, what poems writ with the lance's point, mark the encounters of the Cids and the Calaynos, the Gazuls and the Gonzalos de Córdoba! Fiction is idle waste in a country where the reality is so romantic; the exercise of the imagination becomes impossible or gratuitous; and the "plain unvarnished tales" told in the old Spanish Ballads are more poetical than the loftiest flights of fancy. Christian chivalry and Mussulman gallantry, with all their brilliant accessories and terrible hatreds, are a perpetual epic in action. Political systems do not flourish here, but it is the soil of individual prowess and of men; and the Castilian in rags deserves the honours which are due to fallen greatness. It is likewise the soil of noble women, and the Maid of Galicia may rival the Maid of Zaragoza.

The late insurrection in the northern province was characterized by great heroism on the part of the insurgents, who, although eventually got under by overpowering numbers, fought most manfully,

and evinced a spirit which, had only a portion of it extended to the other provinces of Spain, would have made the position of that country very different from its miserable reality. The limited number of the *guardias civiles* who joined the insurrection, especially showed great courage and conduct; and the effects of drill and discipline to which they are comparatively habituated were exhibited in isolated exploits which I heard spoken of by military men in Madrid with the highest admiration. They were only sixty mounted men in all, but, displaying the superiority of disciplined veterans habituated to the field, kept at bay four hundred of the Queen's cavalry, who were unable to make any impression whatever on them, to the amazement of all Spain. The widow of the brave General Solis, who was mercilessly shot after that transaction, may be seen every day in deep mourning on the Prado at Madrid, where her saddened beauty and interesting appearance make her "the observed of all observers." Solis wrote her a letter of adieux within half an hour of his death, in a hand as firm as was that of Diego Leon when he proposed loyal toast after toast to a party of his weeping friends, whom he entertained at supper on the night before his execution. Thus does odious misgovernment, and the insurrectionary ardour which it excites, remove one by one from the scene the noblest sons of Spain!

The escape of the 286 soldiers, who were compromised in this insurrection, and sentenced to be transported to the Havana, was hailed with delight by all the friends of freedom, who have had personal

experience of the sort of mockery which is now-a-days presented in Spain under the guise of Constitutional Government; and it is not the least remarkable or least pleasing incident connected with this escape that it was chiefly brought about by a female.

The circumstances of this romantic adventure are these:—Amongst the *comprometidos* who were shipped on board the packet at Ferrol for removal to the Havana, was a young sergeant, in love with a beautiful Galician girl, who returned the attachment with all the passionate devotion of a Spanish female heart. She sympathized with his patriotic struggle, and mourning its untoward result, resolved to share his exile and console him in a foreign land. For this purpose she procured soldier's clothes, and in this disguise went on board with the rest of the prisoners. To have one more than their supposed number of victims was a subject rather of rejoicing with the Spanish authorities. But the fair Galician happily possessed a mental and corporeal energy which made them speedily regret that cold-blooded indifference. It was she who inspired the men belonging to the revenue boat from Vigo, in conjunction with others on board the packet, as it was approaching Lisbon, to rise and overpower the crew, and she was herself the first to seize the Captain by the collar, and declare that he was her prisoner. It may be guessed that, with her handsome face, she had lusty peasant arms, and a determined way of using them, or she could not have so readily effected this important capture. But, whether he felt her gripe to be irresistible, or she overcame him by magnetism and the force of a

bewitching eye, certain it is that he made no effectual opposition. Successful in this first great exploit, she next placed herself at the head of the mutineers, who chose her unanimously for their leader without knowing or suspecting who she was. The daring energy of her conduct, the firmness of her demeanour, and not less perhaps the commanding beauty of her aspect, made the men readily submit to her guidance, and they soon became masters of the vessel, with which they made for the coast of Portugal, where they speedily landed, and notwithstanding the most violent efforts on the part of the Spanish Government to obtain once more possession of their persons, were restored to undisturbed freedom. Thus the true heart of a young village maiden was the means of rescuing near three hundred men from the most miserable of fates.

Talavera, October 2.

I started for Badajoz in the Silla-Correo at six last evening, being commended to the *Mayoral* at parting by my worthy and gallant friend, Colonel F., a dashing officer and ardent politician, who did not forget to give me a parting charge to remember "our good friends the French." The Silla-correo is a very comfortable post-chaise fitted up with all the conveniences of a private carriage, and as there was but one other passenger I felt my position agreeable enough. My *compagnon de voyage* was an Andalucían, who carried a gun ready loaded as a protection against *rateros*, and was altogether about one of the merriest fellows I ever have met on a journey.

We set out from Madrid by the somewhat dilapidated Puerta de Segovia, and passing the Manzanares by the bridge of the same name, left the Casa del Campo to the right, as well as the ancient *carretera de Castilla.* After leaving the mud walls of Madrid, the road enters what seems an interminable desert, like that of Africa. The bridge over the Manzanares is ridiculously pompous, being a bridge without water, stretching over the shallowest of streams bordered by a forest of linen and a colony of washerwomen. The *Silla* is made to hold only four persons, including the *Mayoral* and courier. The letters are all placed behind, without the protection of a guard, everything here being arranged on principles opposed to common sense. About a league from Madrid one of the mules fell, and was very near being crushed by the wheels. At the distance of half a league from Madrid is the *venta* de Alcorcon, and a league and a half further is the village of the same name. Here there is a manufactory of coarse glass. To the right is the road of Villaviciosa, distant only a league from Alcorcon, which is a great resort of Madrilenes during the summer, the *huertas* about it being well watered and abounding in fruit and flowers. At the near entrance to the town is a castle in which Antonio Perez was imprisoned during the reign of Philip II., and Godoy during the present century. The road next enters

Mostoles, situated on a plain within a league of the Guadarrama. Its population is 1100. There is here an *ermita* dedicated to N. S. de los Santos,

where still is pointed out the residence of Doña Constanza de Rojas, whose son Simon was canonized. Passing the river Guadarrama by a small bridge we enter

NAVALCARNERO, with 3800 inhabitants. The houses here are spacious, and the country round supplies Madrid with grapes and some wine. The name signifies "the plain of sheep." In this town was signed the marriage contract of Philip IV. with Maria of Austria.

MAQUEDA, with 330 inhabitants, is a very ancient town, with some Roman remains. There is here a ruined tower, called the *Torre de las Infantas*, where Berenguela resided when guardian to her nephew Enrique I.

SANTA OLALLA with 900 inhabitants is a thriving town, the country round producing much grain and wool.

SOTOCOCHINOS, situate near the Tagus, nearly destroyed, as well as El Bravo, by the Carlists during the late war.

The road passes through a dreary expanse of cornfields, denuded of trees, with here and there a wretched village.

A little on this side of Talavera, on the hill to the right, and on the plain through which the Madrid road passes, was fought on the 28th July, 1809, the glorious battle of Talavera, against the French with double our numbers, commanded by Jourdan, Victor, and Joseph in person. The Spaniards were commanded by Cuesta, personally a brave man but a miserable general, whose obstinacy gave the Duke

the greatest trouble. The allies took up their final position before Talavera, the English being posted to the left, on the *Cerro de Medellin*, and the Spaniards in the woods on the plain. Victor concentrated all his force, but was every where beaten back. The French finally abandoned the field, having lost twenty cannon and 10,000 killed and wounded. Our loss was 6200. The resumé of this splendid exploit is that 16,000 men resisted 34,000 French sixteen hours, and at last drove them back.

The town of Talavera, after the battle, refused bread to the starving English allies, and was found by the French to contain corn enough for their army for three months. They sacked the town twice, obtaining by force and shot what was denied to our entreaties and our gold.

The second period of the Peninsular War was commenced by the battle of Talavera, previously to which Wellington found the Spanish General Cuesta equally unmanageable, stubborn, and foolishly arrogant as the Portuguese General shewed himself on the eve of the battle of Roriça, which commenced the first period of the war. In both cases the results were the same. After a great deal of vapouring about "doing the business themselves and not needing British assistance," both worthies retired, leaving the sole and undivided honour of each day to the genius and fortune of Wellington. In the preliminary combat of Alcabon, the Spanish division (4000 infantry, 2000 horse, and eight guns) scampered off from before the French, and it was manifest that they could not be

depended on. Wellington was therefore determined that they should withdraw to Talavera, where there was strong ground suited for defence, in which alone the Spaniards were likely to make a stand. Cuesta boastingly replied that he would "fight where he stood." The 27th, at daylight, the British General renewed his sŏlicitations, at first fruitlessly; but when the enemy's cavalry came in sight, Cuesta sullenly yielded, yet, turning to his staff, with frantic pride observed that "he had first made the Englishman go down on his knees!" (Napier, *Hist. War Penins.* b. viii. c. 2.) In the next preliminary combat of Salinas, the Spanish army to the number of 11,000 men (including artillery) threw down their arms, and ran away, declaring that the Allies were entirely routed! It might have been so but that their example was despised. Thus undivided glory was thrust upon Wellington; and ever after, the part which the Spaniards took was very subordinate.

After the battle of Talavera, the Spaniards were shamefully defeated (having regard to the truth of History, it is impossible to use any other expression) by the French in two successive actions—those of Arzobispo and Almonacid, at both of which they threw down their arms and ran, and in the latter were slaughtered in thousands—a result partly attributable to the bad conduct of the men, and partly to the bad guiding of their commander, Cuesta, whose character was a concentration of all the worst possible qualities of a General. "King" Joseph, who had retreated after the battle of Baylen, now returned to Madrid. Embarrassed

by these disasters, by the perfidious withholding of supplies, by the perpetual crossing and opposition of the Spanish juntas, which, like those of Portugal, instead of an aid, were for ever a thorn in the side of their Liberator, Wellington, in the face of an overwhelming French force, took the resolution of retiring into Portugal. The conduct of the Spaniards may be best estimated from his own words, stating his reasons for declining again to cooperate with them :—

"But there was a more shameful consideration, namely, the constant and shameful misbehaviour of the Spanish troops before the enemy. We, in England, never hear of their defeats and flights, but I have heard Spanish officers telling of nineteen or twenty actions of the description of that at the bridge of Arzobispo, accounts of which, I believe, have never been published. * * * In the battle of Talavera, in which the Spanish army, with very trifling exception, was not engaged—whole corps threw away their arms and ran off, when they were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack. When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet. In their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British Army, which was at that moment bravely engaged in their cause."

When Wellington came to this resolution to retire into Portugal, he was at the head of only 17,000 British troops of all arms; the "terror-stricken Spaniards" were literally an encumbrance. (Napier, *Hist. War Penins.* b. viii. c. 5.) Our

troops, through the faithlessness of their allies, were almost starving, and they were confronted by 70,000 French! The wonder is that they were not utterly and immediately crushed by the latter. But Soult was the only great General then amongst the French commanders; and the promptness is as much to be admired as the prudence with which Wellington retired into Portugal.

The Spanish army after this made some miserable attempts at independent action against the French, which ended four months after the battle of Talavera, in the disastrous battle of Ocaña, one of the most frightful routs recorded in history, where the whole Spanish army, of more than 50,000 men, was destroyed, leaving 5000 killed and wounded, and 26,000 prisoners, forty-five pieces of artillery, 30,000 muskets, and 3,000 horses and beasts of burden, in the hands of the enemy! The French lost but 1700 men, killed and wounded; and I must do them the justice of saying, that no exploit of ours in the Peninsula equalled this in its numerical results; for God forbid that I should obscure the glory of an enemy, or gloss over the misconduct of an ally. The rest of the Spanish army was subsequently defeated at Alba de Tormes, which closed the Campaigns of 1809.

These scattering and consuming thunderbolts opened the eyes of the Spaniards at last to the value of the British alliance, and threw the defence of the Peninsula entirely into those heroic hands, by which it was so brilliantly completed. The soldiery of Spain acted thenceforth a subordinate

part, and the boast after the battle of Baylen, "We will not need the services of you *Ingleses*—we will escort you home through France, but you will not have to strike a blow!" was not again repeated. For six months of the next year (till Wellington re-appeared on the scene) they continued their despairing efforts against the French, but with uniform defeat and failure. No fitting leaders appeared, and the efforts of the people were worse than useless.

Talavera de la Reina, chief town of its district, in the province and diocese of Toledo, contains 7600 inhabitants. It is nineteen leagues distant from Madrid, and about nine from Toledo. It has a collegiate and seven parish churches, and an eighth *extra muros*, dedicated to the Virgin del Prado. The town is situated in a charming plain close to the Tagus, which here waters fertile *huertas* and *alamedas*. It is impossible to conceive the delight with which, after the dreary scenes of Castile, I recognised this beautiful wanderer, reflecting in its broad bosom the most charming vineyards and olive-groves, and with a swelling breast thought how often I had trod its enchanting margin at Lisbon. Here I felt safe once more, and all dread of *Pulmonia Fulminante* had disappeared, for with the plain we had reached an enchanting climate. The collegiate church is a Gothic construction, with nothing remarkable. The streets are tortuous, narrow, and ill-paved, but the town has an unmistakably old and venerable aspect. I

have said that it is situated in a charming plain. On the margin of the river there is a *bosque* called the "Alameda," which in spring is peopled with nightingales (*Miseñores*) and other singing-birds, which make the grove vocal with their songs. The hills around abound with game, and though the Tagus here (so unlike Lisbon) is ill supplied with fish, good eels and barbel abound. A silk manufacture has long been established, but it is now much decayed. The manufacture of pottery is extensively carried on, and most of the delft used in Estremadura and the two Castiles is made here. The addition of "*de la Reina*" arises from the fact of the town having been given by Alonzo XI. for pin-money to his Queen Maria. Talavera is the birth-place of the famous historian Juan de Mariana. In this town took place the first Carlist rising, on the night of the 2nd October, 1833, three days after the death of Ferdinand, but finding no echo amongst the peaceably-disposed inhabitants of the surrounding district, the *Sublevados*, who were composed of some Royalist volunteers, and a few peasants with the suspended post-office *administrador* Gonzalez at their head, were obliged to fly, and the heads of the revolt were afterwards seized by the authorities, brought back to Talavera, and shot.

There is a dilapidated wooden bridge over the Tagus where the great battle was fought. The French were posted in the olive-groves to the left. The river lay like molten silver as we passed in the

lovely light of morning. Its serpentine banks are clothed with oak and olives. Here I saluted the Naiads, and thought of Lisbon.

While breakfast was getting ready, I threw myself on a bed, from which I was soon dislodged by a swarm of bugs. Here there was a dwarf, like some of those painted by Velazquez, shaped with enormous disproportion in parts, and waddling about the floor in a sulk at being roused so early. The roof was of enormous extent and black with smoke, and the walls were hung with immense cauldrons. A peculiarity in our breakfast was that there were eggs floating in the soup ; the *cuisine* of course abounded with garlic, but there were a fine melon and grapes, into which garlic, happily, could not enter. We had partridges here again at breakfast—about the fiftieth I have eaten this month, which is something of the "*toujours perdrix.*"

The town has an inner circumvallation, which is Roman. There are some curious old gates in the central part, with some escutcheons of arms, and turreted. The chief parish church, with its altar and defaced gildings, was open to the street. The church of San Francisco is curious, and of spacious extent. The first altar contains a fine *Virgen de Dolores* and a colossal Christ (bad) with a petticoat round its middle. The figures of the Virgin and Magdalen are good. There is also a good picture over the high altar, and some curious old pictures at the sides. The arch of San Pedro, the Torre del Relojo, and the irregular

old Plaza, with its red houses, porticoes, and balconies (somewhat like Chester) are very curious, as are likewise several of the adjoining streets, down which run rows of pillars. The women wear red *sayas*, and handkerchiefs on their heads; the men wear brown cloaks. The Plaza is never without loungers. Altogether, this is a very remarkable town.

CHAPTER XI.

Route from Talavera to Trujillo.—Calera.—Oropesa.—Naval-moral.—Dinner.—Characteristics of Estremadura.—The population.—The *mesta*.—Tending of sheep.—Manufacture of pork.—Almaraz.—The bridge.—Lord Hill's gallant action.—The Andalucían waxes warm, and "shows how fields were won."—Conversation touching his native province.—The glories of Seville.—The Armada.—The vice of gambling.—The Sierra Morena.—The country of *Don Quixote*.—Jaraicejo.—Trujillo, the birth-place of Pizarro.—Medellin, the birth-place of Cortés.

Trujillo, October 3.

LEAVING Talavera (which is twenty-two leagues distant) by the Royal road of Portugal, the first town through which the road passes is

CALERA, situated in a fruitful plain, with a population of 3000. The country round produces corn, *garbanzos*, wine, oil, and honey, and the potteries of Talavera are supplied from this place. Next it enters

OROPESA, situated on the frontier of Estremadura, on the northern bank of the Tagus and at the foot of the mountain of Navamorcuende. The popula-

tion is 1400. The approach to Oropesa is magnificent. The lofty Sierra, a portion of the enormous Serrania de Plasencia, fantastically called "*Montes claros*," stood out on the one hand black in the sunlight; on the other were interminable olive-groves, with here and there on the opening plain immense flocks of Estremaduran sheep, tended by a shepherd in the rudest garb, a brown and flapping hat, and a leathern apron descending in galligaskins to the knees. Herds of dun cattle (a peculiar Estremanian breed) were seen far to the right, and herds of black swine (*cerdos*) in considerable numbers, each tended by its *zagal*, while wide corn-fields extended to the Serra's foot. At the approach to the town, which the road merely skirts, the double hill on which it is situated is seen to great advantage, with its church-tower on the left, and its castle with barbican and square tower crenelated for archery at the sides, looking most picturesque and commanding. This castle gives a title to the Duke de Frias.

On the morning of the 5th August, 1838, the Carlist *partida* of Felipe and Carrasco was here completely destroyed. It was composed of 180 horse: 125 were slain, and 25 made prisoners.

Celzada de Oropesa contains 1400 inhabitants and an extensive dilapidated palace. It is situated on the frontier of Estremadura, on the military road from Madrid to Badajoz. The road is very bad, being in some parts quite unformed, and in others beset with mountain pavements and ruts. Through

these the *silla-correo* ploughed at the rate of five miles an hour.

NAVALMORAL has a population of 3000, who are said to be very skilful in the cutting of pines.

Here we stopped to dine.

The Andalucían, like most of his countrymen, was a humourist, and occupied himself while our meal was preparing, with firing a volley of Spanish proverbs at the *muchacha*, at which she was sometimes angry but for the most part laughed good-humouredly: "Come, Señorita," he said, "we are not particular;" *Puede vender el gato por liebre*, "hare or cat it is all the same." *Al hambre no hay mal pan*—"Bad bread there is none to the hungry." *Quien las cosas mucho apura, no vive vida sejura*—"Who pries into things too much, I like not the life of such." If it were only the simple *pan de Dios*, let us have it. Just set the *olla* a stewing, I'll be content with the brewing. *No busco cinco pies al gato*—"I look not for five feet in a cat;" neither do I look for Madrid in Estremadura, I might rather, I doubt not, *ir por lana y volon trasquilado*, "come here for wool, and go back fleeced." —Ah, you are angry! *Mal me quieren mis comadres, porque digo las verdades*—"I'm called a forward youth, because I speak the truth." But I can't help it, its a way that I have got. *De casta le viene al galgo el ser ravilargo*—"It comes to the hound by blood to carry a long tail." *Ay, ay, Señorita, ventera hermosa mal para la bolsa*—"A handsome waiting-maid is bad for the purse!"

The primitive simplicity of manners which pre-

vails in this wild district was well illustrated by the *muchacha's* negligence. At dinner the *mayoral* and courier drank out of the same tumbler, though there were several others on the shelf hard by. But the lazy *muchacha* would not take the trouble of handing one. The *cuisine* however was good, the *olla* fine, the *garbanzos* excellent, the *chorizos*, made from Estremanian pig, about the finest in the world. These black-bristled, racy-flavoured animals rove through forests strewn with acorns, and revel on the rich produce to their hearts' content. The road passed through forests miles long of *Cinas* (dwarf-oaks) and *Alcornoque* (holm-oak), many of them stript of their bark, *sin camisa* (shirtless) as the people call it. Through want of moisture none are so tall as in England, though many are of great breadth.

The road here is only made in parts, and often in a state of nature, especially through the forest, where the ruts were so terrible that the Andalucían and I were both thrown forward from our seats, and often dashed about in a frightful manner—an illustration of the beauties of travelling in Spain. We met many muleteers as we passed along, bound for Badajoz, which is a great line for *Arrieros* and *Contrabandistas* bound for Portugal. The distance from Madrid to Badajoz is 65 leagues, or 230 miles English, and involves a sojourn of two whole days and nights within the silla-correo—a terrible trial to an invalid, but *paciencia y barajar!* I doubtless "astonished the natives" considerably, as I thrust my head out of the window in the small towns through which we passed, rigged either in an outlandish

Castilian *montera*, or a still more outlandish white cotton night-cap. I was once taken for "*El Monpen-seer*," and once for "The Wandering Jew." The fair sex in these districts are not particularly comely or polite. The female peasantry of Estremadura go for the most part bare-headed. Some have the hair tied in a neat knot on the crown of the head. They wear dark coffee-coloured brown woollen *sayas*, and a handkerchief on their shoulders, and in winter on their heads. They go for the most part bare-footed, yet some are coquettish, wearing circular rings in their ears, necklaces, and their hair *à la Chinoise*. The men wear round hats flat to the scull—some without even tufts, for male coquetry has scarcely visited these remote districts. All have leggings and breeches of cloth, but no velvet whatever, except here and there on their hats. They are thus clad entirely in the produce of their Estremanian sheep. Some vine and olive cultivation is likewise to be seen in these districts.

The province of Estremadura is of vast extent, and chiefly abandoned to sheep-walks. Yet here, as in the Castiles, the finest wheats might be grown in indefinite quantity, and the province, as under the Romans and Moors, might become one of the granaries of Europe. Boundless tracts now lie in uninhabited wastes overrun with cistus, yet on the margins of the Tagus and Guadiana, which flow through this province, and wherever irrigation penetrates, the finest wheat, and wine, and oil, are produced in large quantity, and the country is still

called by the Gitanos, "*el chin del manro*," "the land of corn." The *despoblados* and *dehesas* are here overrun with aromatic shrubs, betraying both to sight and smell the exuberance of the soil, which is literally teeming with vegetable life. The population is extremely limited, the average being about 350 to the square league. There is no agricultural industry, because there is no capital amongst either proprietors or tenants, and the manufacture of bacon is the only thing in which activity is displayed. The roads are mere sheep-paths, and the inns mere stables. But the people, notwithstanding the rudeness of their mode of living, are courteous to passing strangers, and their character is a mixture of Andalucían gaiety and Castilian reserve. The desolation which pervades Estremadura, and causes some of the most fertile parts of Europe to be utterly unproductive, is one of the clear fruits of misgovernment, civil and religious.

In speaking of the Castiles, I have already given some account of the *Mesta* system of Merino sheep or migratory flocks, which feed conveniently at the expense of their neighbours, and claim a prescriptive right of agistment over enormous tracts of commonage. The *Mesta* was abolished by the Córtes of Cadiz, but re-established in 1814 by Ferdinand VII., together with the Inquisition. These wandering Merinos formerly exceeded 4,000,000 in number. Before the French invasion, the Duke de Infantado possessed 30,000, and the Convento de Paulas as many. These sheep are always on the

move, looking for grass, which is scarce, and shunning the wild thyme, which is abundant, but left to the bees.

The swine of Estremadura are equally celebrated with her sheep, and to feed them vast districts are covered with forests of oak, beech, and chestnut. The *Tocino* (bacon), *Chorizo* (sausage) and *Jamon* (ham) of Estremadura have long been celebrated. The *Matanza* or pig-slaughter takes place on the 10th and 11th November, when they have been fattened with the *bellota* or sweet acorn.

In the wild *dehesas* of this province, the locust, *langosta*, and the chirping tribe of *Cicalas*, sing during the summer heats the livelong day. Flights of turtle-doves from Barbary likewise abound here in the summer, and coo about in pairs, nestling in the wild olive-trees. We have travelled for leagues in the silla-correo, without meeting a solitary human-being, and the cooing of doves and chirping of *cicalas* are the only sounds that have saluted our ears amidst these wild *despoblados*, except the solitary whistle of the shepherd to his dog.

Almaraz has 461 inhabitants, and is a league distant from the Tagus, over which is the magnificent and solid bridge of the same name, which was built in cut stone by order of Charles V., and cut in 1808, on the occasion of the French invasion. It is 352 Spanish feet long by 14 wide, and 134 high, and consists of two arches, which span a most picturesque portion of the Tagus, hanging its magnificent cistus-clad rocks over the deep sea-

green river. The bridge has just been rebuilt in noble arches, one of them circular, the other in a Gothic ogive (as in the Lisbon aqueduct), I suppose to try which is the stronger form of construction, a circular place jutting out in the centre to allow carriages to pass each other, with the arms of Spain above. It is extremely well built of cut stone, but should have been built half a mile further up, where the road would much more conveniently pass. But here, like Estremanian sheep, they always follow the same track. There is a ruined *pueblo* just beyond the bridge of Almaraz, which presents a sad image of decay. Almaraz is the scene of Lord Hill's gallant action, and from this bridge he took his title. It was on the 18th of May, 1812, that he performed, according to the Duke of Wellington, "one of the most brilliant actions during the war," carrying Fort Napoleon at the bayonet's point, though guarded by 1000 Frenchmen and eighteen pieces of artillery. Soult was thus cut off from Marmont, and the Duke resolved to try the latter single-handed, which resulted in Salamanca.

The recollection of this brilliant exploit inspired my Andalucían comrade to such a degree, that he became quite eloquent in his praise of British valour, and recited many striking particulars of the Carlist war, in which he was engaged under Espartero from the first siege of Bilbao, dwelling with especial pleasure on the recollection of a charge made by the Lancers of the Legion at the bidding of Diego Leon, under the inspiration of whose "*Adelante, Ingleses!*" one fine young Englishman

literally swept three Carlists off their saddles with one stroke of his lance, but afterwards "died badly," that is, rotted, in the convent-hospital at Vitoria.

Our thoughts now turned toward Andalucía, and led to several conversations respecting that magnificent province. The matter of them I shall embody in the following pages:—

I remarked that in sailing up the Guadalquivír, I was as much struck by the singularity of appearance of the small native vessels, as of the population on its shores. I met them of every variety of form and of the most curious simplicity of rig—the *falera* with its two sails crossed and spread like the wings of a bird, the heavy *mistico* or lugger, the heavier *charanguero*, laden to the water's edge, and named from its being a receptacle for all sorts of merchandise and lumber; the straw-boat, like a moving farm-yard, with an enormous rick of the country fodder artistically piled, and barely room for the men to push her along with poles by walking to and fro on the gunwale; the *laud* or lute, thus fancifully named because the wind plays and sings through its cordage, the snug-built *goleta*, and the two-masted *tartana*.

The steam-boat passenger service I found to be satisfactorily enough supplied between Cadiz and the neighbouring towns. There are three steamers plying between Cadiz and Seville, the distance, (about eighty miles) being regularly performed in from seven to nine hours. Of these the "Rapido" and "Trajano" are to be preferred, but the "Rapido" is *facilè princeps*. This steamer was built at Seville

upon plans and drawings furnished from England, and an excellent specimen of ship-building she is. You feel, besides, a pleasant sense of security, for the captain and engineer are both English. The *cuisine* is very respectable, and you breakfast or dine as you please, *à la carte*. The panels between the windows in the cabin are furnished with a dozen capital paintings on oil by native artists of Seville, which give you a very favourable opinion of the existing state of the arts in that city. There is the Spanish Contrabandist, the *Zagal* or young Andalucían countryman on horseback, with his sweetheart behind him *en croupe*, the Majo, or native buck, on one side, dancing the fandango, and the short-petticoated Muchachuela smiling at him with answering feet and castanet, on the other; while the intervening spaces are made up with very well executed sea-pieces and landscapes, representing scenes in the vicinity of Sanlucar, Xerez, Cadiz, and Seville. When I saw these pretty pictures, a wandering French artist was most carefully copying them into his portfolio, doubtless to reproduce them shortly in Paris as his own originals:—

"*Vive la hombougge!*" said the Frenchman, curiously mimicking British slang, and laying bare my own secret reflection, in the laughing spirit of his countrymen.

From the pleasurable excitement produced by this little incident, I turned to the contemplation of the backward state of material development of this fine country, which reminded me, alas, too strongly, of my unhappy native land. Boundless

plains and far-stretching rivers are even less advanced from a state of nature, and the most obvious means of improved locomotion and universal amelioration, through the absorbing claims of political conflict, are too often all but entirely disregarded.

The Guadalquivír appears capable of being made navigable, by a moderate expenditure, the whole distance from the ocean to Córdova. Its uses are so admirable, and its waters so extensively navigated as far as Seville, that it is a crying shame to leave it unutilized, if upon a practical examination by engineers the difficulties shall be found to be surmountable. Independently of the advantages to commerce, and the great accession to the comforts and supplies of the inhabitants, the traveller would be thus enabled to visit Cadiz, Seville, and Córdova, Malaga, Barcelona, and Valencia, Carthagena, Corunna, and Vigo, entirely by steam, and thus make a tolerable tour of the country without exposing himself to the inclemencies of land-carriage. He might in fact see Spain very much at his ease, and laugh at difficulties of communication. A gentleman of Córdova, Señor José Luis da Silva Porto, has submitted to the Government a proposition for making the Guadalquivír navigable to that city from Seville, and it is to be hoped that faction will not mar this attempt to develope the wealth of Andalucía.

My companion remarked that "robbery is just now a thriving trade in Andalucía. A few nights since, within a league of Seville, on the road of Cantillana, a band of eight men on horseback

stopped every *arriero* (muleteer) whom they met, and robbed them of their mules and all their lading. They stopped some twenty *arrieros* in all, treating some who resisted with great cruelty, and inflicting on them several wounds and contusions. It is needless to say that the prudent policy is never to resist. The local accounts state that these occurrences are latterly of considerable frequency, and express a dread of the surrounding country being inundated with *ladrones* during the approaching rainy season. The corn-harvest this year in Andalucía has been very unproductive, in consequence of the extreme heat, and the olive-trees have yielded little fruit, owing to the same cause. And while thousands of the poor people will be without resources (except in robbery,) there are, unhappily, no public works on which to employ them."

I observed how man had marred the gifts of Providence, but how vain was every attempt to destroy the local interest of the district. The majestic antiquity of Seville, and the fine preservation of its almost innumerable monuments, had for the wounded spirit, I observed, a peculiar charm. It stole him from himself into the gray gloom of the past, from the miserable present into a proud and chivalrous era. As I trod the floor of the magnificent cathedral, and threaded the interstices of its four rows of stately and stupendous pillars, and stood on the marble slab that covers the remains of the son of Columbus, and inspected the wonders of Murillo's pencil, and looked up far to the vaulted roof above, and gazed on the golden altar, the sublime effect of that no-

blest of Gothic cathedrals fell upon my soul in its full intensity, and my heart was caught up to Heaven in irresistible adoration. Perhaps there is no incident in all my recent travels that so tended to soothe my bruised spirits as my visit to this wondrous House of Prayer, and, as the Spirit of Religion fanned me in this temple of the Universal God, I felt the dews of consolation dropt from her spreading wings.

I felt at Seville as if I could have made it my abode for ever. It was chivalrous ground, and consecrated by many a proud recollection. It was here that the holy king Fernando took possession of the conquered city and the ancient Moorish stronghold, the saw-tooth wall, and the Torre del Oro, the proud Giralda, and the prouder though less aspiring Alcazar—here that he shot over the crown of Castile and Léon a gleam of the Moorish crescent, and took his seat high in the Hall of Ambassadors in the midst of what the Chroniclers, in their quaint old language, call his "*perlados*" and his "*ricos-omes*" his "*cavalleros*" and his "*fijos-dalgos*," and his "*omes buenos de las cibdades e de las villas.*" I devoted much time to exploring the antiquities of Seville, and at the Lonja, the most ancient and valuable repository of records in the kingdom, slaked my thirst in the springs of antiquity. Strange that in this pursuit I should have been not only reconciled more completely to my kind, but recalled to admiration of the softer sex.

The history of Seville and of Spain presents a fine instance of that self-sacrifice which is so truly

characteristic of noble-hearted woman. Berenguela was in peaceful possession of the throne, when, entirely of her own accord, she abdicated in favour of her beloved son, who was crowned Don Ferdinand the Third of Castile. He was then but a tender youth, and the times grew stormier as he sprung to maturity. The powerful faction of the Laras shared the kingdom amongst them, and sought even to usurp the functions of the government. Ferdinand foiled them, though little more than a boy, dispensed with the insidious aid of Regencies, and asserted his unfettered Royal prerogative. But it was to his mother, the high-souled Berenguela, that he was indebted for all these triumphs. A great king was he when he attained to manhood. Ever valiant in combat, wise in his decisions, just in his councils, and holy in his life, he was declared a Saint at his death and a king privileged of God. It was he who planted deep the roots and extended wide the branches of the Christian society of Spain, and raised the standard of the Cross on the Moorish battlement of Seville. Honour to Berenguela who suckled and who reared him—it is honour enough to have been the mother of Saint Ferdinand.

In investigating the annals of the illustrious family of Gusman I met with another very remarkable woman (sister of the Duke of Medina Sidonia) who governed Andalucía under Philip IV. with an almost independent authority, and consort of that Duke of Braganza who wrested Portugal from the dominion of Spain, and established in 1640 the

present dynasty of the smaller kingdom, mounting its throne as Dom John the Fourth. It was this remarkable woman,—a purely-minded *Lady Macbeth* —whose daring and exalted character stimulated to heroic resistance her husband's milder nature, and proudly aspiring to the crown which was his due, forgot her Spanish birth and kindred in the wrongs of her adopted country. Chaste, pious, and enlightened, her winning manners and majestic port commanded universal respect and love, and her popularity widely extended the party of the Duke her consort. She had an eye to read the human heart, a warm enthusiasm and a lofty ambition, a mind to conceive and a courage to execute the most difficult and perilous enterprise. Had not Spain given to Portugal this great woman of the House of Gusman, the entire Peninsula at this day would be subject to the Castilian sceptre.

My historical researches in the Lonja extended to the Invincible Armada, to which I find that Seville contributed her five-and-twenty ships of the largest size, and that to the provisioning of the multitude of mouths on board it, which between soldiers and seamen amounted to seventy-six thousand eight hundred men,* she subscribed her proportion of eleven thousand quintals (hundreds-weight) of hams

* The voice of history, up to the present more inquiring era, has been strikingly fallacious with regard to this as to many other famous transactions. Adam, in his History of Spain, published at the commencement of this century, cited as an authority, and translated and current in France, makes the number of vessels 130—(they were 350)—and the soldiers and sailors conjointly 28,000, instead of 76,800 men!

and salted pork, in common with the Andalucían Ronda and with Biscay. Conjointly with Malaga, Majovella, and Xerez, she furnished twenty-six thousand butts of wine; while Andalucía at large provided for the monster's maw twenty-three thousand loads of olive oil and vinegar, and her third (with Biscay and Naples) of all the corn, linen, and iron, needed by the fleet. Yet not even here was the drain on Andalucía exhausted; Cadiz and the neighbouring Algarve contributed twenty-three thousand barrels of salted fish; and the gigantic expedition—the moving kingdom—was commanded by an Andalucían Prince, the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

The Sevillanos I found to be essentially a gambling race, and the excitement of the National Lottery to be shared by all the people. The sale of tickets kept a numerous class employed, and the chances of the drawing-day engaged a multitude of hearts and tongues. Books were published explaining the origin and mechanism of the institution, and an *èxamen raisonnè* of the forms and chances. One of these tracts had even the stamp and sanction of an employé in the department, and it was curious that he should have had the impudence to undertake to shew to the public how they might win! He was doubtless possessed of that secret, but would most probably keep it to himself. He played his trouts, however, finely; gave lists of successful numbers, probabilities in favour of certain numbers and against others, a parallel of the advantages of the player and the establishment, the *cabalas* or secrets of the department, (so he said,) the

accurate value of chances, and an infallible method of judging. Like the postscript of the sailor's letter, " Don't forget pigtail," he returned to the subject of the lucky numbers—doubtless holding the tickets representing them himself, and having a direct interest in their disposal.

I retreated from Seville, where the vice of gambling, which I abhor, pervades even the leading cafés. I wished to be alone once more on the Sierra, and passed from Córdova, where I made brief stay, to the country of *Don Quixote.*

From Córdova to the Sierra Morena is only a short day's journey, and it is in this Sierra that the Guadalquivír has its genuine source, rising where the provinces of Córdova and La Mancha meet. La Mancha and the Sierra Morena! What visions these conjure up, what refinement of irony, what gorgeous revelling in fun! Is there in the wide world a soul that hears either named without thinking of *Don Quixote,* without sniggering at *Sancho Panza?* Pegasus and Bellerophon, Bucephalus and Alexander, are not closer allied in our imaginations than the idea of a Manchegan donkey with the fat squire of wise saws, than the sight of a *rocin* or galled jade, with Rocinante and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. When the Ingenioso Hidalgo stripped himself, and did penance in homage to his Dulcinea, we may well suppose that he bathed in the infant streamlet which swells into this romantic river, and that the rapid Guadalquivír bore off to the ocean, and to the Princess Micomicona's native shores in Africa, some portion of those fra-

grant sighs which exhaled from the bosom of the Mirror of Chivalry. To shew that there is nothing new or original under the sun, and that the inventors of the most eccentric names in fiction are anticipated, I may observe that I met in Cordóva with a genuine namesake of the Manchegan Knight, who is now a deputy in Córtes—Señor Quixada. The family bore (says Cervantes in his first chapter) "the cognomen of Quixada or Quesada, there being some difference herein amongst the authors who write thereanent." There is a certain fitness of things in the appellation—Quixote signifies the *cuish*, the choicest part of chivalrous armour—

> "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
> His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed."

Here we have the old type of knight-errantry. Quixada, more matter of fact and practical, means plain *jaw*, which belongs more properly to the member of Córtes.

When I found myself alone on the wild Sierra Morena, in my enthusiasm I was almost tempted to imitate the Ingenious Hidalgo, when he "stripped off in all haste his *calzones*, stood in his shirt and skin, and immediately without more ado gave two *zapaletas* in the air and two tumbles, head down and feet upwards." *Dulce est desipere in loco.* I would probably have broken my nose in the operation, and earned nothing by my enthusiasm but a blister upon each leg from the torrid sun; so I did not permit my admiration of the *Don* to carry me quite so far. Yet to lengths like these have we

known some Englishmen to proceed in the same intoxicating ground. Strange that the name of a fabulous, yet not altogether fabulous, personage, that suffices to turn our very heads when we think of him, was utterly unknown in some of the Paradas which Cervantes has made illustrious as the scene of his richest exploits; and that when I inquired whether they preserved any picture or reminiscence of *Don Quixote*, the answer was: "*Que! no conosco tal sujeto!*"*

A league from the bridge of Almaraz is the Lugar Nuevo, where the Tagus used to be passed in a boat. At another league's distance is the *Puerto de Miravete*, which is the culminating point, where the road ascends by a mountain-pass, surrounded by broken hills of a conical shape opening over an immense space, bounded by shrubberies. The mountains are covered with the camomile-plant, wild thyme, and other flowering shrubs. A few partridges and small birds are visible.

Jaraicejo belongs to the bishopric of Placencia. The town is well watered and the climate mild. In two leagues the road enters Carrascal, and in two leagues more Trujillo, which contains 4700 inhabitants. It is situated on the side of a mountain, which gives it a fine southern aspect. The town contains several good houses, with rich portals and balconies, but the streets are narrow, ill paved, and out of keeping. The *Plaza Mayor* is an oblong square, and though unadorned is spacious

* What? I know no such person.

and has a fine view. The *retablo* on the great altar of the parish church of Santiago is a gothic construction in dark mottled stone, whose *relievi* and other ornaments possess considerable merit. The principal staircase in the Palace of the Condes del Puerto is boldly designed. In the church of Sta. Maria is a tower of fine architecture, said to have been raised by Julius Cæsar.

The surrounding district is entirely pastoral, and contains 30,750 sheep, which yield annually 175,000 lb. of wool, 3000 goats, 2000 cows, 6200 pigs, 375 brood mares, 16 sires, and 360 three-year old foals. Though the foundation of this city is attributed to Julius Cæsar, it was more probably constructed by some one of his lieutenants, and called in his honour *Turris Julia*, which afterwards became contracted into *Trujillo*. The convent of Sta. Clara, in an angle of this town, is remarkable for its two immense arches. The *villa* abounds with magnificent Roman gateways and other massive works, and Moorish-looking towers, though much injured by Foy during the French occupation. Trujillo is the birth-place of Pizarro, whose house is still shown on the *Plaza*.

A few leagues distant, at Medellin, is the birth-place of Córtes, whose mother was a *Pizarro*. Striking juxtaposition! the woman who bore the Mexican conqueror was of the family of Pizarro Altamirano, and was remarkable for firmness of character, which she transmitted to her son.

CHAPTER XII.

Route from Trujillo to Merida.—Miajadas.—San Pedro.—Newly projected road from Trujillo to Badajoz by Caceres.—Merida.—Its ancient history.—Santa Eulalia.—Merida remained a purely Roman town till the eighth century.—Entered by the Moors in 715.—The Moorish Alcazar built.—The town taken from the Moors in 1229.—The Roman bridge over the Guadiana.—The *Tajamar.*—*El Conventual.*—The arch of Trajan.—The *Casa de los Cerdas.*—The *Casa de los Corvos.*—The Forum.—Remains of the great Roman aqueduct.—The *Circus Maximus.*—The ancient theatre.—The *Naumachia.*—The convent and chapel of Santa Eulalia.—Breakfast at Merida.—Lobon.—*Talavera le Real.*—Albuera.—The battle.—French misrepresentation and absurdity.

Badajoz, October 4.

From Trujillo, which is distant from this place twenty-four leagues, the road first passes through a very rough and stony district, crossing the river Salor by a small bridge. This first stage is usually called "*El Confessionario de San Pedro,*" in consequence of the number of travellers who are sent here by bandits to their last account, without the ceremony of previous confession. My Andalucían here kept an eye to his gun, which contained a very pretty leaden missive epistolary for the *mala gente.*

Happily, however, there was no occasion for its use. Two leagues further is the Puerto de Santa Cruz, situated on the slope of the Sierra of the same name, with 635 inhabitants, and a league further is Villamesia, with 778 inhabitants. Two leagues further is Miajadas, with 4250 inhabitants. Here there is an old castle in good preservation. The surrounding district produces wine, oil, grain, and flax; and the town has some linen looms and flower mills.

Here we passed a tribe of Gypsies, who stared at us with a kind of savage half-wonder, half-indifference, from the road-side, and as we stopped here to shift the team we had an opportunity of brushing with them a ten minutes acquaintance. The old men had nearly all a confirmed roguish look, while the young in their aspect had more of wildness than of fraud. A Gitano may be known universally in Spain, even more by the mode of wearing his hair than by the depth of his complexion. His hair is invariably worn long, in the wild, unthinned natural mat, and plaited generally in tails descending upon either cheek. His clothing is, for the most part, scanty. Seldom is he encumbered with the pressure of a coat, and if there be any covering on his head it is at most a coloured handkerchief carelessly tied *en foulard*, while in his hand he bears a long white peeled stick which supports his listless figure in an attitude of lazy repose. His complexion is for the most part a fine clear brown, which in the young men and women may be almost said to be beautiful, and his wild eyes stare at you like those of some untamed animal

caught for an instant in the pathless solitudes of nature. The women and children of the tribe are stowed away on *maillas* or shaggy donkeys, and differ little from the men in appearance and attire; the old are withered hags, the young, with their luxuriant hair and magnificent eyes, provoke from men the attentions which their daring glances return, but a *cuchillo* is ready to repay too close an approach to familiarity.

The Andalucían, who was well versed in the Caló, amused himself by a brief dialogue, in which he affected to be a person in authority :—

"How comes it," said he, "that the Chin del Manro (Estremadura) is over-run with the Caloré? Are you sure you have got your *li* (passport)? For they are strict just now in Madrilati; and if you touch the frontier of Castumba (Castile) without it, you are sure to be marched to the guaja (prison).

"*Si, señor,*" said an old Gitano, "but the bato (gentleman) is not a chorador (thief) to inform against the chaveas del Caloré (youngsters of the Gypsy tribe). He has not the filimicha (gallows) in his eye."

"*Aha, te las has guillado del estaribel?*" (Ha, ha, hast thou escaped from prison?) "And dost thou not know me for a *chinal* (alguacil)? I come by the bridoche (stage-coach) on the drungruje (royal road) with the Busné's (Christians') money, to have an eye to the Caloré. But think not I am all of the Busné. No, so far as a chulé (dollar) will go, I am ready to befriend the Caló, and to show that I am no scoundrel yvanó (escribano), but will taste with

you the mostagan (wine) which is *lo mas uclai que Divel crió neste mundo* (the best thing that God has created in this world.)"

Strange that in the Rommany dialect, one word, "*Divel*" (devil) has been adopted to signifiy "God." Such, however, is the fact, as all who are acquainted with the Gitano must be aware.*

"*El bato no es lililó* (the gentleman is not inexpert)" replied the Gypsy, "in pottering Caló. No doubt that he is a perdis (friend) and I accept with pleasure his buche de mostagan (drop of wine)."

Accordingly we adjourned to the Venta hard by, and rejoiced the hearts of the whole Caloré tribe with a skinful of potent wine.

San Pedro, situated in a hollow declivity, is seen only from a very short distance. The houses are irregular and badly built. Here there are some woollen looms. The road passes through the great olive-grove of Campomanes, leaving Valverde to the left and Trujillanos to the right, and passing under the famous aqueduct enters

Merida. This celebrated town is full of Roman antiquities in the finest preservation, and of the greatest splendour. A quarter of a league from the town is a *lavadero de lanas* which receives the waters of the magnificent Lake of Proserpine, constructed by the Romans, and called vulgarly the "Charca de Albuera." Amongst the ancient monuments which attest the greatness of Merida, are the remains of an amphitheatre, a circus, a naumachia,†

* Borrow writes it "Undevel."

† Place for the representation of naval battles.

the beautiful arch of Trajan, the fortress called "*El Conventual,*" which sovereigns once made their residence, and finally the convent of the order of Santiago, of San Marcos de Leon. The circus has been greatly injured from part of the cut stone having fallen, as well as of the arches which cover the six windows. The naumachia is almost in ruins. In the centre of the town is a magnificent triumphal arch called "Y Santiago," which is stripped of the marble coating with which it was once covered, having been dedicated to Trajan. Close to the bridge of *Albarregas* are the shafts of some pillars called "*Los Milagros de Albarregas,*" the remains of the magnificent Roman aqueduct. The aqueduct still in use is also originally the work of the Romans, and extends about a league in distance, containing 140 arches, the greater number equidistant. The Spanish *maestro*, Esquivel, availed himself of these to fix the ancient Spanish foot. The government has approved a project for carrying the *Camino Real* from Trujillo to Badajoz by Caceres, by which Merida will be thrown out of the line, two leagues will be saved, and Caceres, the chief town of the province, with a population of 10,000, will be brought into the line with Madrid.

The population of Merida is about 4500. The living is extremely cheap, and the climate heavenly. In regard to monuments, it is the Rome of Spain. Every thing here breathes an air of antiquity, and in fact it is completely a Roman town. *Augusta Emerita* was rebuilt by the Legate, Publius Carisius in the

year 23 B.C. and Augustus here settled the veteran *Emeriti* of the Fifth and Tenth Legions, who had served in his Cantabrian wars. It became the capital of Lusitania, and its splendour, as existing in the fourth century, is descibed by Prudentius in his hymn on the death of its patroness, Saint Eulalia. This saint was born at Merida in 292, and was one of the earliest female martyrs of Spain. The number of Spanish towns called after her, "Olalla," testify her wide-spread renown. The Goths treated this city with a degree of consideration which is not extended to it by modern Spaniards. Here they fixed their metropolitan see, which was not transferred to Santiago until the year 1120. Sale, Duke of Toledo, repaired the magnificent Roman bridge in 686, at the request of the bishop, Zenon. Emerita remained a purely Roman town, and such was its solid magnificence that the Moors who came to attack it exclaimed: "All the world must have been called together to build such a city." It capitulated on the 23rd of October, 715. Fair terms were granted to the inhabitants, and they retained their temples, bishops, and creed. The Moors built the Alcazar in 835, and the town became sometimes the residence of the heir apparent of the Cordovan Caliphat. This district was subsequently seized by Shabúr, who declared himself independent of Cordova. But the insurrection was suppressed, and Merida degraded, the seat of government being transferred to Badajoz. Merida was taken from the Moors by Alonzo

IX., on the 19th of November, 1229, from which day both province and city alike date their decline, and now, this city, so powerful under Moor and Roman, has become poor and almost depopulated. It is nothing to-day but a heap of ruins. Philip II., in 1580, proceeding to Portugal, ordered the celebrated architect, Juan de Herrera, to take admeasurements and drawings of everything in it; but these were all burnt in the Palace at Madrid, in 1734. Very little has been done in the way of excavations; for Charles III., though the excavator of Pompeii, neglected this far greater treasure. One hundred and four inscriptions have been copied, and are now in the Academy of History at Madrid. Thirty-six different coins were struck here, the common reverse being a turreted gate, with the words "Augusta Emerita."

Merida is situated on the right bank of the Guadiana, which is crossed by the magnificent Roman bridge of eighty-one arches, 2575 feet long, 26 broad, and 33 high. This is the work of Trajan. It was kept in repair by Goth and Moor, and is indebted for further conservation to Philip III., as the inscription on its portico attests. It is built of granite with *bossage* work. On an island in the bed of the river is a Roman dyke of masonry, a kind of breakwater, called *el tajamar* (or spur to break the tide) erected with a view to protect the arches from inundation. This enclosure is also said to have served as a market. There are single stone causeways leading to the bank at either side. The Roman and Moorish Alcazar, with its towering

palm-trees, is seen to great advantage from this spot. Some of the arches of this bridge were destroyed in 1812, during the siege of Badajoz, in order to impede Marmont's advance. But the damage has been repaired.

The castle built by the Romans, and enlarged by the Moors, became subsequently the episcopal palace, and next, that of the Knights Templars, from whom its present name, *El Conventual*, is derived. In 1305, at the suppression of this order, it was granted to the order of Santiago. The *conventual* was ruined by the French, by whom Merida was constantly garrisoned, and its environs laid waste. They destroyed the ancient chapel in the *conventual*, which even the infidel had spared, and the colossal thickness of the shattered walls betokens their destructive handiwork. There are now only the remains of a temple here, and a court of granite pillars; in the centre is a square tank, and near it are steps descending to some ancient baths. The staircase is adorned with Corinthian pillars and friezes, of the usual inferior sculpture of the Romans in Spain. The Roman gateway, near the river, has a marble tablet with an Arabic inscription.

The arch of Trajan, now called that of Santiago (for the Christian Saint has displaced the Pagan Emperor, as Saint Eulalia has displaced Diana,) is stripped, as I have already stated, of its marble casing: but the huge iron cramps are still in the masonry, by which the marble was fastened. One of the key-stones has become loose. This arch is forty-four feet in height, and even thus denuded,

the structure strikes by its majesty. In the adjoining parts of the town may be seen much mutilated sculpture, granite blocks built into more recent walls, and Roman architectural ornaments encircling modern stables. Thus in the *Casa de los Cerdas* is a wall built out of Corinthian fragments; and the *Calvario* and *Descalzos* convents have been formed out of the *débris* of former temples, antique inscriptions being worked into the modern buildings as if they were no more than the vagaries of the stone-mason's tools. The *Casa de los Corvos*, in the centre of the town, is a very slightly-changed temple of Diana, which has been made subservient to modern uses like the custom-house at Rome. The fluted pillars of granite, with their Corinthian capitals, though the interstices have been built in, are still grandly visible, giving a magnificent idea of their former stateliness; the angles are quite worn away, and the delicate work of the chisel on the acanthus leaf has long disappeared, though hard stone was its material; yet the bricks remain quite perfect beneath, and the edifice stands in its columnar majesty, triumphant amid the wreck of ages.

The Forum stood near the modern convent of *Descalzos*, but some shafts of columns alone remain, together with what still clearly defines itself as the ancient area. The *débris* of the Forum have been built into the convent. Below ran the *via lata*, or broad way to Salamanca. The small river *Albarregas* (Alba Regia) is crossed by a Roman bridge of four arches, which is still in perfect pre-

servation, being 450 feet long by 25 feet wide, and showing still the original pavement. Close to this are what the people call "*Los Milagros de Albarregas*"—the miraculous works of greater beings, indeed, for your modern pigmy cannot comprehend them. These are the remaining shafts and arches of the great Roman aqueduct, which is undoubtedly one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the world, and to which there is nothing comparable in the Peninsula, except the still fine Roman aqueduct at Elvas. There are here thirty-seven shafts remaining, some of them full ninety feet high, and of the arches ten are nearly perfect. The arches, as at Elvas, are in three tiers, and formed of brick with an exterior coating of granite. These fragments are seen from every part of the plain, rising tall and majestic, blackened by Time, and crumbling in slow but progressive decay. Yet even in their mournful ruin they speak the magnificence of Roman intellect, and the grandeur of Roman power, and seem like broken and rusted links in the shattered chain of centuries.

This was only one of many Roman aqueducts at Merida. The road from Madrid into the town passes under the arch of another, of which there are only three shafts remaining; while a third, on a much smaller scale, which was repaired by the architect Esquivel, under Philip II., conveys the water by which the town is to this day supplied from a spring near the village of Trujillanos, about two leagues distant. Beyond this entrance to the town, in a hollow to the right of the Madrid road,

is the *Circus maximus,* which is in such good preservation that a chariot-race might still be given there with ease. The area is now a corn-field, but the central elevation, with its *metæ* and original pavement, is still quite perfect. The length of this hippodrome is 1356 feet by 335. The eight rows of seats for spectators still remain, and the outer walls are of immense thickness. From the hillock above is obtained a fine view of Merida.

The ancient theatre is somewhat further outside the town, to the east. The people call it *Las Siete Sillas,* from the seven divisions of the seats. It is also nearly perfect, the vomitories remaining uninjured, and nothing being wanting but the *proscenium.* Near it is the *naumachia,* which some say was the amphitheatre, and has now been converted into a pig-sty.

The convent of Santa Eulalia fronts the road to the right, at the Madrid entrance to the town. Before reaching this point you see some rude modern agriculture, and extensive corn-fields. But the three ploughs which I saw in use were precisely those of the Georgics; and the convent-church of St. Eulalia is so entirely a Roman structure, with its round arch and portico, the fountain too had such a Roman aspect, and the houses even such a Roman air (as if moderns had caught up the ancient ideas,) that I found it by no means difficult to persuade myself that I was entering a restored Roman town. The portico of St. Eulalia's chapel, called *El Hornito,* or "the little oven" where she was baked, is disproportionately low, the pillars

appear truncated, and the whole has quite the air and the reality of a somewhat barbarous *rifacciamento*. But the ancient inscription is retained and runs thus: "Marti sacrum Vetilla Paculi," to which this modern one has been appended: "Jam non Marti sed Jesu Christo, D. O. M. ejusque sponsæ, Eulal. V. M. denuo consecratum."

We stopped in Merida for breakfast, and the silla-correo made a stay of three hours, (the *mayoral* yielding to the persuasion of a dollar) by which abundant time was given for seeing the lions. On the highest point within the town some excavations have been made, and here I saw a fine mosaic in excellent preservation. There are two tolerable *posados* in Merida, but we breakfasted in a private house, the *mayoral* and courier manifesting a preference for this mode of living thoughout the journey. Fatigue and two nights without sleep had here so completely overcome me, that I threw myself, on the *patrona's* bed, when I soon discovered some abatement in the usual courtesy of Spaniards. My unconquerable lungs, alas, could not be kept at rest, and the *patrona* inquired whether I was unwell;—*Usted está malo?*

"*Si, del pecho, muchísimo,*" I replied, with unnecessary frankness.

"*Usted está tisico?*" she pursued, with manifest horror.

My reply was in the affirmative, and produced a great change in the state of things. In Spain and Portugal they are very superstitious in reference to this disease, and I now remembered that at Col-

lares, near Cintra, they went the length of breaking the delf and other utensils from which a consumptive patient had eaten during his stay in the house! I therefore got up, and sat in a chair, postponing sleep to a more favourable period, and comforting the *patrona* with the remark that my "*dolencia*" was "*no muy avanzada.*" The woman proceeded to catch a hen from under the bed, and killed and plucked it in our presence. Then she made a *guisado* of it, and in half an hour it was "*pasado por los dientas!*" A donkey passed leisurely through the room while we were at breakfast, driven by a *zagal* with a long stick.

The road from Merida passes by the magnificent Roman bridge over the Guadiana—the local Guide-book says, "*se sale de Merida por un puente que hay sobra el Guadiana,* and not a word more. A new road has here been begun to be constructed from Merida towards Badajoz, which, with the exception of the re-building of the bridge of Almaraz, is the only symptom of progress in the whole line of road from Madrid.

The village of Calamonte is seen to the left hand, and the road passes by several flax-mills, and a *lavadero de lanas* on the margin of the Guadiana. The ground is all level and watered by the Guadiana. To the right hand is left the *Casa de Cubillana,* a convent which once belonged to the Templars. To the right of the view is seen the *Ermita* of the Virgen de Barbaño, an object of gerat devotion to the people of the surrounding district, and at four-and-half leagues from Merida the road enters

LOBON, a town situated on the heights which border the Guadiana, and overlooking a plain which extends from Montijo to Merida. The population is 1120, and the country round produces grain and cattle. The town is of ancient construction, containing a ruined castle, and inscriptions and other Roman antiquities. A league from Lobon the road passes over the Guadagira by a bridge. Another league distant is the river Antrin; which is likewise passed by a bridge, and the road passing through some gardens and olive-groves enters

TALAVERA LA REAL, a town situated on a level ground between the Guadiana and Albuera rivers. The population is about 2500. The climate is warm in summer and temperate in winter, yet said to be unwholesome in consequence of the uncleanliness of the town.

Here I passed a very flea-bitten night, and at day-break the following morning took mules, and guided by a lusty *Zagal*, proceeded to La Albuera, a distance of three leagues by the margin of the river, passing through a country of magnificent fertility, producing every thing that human wish can desire. The "one, tremendous field" of Albuera was fought on the ridge to the right hand over the town, on the 16th of May, 1811.

The village of Albuera is a miserable one, containing only 400 inhabitants, but is made famous by its bloody battle. The object which Beresford should have had in view was to seize the fortress of Badajoz before Philipon, an able officer, could

have time to provision and strengthen it, or Soult could march from Seville to its relief. Blake and Castaños tempted him to risk a general action; when nothing whatever was to be gained by victory, except a barren fame. Beresford occupied the ground unskilfully, planting the Spaniards on the hill to the left, which was his really vulnerable point, and whence Soult drove them back without difficulty, raking and commanding the whole position. To move up fresh Spanish troops to support their countrymen was found impossible here, as at Barrosa and Talavera, and the brunt of the battle fell on the 7000 English who were present. Here the Polish lancers came on our unformed troops, and did terrible execution. But Houghton now led on the Fifty-seventh, of whom, out of 1400 men, 1050 were killed and wounded, the dead lying in their ranks, every man with a wound in his front. This terrific charge of our Fusiliers with the bayonet, which cost the life of their brave leader, as usual decided the affair, and "1500 unwounded men," says Napier, "the remnant of 7000, stood triumphant on the fatal hill." In vain Soult pushed on with his reserves; they threw down their arms and fled, and the next day he retired with 15,000 Frenchmen from before our 1600, leaving 1000 wounded men to our mercy. On the 21st the field was visited by Wellington in person. Our loss was 4158; the Spanish loss 1365, while that of the French was estimated by the Duke at between 8000 and 9000. The absurdity of French misrepresentation is well illustrated here:— "Après la bataille d'Albuere," says Schapeler,

"j'entendis moi-même un officier Portugais dire 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des *lions*, les Portugais comme des *serpens*, mais les Anglais *Niente*, *Niente!*' dit-il avec dédain." The idea of Portuguese calling Spaniards, whom they abhor, *lions*, and themselves *serpents*, is rich. But still richer is the notion of this Portuguese talking Italian to express his disdain of his English allies. *Niente* signifies "nothing" in Italian only; the Portuguese word is *Nada*.

General Napier has been somewhat unjust to Count Villareal in his description of this battle. He blames the Count, who acted as one of Beresford's aides-de-camp, for not delivering an order with the desired rapidity. The mistake was a most natural occurrence, in a country of which the Count knew nothing. He chose one amongst several roads, and did not find out his error until the French artillery with its cannon-balls ploughed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. The Count has put me in possession of the entire facts of the case, and in relating them manifested the emotion natural to one who played the part of a most distinguished soldier at Busaco, Albuera, Salamanca, Ciudad-Rodrigo, Badajoz, and throughout the entire Peninsular War. I have likewise had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of the Dukes of Saldanha and Terceira an account of their services respectively during the course of these great events (for they were present at nearly every action during the war); and while I have had proofs of their personal valour, I have had ample attestation to the splendour of British

military deportment and to the utter and despicable falsehood of this Frenchman's insolent *niente.*

Three hours' easy riding brought me by the Seville Diligence road to Badajoz, where I arrived in time for breakfast. The road first passed over a streamlet flowing through a pleasant glen, called the *Val de Sevilla,* or vale of Seville. Then by the *dehesa,* or wild common pasturage, called *La Florida,* abounding with aromatic shrubs. Next we crossed the bridge of San Gabriel, and leaving to the right hand the strong outwork of Picureñas, which was carried so heroically by General Kempt, we entered Badajoz. Here I put up at the *Fonda de las Tres Naciones* in the Calle de la Moraleja, the best but most extortionate *Fonda* in the town. But, as the *cuisine* is delicate and the cook an Italian, it is perhaps better to put up with a little rascality, than run one's head against a post by driving into an inferior house. Take warning, however, all future travellers, that (as will presently be seen) I was nearly "done" out of fifteen dollars.

CHAPTER XIII.

Description of Badajoz.—The fortifications.—Frequency of sieges.—The English siege and storming in 1812.—Excesses committed by our soldiers.—Positions from which we attacked.—The Spanish game of hand-ball.—The Cathedral.—The Painter Morales.—The convent of San Francisco.—The public walk.—A vision of beauty.—The *capa*, the stateliest of garments.—The young bloods' *sombrero*.—Cloaks of the military officers.—Style of military music.—The birth-place of Godoy.—View from Godoy's palace.—His career.—A parallel from Horace.—Political feeling of Badajoz.—*Espionnage* of foreigners.—Tough truths concerning the French invasion.

Badajoz, October 4.

BADAJOZ is a considerable town, being the capital of the Province, the seat of a bishopric, and the head of the military district of Estremadura, with 12,680 inhabitants. It is the residence of the Capitan-General, the Gefe Politico, and other principal authorities. It contains a cathedral and four parish churches, and is situated on the left bank of the Guadiana, above which it rises about 300 feet, within a league and a half of the Portuguese frontier. It is very ill supplied with water, and endeavours to make up the deficiency by pipes and cis-

terns, in which the mean resources of modern art contrast most disadvantageously with the magnificent Roman aqueducts of the neighbouring Merida and Elvas. The streets, however, though rudely paved, are clean, and in this respect it is much superior to the neighbouring Portuguese town of Elvas. The country round is productive, but is chiefly laid out in pasturage; it grows, however, in sufficient quantity, corn, wine, oil, fruit, and every description of vegetables. Some hams are manufactured here; there are also some tanneries, and woollen cloths and druggets are woven in the *hospicio*.

Badajoz is a very strong place. It is the chief Spanish frontier town in the direction of Portugal, and is therefore powerfully fortified. Long lines of walls descend to the river's edge, and formidable bastions and counterscarps defend it by the land side. On the highest point in the town there is a ruined Moorish castle, of most picturesque appearance, which enters into every point of view, and crowns it with an air of remote antiquity. The Guadiana is crossed westward by a fine granite bridge of twenty-eight arches, which was finished in 1596 from designs by Herrera. This point, like all the approaches, is strengthened by formidable outworks, including a strong *tête du pont*, and the fortified height of San Cristobal. The name *Badajoz* is a Moorish corruption of the Roman "Pax Augusta." The fortifications were some time since in a state of great dilapidation, but have recently been put into thorough repair, as has likewise been the corresponding Portuguese fortress of Elvas

(disguised for cautiously watching each other,) and little is now to be seen of the graves of our brave countrymen who fell here in defence of the independence of an ungrateful land.

Badajoz ceased to be a Moorish town in the year 1235, and since that period has been frequently besieged. Its proximity to Portugal made it a constant bone of contention, and in 1660, and again in 1705, it was invested by the Portuguese. In 1808 and 1809 it was attacked in vain by Kellermann and Victor, but captured by Soult, almost by a *coup de main*, in March of the following year. The Duke of Wellington, in his despatch of the 4th December, 1811, described the fall of Badajoz as "certainly the most fatal event in the war." No sooner had Soult obtained possession of the fortress than Beresford attempted its recovery, but failed through unfortunate delays. The battle of Albuera was needlessly risked, and two additional years of harassing operations were thus occasioned to the Duke.

Ciudad Rodrigo having been taken, Wellington now resolved to try what he could do against Badajoz, and fell upon this fortress on the 16th March, 1812, while Soult and Marmont were separated too far to relieve it. It was defended by Philipon with 5000 men, and the fortifications were in every respect complete; but "no age," says Napier, "ever sent forth braver troops than those who stormed and carried Badajoz." Eleven days were lost, through unfavourable weather, and through the scandalous refusal of the Portuguese authorities of Elvas to

co-operate. The trenches were opened on the 16th of March, on the 24th the Picureña outwork was carried by Kempt. On the 6th April the trenches in the bastions of Sta. Trinidad and Sta. Maria were declared practicable, but no lodgment was made upon either breach, nor was the fire of the besieged silenced, when in defiance of all the rules of Vauban (see General Jones, *Peninsular Sieges*,) and "snatching" a victory "beyond the reach of art," the assault was ordered at ten that night: the obstacles were found, however, to be much greater than the engineers had reported, even the scaling-ladders were too short, our troops were mowed down by the French, secure behind their terrific defences, and their "chained sword-blades," and 5000 English in all were killed and wounded; but our fifth division, under Walker, got in at the San Vicente bastion, close to the river, though the Portuguese in a panic threw down their scaling-ladders, and the castle was carried by Picton, who converted a feigned into a real attack, against which the French were on this side unprepared. Assailed thus in front and in flank, the enemy were forced to yield, and the place was won.

The town was then sacked, and the most terrific excesses committed—excesses which it would be a disgrace to civilization to attempt to defend or palliate. Rapine, lust and murder were now in the ascendant, some officers who interfered were massacred, and the Duke himself was obliged to retire to escape being shot by the brutalized soldiers. "Shameless rapacity," says Napier, "brutal

intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz!" Instead of excusing these things, it is better to combine all the efforts of reason and humanity to make war henceforth impossible.

I have already described the position of the Picureña fort, which Kempt carried on the 24th March. "Go out by the Merida gate," says Mr. Ford; "in front is the Picureña." This is a mistake. The Picureña is more to the right, a full quarter of a mile. In front is the Ravelin of San Roque, and not the Picureña. The real positions are these:— The bastion of Trinidad, which was one of the points attempted to be stormed, flanks the Merida gate, and further round to the S. W. is the bastion of Santa Maria, in which there was a second breach. But in the curtain-wall between these two breaches was a third and still greater breach,* the same which the Duke inspected in the course of the 6th, and declared to be practicable, and it was here especially that the French ranged their terrific rows of sword-blades. The Picureña commanded both

* "A careful personal examination of the enemy's retrenchments caused some doubt in Lord Wellington's mind, and he delayed the storm until a third breach, as originally projected, should be formed in the curtain between the bastions of Trinidad and Maria."—*Napier's Hist. War in the Penins.* book xvi. chap. 5.

the Trinidad and the flank of the Sta. Maria bastion. The quarry where the Duke stood is opposite the bastion of Sta. Maria, and midway between the Picureña and the Pardaleras, from which latter point Soult attacked, and instead of being to the left, as stated by Mr. Ford, it is very much further to the right. To the N. E. is the point by which Picton carried the Castle. The bastion of San Vicente, by which Walker entered, is at the extreme western point of the wall, where it rises over the river, and Napier describes the ripple of the Guadiana as having smothered the sound of the advancing footsteps of our men. No trace of these breaches is of course to be seen to-day. The restored bastions frown more than thirty feet high, and one is lost in wonder to think they should ever have been assailed.

On my return by the Merida gate, I saw two parties of the townsmen and country folk amusing themselves by playing ball against the outer walls, in convenient angles formed by the powerful bastions which defend this principal land entrance, the construction of which called forth all the engineers' abilities, and which accordingly present a terrific and apparently impregnable front. The walls are here of great height, and within the angles very convenient courts were formed, where the game was pursued with considerable vigour. The Spanish game of hand-ball is carried on with a ball much more elastic than those in use amongst us. The ball rises to a great height, and the player either waits for its descent to his level, or strikes it over-

hand, and this greater elasticity produces throughout a variation in the style of play. It was curious to see the townsmen, in pantaloons and bareheaded, intermixed with the country players—lusty *zagales*, each with a Barcelona handkerchief tied round his head, leathern or cloth leggings open at the sides, breeches open at the knees, and rows of innumerable loosely-hanging little buttons dangling and glancing up and down with the exertion along the whole line from waist to ankle. I could not help feeling how much better it was to batter the powerful walls with this harmless and sportive ball than with balls of another description.

The Cathedral of Badajoz is not remarkable, except as containing some good pictures by Luis de Morales, called *el Divino*, a native of this town, of whom it is related that when Philip II. passed through it on his way to Lisbon in 1581, and sending for the painter said to him: "You are very old, Morales," "And very poor, Sire," was the latter's reply; thereupon Philip gave him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed till the period of his death, in 1586. The French, with their accustomed rapacity, took away the best of his pictures, but a highly-finished Crucifixion by him is still left. The parish church of *La Concepcion* likewise contains a Saviour with the cross, and a fine Virgin seated with the child, by Morales.

A little further on is the Convent of San Francisco, a most magnificent structure, with cloisters of vast extent in a double arcaded row; like all the public edifices here, in the Moorish taste, and suggest-

ing to me a reminiscence of Seville. But I do not remember even in Seville anything of a conventual structure whose exterior is so imposing. The walls are castellated in the serrated Moorish form which is seen on the walls of Seville, but here applied only ornamentally; and the central tower, with its little pinnacles, gives completeness to the structure. The interior, since the secularisation of these institutions, presents little of interest. There remains, however, a well-executed statue of St. Francis, in stone, over the principal entrance. The cloisters occupy two whole sides of the building, and are seen to great advantage in the open space in which it stands, and at rather a commanding elevation. The square is called the Campo de San Francisco. In front opens the Paseo, or principal public walk, which is small but extremely neat, supplied with fountains and with seats around its entire length, and planted with two rows of beautiful acacias and *alemas*, than which nothing can be more beautiful and refreshing to the eye.

It being Sunday evening, a military band is entertaining the inhabitants with select pieces in this Paseo, which is called the Delicias de Alao, or delight of a former Governor of that name, who provided this pleasant place of resort for the town's-people. The evening being rather sharp, few ladies have ventured forth, those who appear being arrayed for the most part in dark attire and in the usual mantilla, simply fastened, without any of those gorgeous pins which have lately become so fashionable in Madrid. Their eyes are nearly as dark as

those of Seville, and their complexion likewise bespeaks that all this was formerly for centuries a Moorish country. I did not see much beauty here, but the eyes of the females on the banks of the Guadiana are little less fascinating than those of the bordering Andalucía. One girl about seventeen, of the humbler class, struck me as one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen, even in Cadiz or in Seville. She united to a strictly oval face, a Madonna regularity of nose, cheek, chin, and forehead, and eyes of lightning power, which she played, as it seemed, half unconsciously, with a sort of Dudu fascination.

"*Que ejos encantadores!*" (what enchanting eyes!) I exclaimed involuntarily. She laughed, as did the half-dozen other girls who, Moor like, were seated on the ground at the door beside her, and turning to them said (for my advent to this town so little visited had been duly noted in the course of the day),

"*Es el Caballero estranjero,*" (It is the foreign gentleman),

Beautiful maid of Badajoz! If thou art indeed as innocent as thou lookest, may thy innocence remain undisturbed for ever. I would not for worlds molest a being so fair!

The cavaliers on the Paseo were nearly all cloaked, and well their dark faces looked (darker from their admixture of Moorish blood) set off by their stately garment. As all through Spain, the *capa* was thrown gracefully over the left shoulder; and a punster might say that much of what travellers see and hear in Spain, is "over the left." But

seriously the days of romancing are gone by, and accurate narration is now indispensable. For my part, I have traversed the country in a period of such excitement, and have inevitably fallen in with scenes and accidents of so striking a character, that so far from my ingenuity being taxed to invent, I cannot find room to relate all that I have seen and heard.

There is a coquetry in the style of hat worn by the young bloods of Badajoz, which deserves notice. While all through Estremadura, round-headed felts (brown or black) with rather broad flapping brims, are nearly universally worn, manifestly more for use than ornament, and for the most part without those two corresponding tufts on crown and brim at the right side, which are worn all over the Peninsula, here the young men sport for the most part a low-crowned black velvet hat, very much turned up at the brim, and with large black tufts to match. It is a taste which was beginning to prevail very generally in Andalucía when I was there three years since, amongst the majos or "young bucks," and has been imported hither, as have likewise been a few majo costumes among them—the jacket gallooned and striped upon the collar, back, and sleeves, in the most fantastic shapes and colours. Another peculiarity of costume which I have noted on the Paseo is the military officer's cloak, which in all cases has embroidered either on the back or lower down on the side some design or emblem indicative of his regiment. The airs played by the military band are light and lively, indicating the

prevalence of a good ear amongst Spaniards, but the absence of scientific cultivation.

Badajoz is the birth-place of the notorious Godoy, blasphemously styled "The Prince of Peace." The extraordinary history of this adventurer is so well known that it is unnecessary for me here to repeat it. It is enough to indicate that I am the first writer who has pointed out his actual birth-place. The place is a little out of the way, and the best way to reach it is as follows. Descend, as I did, to the Palma gate; then, keeping within, take the Alameda Vieja (old walk) to the right, follow the line of wall till you reach the Puerta del Pilar, nearly opposite to which is the Palacio de Godoy, a splendid mansion constructed in fine cut stone, surmounted by two towers, and battlemented in something of a semi-Moorish serrated style, with a pinnacle rising from the centre. The structure is altogether noble, and by far the finest private residence in Badajoz. It was erected by Godoy when in the height of his power, and in the enjoyment of princely dignity, he was desirous to throw a lustre over the place of his birth. This the people commonly say is the house where he was born, and my *Asturiano* guide told me so plumply. But, not having the slightest confidence in the veracity or intelligence of this class of Spaniards, I pursued my inquiries further, and found that the house in which Godoy was actually born is not this, but one in the immediate neighbourhood, a tall, striking, but rather dilapidated house, (one of the best of the old time in Badajoz) in the Calle de Santa

Lucia, adjoining the garden of the palace which he subsequently built.

Godoy, though having no pretension to the dignities to which he attained through the favour of a doubly corrupt court, was by birth an Estremanian noble of the third class, and of the same province from which Córtes and Pizarro went forth, like him, reckless adventurers, but endued with infinitely greater courage, all, after attaining to the summit of fame, spending their latter days miserably. *Cosas de España!*

The view from the wall fronting Godoy's palace is one of the finest about Badajoz. Beneath flows the Guadiana, a noble river, incomparably finer than the more boasted Guadalquivír. Even at this distance from the sea it is of great breadth, and spanned by a splendid bridge of eight and twenty well-sprung arches. The bridge is best seen from this point, with the white guard-house on its centre. The river flows tranquil and pure, while the Guadalquivír is swift and muddy. Its shore is here lined with barks. In front rises the fortified height of San Cristobal, and turning to the right you see the old castle of Badajoz, a medley of Roman, Moorish, and Christian architecture, delineating its jagged and most picturesque outline on the sky, its central tower with its three horizontal loop-holes, its advanced belfry where the summons is rung for fires and political pronouncements, and its irregular line of fortifications, surmounted by castellation of every description, but the Moorish serrated style prevailing.

With regard to Godoy's character and conduct, I have read most carefully his *Mémoires* published some years back in Paris; but to many of the statements in that book it is impossible to give credit, and the conviction is forced upon the mind that he has been permitted to survive thus long to be assured that he is historically infamous. Foy thus describes him and the Royal family of Spain: —"On vit Godoy s'élancer de la couche adultère de la reine aux premiers grades de la milice, à la presidence des conseils, au gouvernement absolu de la paix el de la guerre. * * * *" (*Hist. Guerre. Penins.* liv. iv.) "Aucun exploit, aucune vertu n'honorèrent sa jeunesse, il n'avait pas tiré l'épée pendant la guerre. Il ne montra pendant la paix ni talent dans les conseils, ni détermination dans le gouvernement." (*Ibid.*) Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* gives an equally vivid picture. A curious parallel for the fortune of Godoy, and the popular hatred which he excited, is to be found in Horace:—

Ibericis peruste funibus latus,
Licèt superbus ambules pecuniâ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.
Videsne, sacram metiente te viam,
Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,
Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?
"Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
"Et Appiam mannis terit;
"Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,
"Othone comtempto, sedet!"—(*Epod.* iv.)

Menas, Pompey's freedman, and Augustus's Tri-

bune, a double and impartial traitor, to whom this ode was addressed, was the Godoy of ancient Rome.

I have found the feeling of the people here to be universally against the Montpensier marriage. The inhabitants of Estremadura are, for the most part, a quiet pastoral race, occupied more with their sheep than strategies, and with their pigs than with politics. They are likewise pestered by the *espionnage* which Narvaez was the first to introduce into Spain upon an extensive scale, and which is now so generally established that every society, public and private, is infested by police agents and spies, especially in Madrid and the larger towns. To this disgusting *espionnage* all English residents and travellers are especially subjected.

I had one or two police agents after me here as at Burgos, my application to see the Castle and fortifications being almost scoffingly rejected in both places. The fact that an Englishman applied for such permission was sufficient to excite the suspicion of the authorities, and the report was speedily circulated here likewise that I was an agent of the British Government come to take drawings of the fortress, with a view to its capture in a proximate war against Spain and France!

The spy system is more relaxed in the remote districts through which I have lately passed, and the true sentiments of the people can be more readily got at. Never did I witness greater unanimity than in their hatred of French dictation and the Montpensier marriage. The feeling is intense,

shared in by women as well as by men. All are agreed that the crisis and mortal agony of Spanish liberty is arrived; that if the French system is allowed to prevail, the national representation and the rights of Spaniards will cease substantially to exist, and that the entire administration of the country will be in the hands of the Court and the army.

Badajoz is ripe for a revolt. It is not, however, to be expected that a garrisoned town will begin this dangerous game. But I will answer for the certainty of its adhering to any *pronunciamiénto* against the present state of things which shall have already been established by three or four leading towns. I can say the same thing with confidence of Talavera de la Reina, Truxillo, and the other small towns on the route. They are all prepared to rise against the French marriage and the present system of Government in Spain (a pure despotism) the moment the flag of resistance shall have been hoisted in a few of the leading towns. The question has been eagerly put to me everywhere, "What is the latest news from Madrid? Is there any account of a *pronunciamiénto?*" The majority seem to regret deeply the part which they took against Espartero in 1843, and bitterly feel the effects of the foolish coalition into which the Progresistas then entered with the so-called Moderados, who have contrived since then to strangle the liberties of Spain.

The position of Badajoz is at this moment very

favourable for a successful pronouncement. The garrison now consists of one regiment and a portion of a second—in all rather less than 1000 men. The due complement for this important frontier fortress is 3500. The town, which contains a population of 12,000, is not, therefore, much afraid of the military. A portion of the garrison was lately withdrawn from this to the north. The Captain-General of this province and Military Commandant of Badajoz, is Don Fernando Nosagray, and, although of course a rather strong supporter of the present order of things, is liked by the people generally. He received his appointment in April last, and since then there has been no persecution of the Liberals. Foreigners, however, are looked on with suspicion; I have been subjected to no little annoyance, and the passport system was never more inconveniently rigorous than at present.

At the Café at night I had a good opportunity of rewarding the police for their surveillance. The French marriage question was discussed with the usual freedom of Spaniards, and I entered into the discussion with a *gusto* which was increased by the outrage which had been occasioned to my feelings by the refusal of permission to visit the Castle.

"France," I told them, "had never invaded Spain except treacherously, under the guise of friendship; and now she would invade her under the semblance of love. She seized her fortresses under the mask of a protector, and to-day she obtains possession of the Infanta's purse that she may the more effectually crush the independence of

Spain. 'In the means by which she became mistress of the Spanish fortresses,' says Foy, 'there was a mixture of cunning and of arrogance.' A trick sufficed for Pamplona and San Sebastian. Violence was employed at Barcelona.

"The castle of Montjuich was too difficult of approach for the troops to reach it without being perceived. Duhesme went to the Count d'Ezpeleta, Captain-General of the province. 'My soldiers occupy your citadel,' said he, 'open to me this instant the gates of Montjuich; for the Emperor Napoleon has ordered me to place a garrison in your fortresses. If you hesitate, I declare war against Spain, and you will be responsible for the torrents of blood which your resistance will have caused to flow.' The name of Napoleon produced its accustomed effects. The Spanish General was aged and timid, and the only instruction which his Government had given him was to avoid taking any step which might embroil them with France. He resigned the keys of Montjuich, and General Duhesme became master of Catalonia. Thus fell without striking a blow, into the power of France, the largest city of the Spanish monarchy—a city which a century before had struggled single-handed, after all Spain had submitted, against the power of Louis XIV.

"The gates of the fortress of Pamplona had been opened to the French General Darmagnac as to a friend. But the military authority remained in the hands of the Viceroy, Marquis de Valle Santoro, and the volunteer battalion of Tarragona,

700 strong, was lying in the citadel, and performed the military service of the place. Since Cardinal Cisneros, regent of Castile, dismantled all the strong places of Navarre, with the exception of its capital, the received opinion has been that he who commands in Pamplona is master of the Province. To command in Pamplona, it is requisite to obtain possession of the citadel. This fortress, built by Philip II. contains within it extensive magazines for munitions of war and month, and might hold out for an indefinite period. The French soldiers came on fixed days, in undress and unarmed, to receive their provisions in the interior of the citadel. The Spanish troops maintained a strict guard upon these occasions, and never failed to have the draw-bridge raised during the entire time that the distribution lasted. During the night of the 15th of February, Darmagnac collected 100 grenadiers at his lodgings, which he had taken '*non sans dessein*,' says Foy, on the esplanade which separates the town from the citadel. They entered the General's residence with their firelocks and cartouches, one after the other, in profound silence. At seven in the morning of the 16th, sixty men went to receive their provisions as usual, but were commanded by a daring officer, named Robert. Under pretext of waiting for the quarter-master, the men stopped, some of them on the drawbridge, and some beyond it. The draw-bridge was thus prevented from being raised. It rained, and some of them entered the guard-house, as it were to escape from the shower.

"At a preconcerted signal they leaped upon the arms of the guard, where they lay ranged at one side; and the two sentinels were immediately disarmed. The Spaniards could not extricate themselves from the hands of the French, who filled the guard-house. Those who made any resistance were beaten with the butt-ends of muskets. By this time arrived the grenadiers who had been lying in ambuscade at the General's house. They proceeded straight to a bastion of fifteen guns, directed on the entrance to the ditch. The Forty-seventh French battalion, quartered not far distant, followed close on the grenadiers. The rampart was covered with Frenchmen, before the Spanish garrison, shut up in their *casernes*, had even thought of putting themselves on their defence. Darmagnac announced to the Viceroy and the Council of Navarre that, as he would probably have some stay to make in Pamplona, he had been obliged for the security of his troops to introduce into the citadel a battalion, which would do duty there in concert with the national garrison—'a slight change,' he added, 'which, instead of altering the good understanding between them, should only be regarded as a tie the more between two reciprocally faithful allies!'

"Ties of the same character became established daily. Thouvenot, General of Brigade, had been sent to San Sebastian with a commission to assemble in one dépôt the soldiers who arrived from France on their way to join their respective corps in Spain. This dépôt becoming presently very numerous, found itself in possession of the place, without the regi-

ments of the King and of Africa, who formed the garrison, perceiving it. It was thus that the French became masters of Figuera, Barcelona, Pamplona, and San Sebastian. The mask was then thrown off; the interested meddlers whom Spain had received as allies, for a time dissembled their projects, but they no longer sought to conceal the means which they adopted for their accomplishment. A marriage, Señores, is as good as any other *coup de main.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

Difficulty of proceeding to Portugal.—Primitive conveyance.—An honest carrier and honester Boniface.—Reflections on the frontier.—Results of my journey through Spain.—Eleven Peninsular battle-fields.—Estimate of Spanish character.—Futility of diplomacy in this country.—A prisoner *en capilla.*—The logic of "*cuatro tiros.*"—A hard bargain.—Arrival of a reprieve.—The bargain broken.—Parallel in a "hanging match" in Ireland.—The dead man's clothes.—The "shirt of eleven *varas.*"—"Hangman, let me down aisy!"

Badajoz, October 5.

The distance from Badajoz to Lisbon is about 120 English miles, and I have arranged to perform the journey in a *carro* drawn by two mules—a terribly primitive and springless conveyance, but the only one which can be obtained here for love or money. Riding on horse or mule to so wretched an invalid is utterly impracticable, and even if a carriage could be obtained a road would still be wanting. The Peninsular philosophy, "*paciencia y barajar,*" must support me through this as through so many other difficulties.

The dark-faced Boniface of the *Fonda de las tres*

Naciones assures me of the extraordinary integrity of the *carrero* whom I have employed to convey me to Elvas, a distance of three leagues, and that the sum which he demands for carrying me to Lisbon, thirty-five dollars, is quite reasonable. The *carrero* further swears that there is not a mule or *carro* to be found in all Elvas, this being the ploughing season, and that if I do not engage him I shall have to send an express back to Badajoz. Now I happen to be incredulous upon both points, and therefore have merely engaged the *carro* as far as Elvas, giving two dollars and a half for the distance. Boniface, who so beneficently assists me in the choice of a conveyance, charges me a dollar per day for my dinner, which in relation to the price of living at Badajoz is equivalent to a guinea elsewhere. I am therefore not quite sure that the thirty-five dollars would have all travelled out of Boniface's fist.

I fixed my departure for this day after breakfast, having a farewell appointment with the Andalucían for the ramparts shortly after day-break, to see a poor sergeant named Gomez shot on a charge of conspiracy to subvert the government. Being thus on the verge of my departure from Spain, I may recapitulate briefly the results of my journey. I have travelled from the French frontier at Irun to this point, 150 leagues, or rather more than 500 miles, and have found disgust at the Montpensier marriage to prevail universally except amongst the employés of the Government. I have passed in this journey over no fewer than eleven of our most

glorious Peninsular battle-grounds, Bayonne, the Nive, the Nivelle, the Bidasoa, San Marcial, San Sebastian, Vitoria, Talavera, Almaraz, Albuera, Badajoz. If the journey by land has been more toilsome than the sea-voyage, what a majestic compensation have I obtained in the privilege of traversing those mighty fields where every footstep was on heroes' dust! If it cost a few pounds more, what a store of glowing thoughts and of noble recollections did they purchase! Sick as I am, and journeying at the peril of my life, I do not grudge the heaviest risk that I have run for such magnificent recompense; and I would not forego the pleasure which I have derived from the expedition for a ten-fold certainty of the enjoyment of inglorious ease. There is one drawback certainly. As I have become more familiarly acquainted with the Spanish character, my admiration becomes less unbounded. I have found a great profusion of lofty sentiment, with a plentiful lack of practical development; I have found honour ever in the mouths of Spaniards, and intrigue too often at their hearts; the baseness of their polities too often matched by a corresponding insecurity and infidelity in their social relations. The elements of the character I still recognise as noble, and see in the scenes of actual life rather the manifestations of greatness in ruins than the evidences of innate corruption. But the stain of ingratitude is fixed on the heart of the nation, and we are loved the less by Spaniards because we have so nobly served them.

There is no one thing of which I am more pro-

foundly convinced, by the results of my present journey through Spain, than of the futility of British diplomacy in this country. All our efforts, whether of persuasion or of menace, are like whistling to the deaf or knocking our heads against a post. The time was when a man-of-war in the Bay of Cadiz was an effective demonstration for any purpose our statesmen had in view. That time is now gone by. It was tried during the present negotiations. Every other art of diplomacy was tried, and equally in vain.

The Spaniards, in a word, dislike us; the French they like much more; as cobblers' wives are in love with the hand that administers strap, and fly in the face of all interlopers. Our attempts at diplomacy in Madrid will henceforth be ridiculous, as well as expensive. Let us save to the nation the heavy outlay of this now *rococo* establishment, with its staff of employés, agents, and almost daily couriers. The daily couriers have broken down famously during these negotiations; for though the distance between Madrid and London was regularly accomplished in six days, it might as well have taken sixty. No communication from our Minister at the Spanish metropolis could be answered within twelve days, and this delay was ruin. The debates and divisions in the Córtes were concluded in the *interim*, and Lord Palmerston's instructions arrived "the day after the fair." It would be the height of routine observance to maintain a diplomatic establishment longer at Madrid. Our consuls, of whom we have more than forty in Spain, may serve as the medium of communication with the Government,

and the services of an *intermédiaire* are unnecessary, or worse than useless. When serious questions arise, our Foreign Office may thus communicate directly with the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs. A Consul can supply the facts. The ceremonial of an Embassy need no longer be kept up, and Plenipotentiaries, with special missions upon special occasions (such as negotiating treaties), would serve our purpose much better, not in Spain alone, but in most other countries. The Ashburton Treaty (moderate and practical) was the work of a special Plenipotentiary, and the Oregon Question was settled entirely by direct communication between the two Governments. In Spain and Portugal resident Ministers are not only unnecessary, but an incumbrance, more particularly because they are irresistibly tempted to the maintenance of an English party, by which the feeling of *Españolismo* is outraged, and the most violent prejudices are excited against us. Let us leave the people to themselves. The force of circumstances, and the exigencies of trade, will procure us just commercial treaties sooner than all the palaver in the world. Let the French and Spaniards cut each other's throats, which is sure to be the result of their *entente cordiale.*

Shortly after day-break, I proceeded with my Andalucían *compañero de viaje* to a scene which is now-a-days familiar in Spain—the execution of a poor fellow, who was going to be shot for what the military butchers who happen to be in power, call conspiracy and high treason.

"The logic of *cuatro tiros*,"* I observed, "the merciful dispensation which makes Dukes of Valentia! Opposition is silent when it is '*pasado por los armas*.'"†

The Andalucían was silent, drew his finger across his throat, and then placed it on his lips with a significant look.

The victim, who was named Gomez, as he was receiving the last offices of religion, *en capilla*, "in chapel," as the official slang has it, drove a hard bargain with the Cura for the number of masses he was to say for his soul in return for the few dollars he had left. He drove the Cura down to a *peseta*‡ a mass, and for six dollars this was thirty masses. But Gomez had only three dollars in hand, and as he paid these down, and gave his handkerchief to the Cura as a token that he was to receive from his relations three dollars more, he piteously enjoined him to be punctual in paying up *the balance* of the fifteen masses.

Suddenly a reprieve reached the ground, and Gomez flew at the Cura like a wild cat, with the furious hunger of avarice in his eyes, and nearly tore the priest in pieces, in his eagerness to get back the three dollars, which now were not needed for his miserable soul, since his miserable body was no longer endangered. His escape was quite an exceptional case. It turned out that the witnesses had mistaken their man.

"This scene reminds me," I observed, "of one

* Four shots. † "Passed through arms," executed.
‡ Ten-pence.

which I witnessed once in Ireland—what is vulgarly termed 'a hanging-match.' The Insurrection Act was then in operation, and executions were so frequent that hangmen became in great requisition. The calling was a flourishing one, and the tariff for 'adjusting the fatal noose' mounted up to something considerable. A hangman of superior skill wrote a letter to the Governor of Trim Gaol, which I saw and read, desiring to know if there was anything to do in his line, and proposing somewhat exorbitant terms:

"'Five guineas for the job, and the dead man's clothes.'

"Hangmen were then so scarce, and the hanged so plentiful, that the Governor accepted the offer perforce, and the fastidious Ketch proceeded to operations. His first victim was unwilling to strip off his coat, which the hangman insisted he should give to him as his property, before adjusting the rope.

"'Arrah, give me my coat, honest man,' said he. He regarded the garment as already his own, as much as if the poor man had already breathed his last.

"'Arrah, give me my coat.'

"'Whisht! whisht!' said the Priest, 'For shame. Don't you see the poor man's at his last prayers.'

"The hangman was silent for about a minute. His avarice could no longer contain itself: he burst forth again:—

"'Arrah, give me my coat; bad ind to you, give me my coat!'

"The High Sheriff here interposed, but in vain. The hangman appealed to the Governor;

"'Ah, thin, is it *rab* me o' my rights you wud, an' you goin' to the other world! Arrah, give me my coat; bad ind to you, give me my coat!'

"The Sheriff here expostulated with the brute in an angry and indignant tone.

"'The Divvle a wan o' me 'll hang him at all, af I dawn't git the coat.'

"The coat was stripped off the dying man, before the hangman would consent to pinion him. He then made short work of it. The reason of his insisting so lustily on getting the coat beforehand was, that he would otherwise have had a dispute with the surviving relatives, who, according to immemorial usage, claim the clothes in which their kinsman has been hanged."

"In Spain," said the Andalucían, "we avoid these disputes with a decency which perhaps your countrymen might do well to imitate. The *justiciado* appears on the *furca* not in his own clothes, but in a white linen garment supplied him for the occasion eleven yards in length, whence the familiar proverb applied in derision, 'You are arrayed *en camisa de once varas*.' And, though our mode of hanging may appear at first sight brutal, the executioner swinging on the victim's neck, yet it is undoubtedly a humane method, since it chokes him on the instant."

"I do not dispute your conclusion," I said, "though I cannot conceal my disgust at the idea of a hangman dancing on the neck of an expiring fellow-creature. I deny that ignominious deaths are either required or beneficial as an example, and I believe that these horrid exhibitions may with great

advantage be dispensed with. But so long as they subsist, your Spanish method, with all its apparent brutality, is unquestionably the most humane. Never shall I forget the horrors of that Irish hanging. The wretch, who was so reluctant to part with his coat, was swung off with great force, and whether it was revenge in the hangman, or the result of pure accident, in falling his body came full against the side of the swinging grate. He thus received a severe contusion, but this was not the worst. The force of the fall was broken by the collision, and the victim's neck was imperfectly fractured. His agony was consequently prolonged, and for more than ten minutes a strong convulsive quivering was distinctly visible in his limbs, which made the crowd vent their indignation in savage yells, that were heard all through the gaol.

"Those yells reached the ears of those that remained to be hanged!

"The next who came forth for the bloody sacrifice were two brothers, who were to suffer for an atrocious murder, that originated in what has converted Ireland into an Aceldama—a dispute about land. The younger brother had held the head of the murdered man down upon a stone wall, while the elder brother drove in the scull with an iron crow-bar! The younger boy was but eighteen, the elder two-and-twenty. Never was there a greater contrast of character. The younger met his fate like a hero—for there is a heroism even in hanging. He had repented his grievous crime, for which his extreme youth might plead for pardon; he listened to the

exhortations of the clergyman with profound compunction, and moved towards the scaffold without a nerve or a muscle quivering. The elder brother was a despicable coward, who to every word of the Priest replied with:

"'Arrah, hangman, jewel, let me down aisy!'

"He had heard the yell which arose during the last victim's agony.

"'Whisht! whisht!' said the lion-hearted brother.

"'Arrah, let me down aisy!'

"'Whisht! whisht! For shame!'

"No other idea could be presented, no other words extracted from the elder brother but 'Arrah, hangman, jewel, wud ye let me down aisy?'

"Onward moved the blindfolded pair, the younger with strides, the elder an inch each footstep. When he felt the horrible contact of the iron grating of 'the drop' a visible shudder went through his frame, and he instantly recoiled backwards. The priest encouraged him in vain. The hangman impelled him, but equally without effect. Again he tried to advance—at first his steps were scarcely an inch in advance, at last they were retrograde. Thrice this hideous scene was repeated. At length the Sheriff interposed, and the hangman was compelled to thrust him forward and hold him with one hand, while with the other he released the escape-iron. As the wretched man fell, he still was screaming:—

"'Arrah, hangman, jewel, let me down aisy! Hangman, let me down ai—ai—.'

"His falling scream intercepted the sentence."

CHAPTER XV.

An antediluvian conveyance.—We ford the Guadiana. The Caya, the border-stream between Spain and Portugal.—Its appearance in winter.—A frontier-guard of Estremanian hogs.—A swineherd's *siesta*.—First traces of cultivation.—Distant view of Elvas.—Ploughing by mules.—Elvas and its fortifications.—Fort la Lippe.—These fortifications maintained rather for show than for use.—Siege of 1658.—Openness of the frontier.—The French garrison obliged to capitulate in Fort la Lippe during the Peninsular War.—Permission to visit the fortifications refused.—The Estalagem de Rosada.—Traces of Mr. Borrow.—Comfortable prospects in respect of provender.—"*Não ha nada!*"—Palaver about politics.—"Lytton Bulwer and Bulwer Lytton."—The market-place.—The Cathedral.—Costume.—Border characteristics.—Improvised cookery.—A money changer.—"*Cousas de Inglaterra!*"—A salutary precaution against robbers.

Elvas, October 5.

THE *carro* in which I took my seat, after taking leave of the agreeable Andaluz, was a cart of the commonest shape, with only the difference of being covered in with canvas supported by cane-work in a semicircular form, and drawn by two very handsome she-mules yoked abreast. It was in fact a *galera*, on a small scale, and the original of our English curricle. No spring nor even *char-à-banc* substi-

tute broke the irregularities of the road, and a mattress, as in the cars which carry women to Irish fairs, was the only preservation provided against broken bones and contusions. When I speak of "a road" I am wandering. There is no road to the frontier—only a track. We forded the Guadiana with the mules near swimming, and passed through a boundless and unpeopled waste till we entered the border-stream between Spain and Portugal—the nearly invisible Caya—which needed no bridge, and which we did not even require to ford, for the pebbles by which we passed it were scarcely ever damp with water. This then is the *raya* which sunders two rival nations, the Rubicon of old and unquenchable strife, the boundary-line of perennial rancour and fierce, ungovernable hatred! It has not water enough to turn a schoolboy's mill. A stream of blood might flow through its channel, with no *Rio Verte* to be tinged. Some black and bristly hogs upon its margin were the only living things to dispute the passage, and impartially grazed upon both its banks in contempt of human absurdity. In winter, however, this stream becomes more considerable, and requires to be passed in a boat. The house is seen at some distance in which the *barqueros* reside during the rainy season, and ply for hire. The *Caya* is a league and a half distant from Badajoz, and about the same from Elvas, and the border-line between the two countries is as open and wide as the most determined free-trader could desire.

From the banks of the Guadiana to the frontier there is little but rubble and shingle; and for two leagues of the journey—that is, until we had got a couple of miles into Portugal, we saw no living thing but a herd of black Estremanian pigs (with a whitish skin peeping forth on some of them from beneath the short, strong bristles) and a boy asleep, who seemed to have them in charge. This emblem of Peninsular vigilance, on the threshold of both countries, was a capital index to national character, and so profound was the boy's siesta, that we might have made bacon of the entire herd. Onward we proceeded through a perfect desert, till, upon entering the third and last league of the journey, we came upon a farm (the only one we passed) and drove right through it without check or question—so little tenacious are they here of the rights of property. Soon we entered on a cultivated country, in which wine and olives are grown in abundance, with oranges in the season, and cane hedges are for the first time seen. I am reminded at once of Lisbon and St. Ube's—of Bemfica and the Campo do Bomfim. Now we enter a delightful valley. Elvas is seen from a distance of full two leagues, on its hill, in some degree resembling Lisbon in its site, and the first view is really beautiful, with the singularly-formed cathedral and the houses all white-washed as at Badajoz. Extensive corn-fields now begin to stretch away on either hand. Some pretty cottages are seen to the right, and the house and offices of an extensive pro-

prietor, who at this moment has ten pairs of mules engaged in ploughing. The ploughing here is all done by mules, elsewhere in Portugal by oxen. We passed through olive-groves to the outer wall of Elvas, over a ridiculous specimen of road, extending less than a mile outside the town, and composed of antediluvian pavement, broken and cut up in such a fashion that it is much less to be courted than avoided.

Elvas is a strongly-fortified town. The bastions outside are of great strength, and the effect is picturesque as well as striking. Though the position of the town is so elevated, it is nevertheless commanded by several heights, but of these the two principal and nearest to it have been fortified. The town is said to be of Celtic origin, and to date from the year of the world 3009. The chief of these fortified exterior heights is Fort La Lippe, which the General of that name began in 1763. The works have often been suspended, but were finished within the last few years. Opinion is divided as to the advantages of this fort. It certainly requires a very strong garrison—near 10,000 men (including the other fortifications), and with the army of Portugal on its present footing, never can be properly occupied. The chief object appears to be to make a great show in the direction of Spain, and with this view the works were brought to completion three years since, when the Queen made her Royal progress through Alemtejo. The strength of the fortifications of Elvas, in comparison with those of Badajoz,

was then the boast of the Portuguese papers. They appear, however, to be maintained rather for shew than for use. The other fortifications consist of four royal bastions, as many demi-bastions, and some minor works. The town was besieged in 1658 by Don Luis de Haro, but the Count Cantanhede came to its relief, forced the Spanish lines, killed 6000 of their men, and took 1000 prisoners, together with their artillery, ammunition, and baggage. It is a remarkable fact that Spain has been nearly always unfortunate in her attempts upon Portugal.

Badajoz is plainly visible from the height of Elvas, and the eye stretches over a sandy plain till it rests on the Guadiana. Though Elvas be a strong town, it can scarcely be considered an effective defence to the frontier, which is so open in every direction, that an invading army would not have the least occasion to approach within several leagues of its walls. Instead of shutting up 10,000 men within them, it would be much sounder policy to employ them against the enemy in the open field. In illustration of this remark, the French, during their occupation of Portugal, kept a small force in Elvas (quite as large as the Portuguese could possibly afford to keep), and these, at the approach of the British were obliged to retreat to Fort La Lippe, where they capitulated shortly after. I endeavoured at a subsequent period of the day to obtain access to Fort La Lippe, which is the part of these fortifications best worth inspecting. But here, as at Badajoz and Burgos, the fact of my being an English-

man was rather against me. The present disturbed state of the frontier may plead some excuse, but the Portuguese are proverbial for their reluctance to admit foreigners to their fortresses.

Around the walls are seen numerous *gueritas* or stone sentry-boxes, pinnacled at top in Portuguese fashion. The Cathedral, and indeed the whole town, has something of a Moorish look. The inn or Estalagem at which I stopped is just inside the Badajoz gate, nearly in front of the guard-house, and though inferior in accommodation to the most wretched English ale-house, it is the best which the town contains. It is kept by one José Rosada, and is the same at which Borrow stopped, and where he lays the scene of his romance of "the old woman who was more than thirty at the period of the Lisbon earthquake." The story seems introduced for the purpose of shewing how "the Priest let the Host fall from his hands," as if the Host was bound to prove its omnipotence by the working of a special miracle. Mr. Borrow's orthography, by the way, is nearly always erroneous; thus the frontier stream of "Caya," he calls "Acaia," and writes arrant nonsense about the English having "forced themselves, by a treaty of commerce, to drink the *coarse and filthy* wines of Portugal, which no other nation cares to taste."

At this Posada I began a career of discomfort, to which Spain was Paradise, and which unhappily lasted till I crossed the Tagus, and arrived once more in my own house in Lisbon. The answer which they gave to my inquiries for food was that

which you generally meet in Portugal: *Não ha nada!* "There is nothing," which is explained by the fact that there never is any thing ready, and that they will kill you by way of favour a hen or a chicken, and make a *calda* (broth and boil) of it, if you should desire it. But this is the only food attainable in the country inns in Portugal. I stumbled on a triple rhyme, in the shape of a Portuguese proverb, which characterizes this hospitable abode:—

Na posada
De Rosada,
Não ha nada!

As my stomach was too delicatè to partake of a heavier meal at one o'clock, I ordered a kind of supplemental breakfast, to consist of tea and eggs, and, while my luggage was subjected to no inspection whatever (a laxity explained by the chaotic state of the country and Government), I was hauled off in person by two soldiers, and sent in their charge by the officer of the guard before the Military Governor, Baron Estremoz. This measure, as presently appeared, was the result of the combined ignorance of this and the passport official, neither of them being able to decipher my name or make the slightest approach to its pronunciation. They therefore inferred that I was not only foreign, but decidedly dangerous; and as political refugees nearly always enter Portugal by this direction, their inference was that I was not what I seemed, but a Spanish *comprometido,* provided with a sham-English passport, and a decided enemy to the Montpensier alliance.

Away they marched me up the Rua da Feria, through a number of crooked and irregular streets, under balconies where no sweets were snuffed up by recumbent Senhoras, and when I reached the Military Governor's at last, I found that, not being a military man, I was not wanted! So much for the galvanic energies of the guardians of Elvas gate. In the reception-room at the Military Governor's, there were a number of military men—rather good-looking, like most young Portuguese officers—and some of them high-bred. Finding my passport *en règle*, the conversation turned on general topics, whereon I surprised them by talking Portuguese with fluency, and they seemed, as with the fly in amber, to "wonder how the d—l I got there." I told them I had a taste for languages, and volunteered a specimen of Cherokee, but this they politely excused. One rather elderly gentleman, the politician of the party, inquired with great interest the latest news from Madrid, and how many Provinces had pronounced? I told him, "not one," at which he seemed surprised. Next he inquired, whether "Balmerson was not now once more our *Ministro dos Negocios Estrangeiros* in England?"

"*Sim, Senhor;* he has that honour."

"They used to be afraid of him in France. How comes it that they were more afraid of Abd-el-din and Roberto Pell?"

"They were afraid of nothing in the Tuileries, except losing the Infanta's *dot*."

"And Pell, who fell before the *lig* of the *Commercio Livre?*"

"*Sim, Senhor;* you must overhaul your tariffs."

"And lay on fresh duties upon your English manufactured goods? At Portalegre our cloth manufacturers cry out more and more for protection."

"Which of these is most entitled to protection, this box full, or that solitary wafer? This box full (taking up the wafer box) is the Portuguese nation; the solitary one is the cloth-man at Portalegre."

"I see you are a Propagandist."

"*Não, Senhor,* a truthteller."

"And your great Coabdong?"

"The free traders of Seville are giving him a banquet."

"And the Irlandez Oconel!"

"He is trying to make a Revolution with words."

He repeated this as a thing of peculiar absurdity. "Making a *Revolução com palavras!*" The whole office burst into a roar of laughter.

Next he inquired, with great seeming concern, whether Bulwer the diplomatist and Bulwer the novelist were not identical? My negative answer seemed still more to surprise him.

"But are they not related?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, "brothers."

"And how, may I take leave *perguntar*, are the two brothers distinguished from each other?"

"The one is Bulwer Lytton, the other is Lytton Bulwer—*voilà toute la différence.*"

"Bull-in-litter; Litter-a-bull-in. *Cousa singular! Cousas de Inglaterra!*" And as he turned, and explained to the other officials his notion of the differ-

ence between the "*Embaixador Inglez*" and the writer, I took my leave.

The market-place at Elvas is old-fashioned and curious—on strangely uneven ground, like the whole of the town, yet possessing some considerable balconied houses. Melons, pomegranates, and crockery occupied the pavement. The cathedral has a low spire without dignity or grace. There is a good statue of the Virgin over one of the side-doors which door itself is finely executed in cut stone. Here for the first time is seen the white muslin handkerchief, which is the common head-dress of the women in Portugal. This is market-day, and the town is crowded with peasants from the surrounding district. Their dress, without being at all neat, is, on the whole, picturesque —picturesque even by its awkwardness. The men are for the most part loutish, with high-crowned brownish hats, no handkerchief round their throats, and velvet or brown cloth breeches and waistcoats, (some have likewise coats, but the heat renders these unnecessary). The leggings are either of cloth or leather, and cut into a very ungraceful stump over the instep, while the brogues appear to have never been cleaned since first they left the *Sapateiro's* stall. Rows of plated buttons at the knees and down the legs give something of an air of finish to this costume, which is quite unlike the coquetry of Spanish male attire. The Portuguese legging is particularly ugly, and gives a hulkishness to the whole aspect of the man; it looks, in fact, as if it had been burnt away about the foot. These peasants, however, are strong and sturdy figures, who, pitted man to man against the Spaniards, would

be sure to have at least their fair share of the battle. I inquired whether any challenges ever pass between the border districts, and was answered none whatever, for any rural game. Whenever they do meet, which is rarely, it is for a serious encounter. They hate each other too much for mutual sport; and the question of boundary, in particular districts, has often led to bloody disputes of late.

On my return to the Estalagem de Rosada, I found my supplementary breakfast still merely *in posse*. By dint of much entreaty, however, I at length got it under way, and had only to get the eggs boiled twice over. I desired to have them "*passados por agoa*," (Reader, take note of the difference in orthography, for we are now in Portugal,) and they obtained merely a sousing which barely heated them. But how few there are who can boil an egg! For my part I think that the safe criterion of a cook is his or her being able to boil an egg and a potato. I availed myself of the privilege acquired by my speaking Portuguese, to enter into the inner kitchen, a room with no aperture for the light except the door, and which, when the latter was shut, was only lighted by the dim charcoal *fogareiros* or chafe-dishes on the hearth. Here I gave the eggs a second souse, and timed the plunge so well as to withdraw them in a state of culinary perfection. Be it observed, that every man travelling in a country like this should be something considerable of a cook. The eggs were deliciously fresh, and the tea was tolerable, except that it was all green (a nearly universal failing in the Peninsula); but, oh horrible *lacuna*, not a drop of milk was to be had in all Elvas! Imagine

this position for an invalid. Yet there was no escape. Forced was I to drink the unmitigated scald, and be thankful even for the same. A body of politicians occupied different seats in the apartment while I was discussing this meal, and I gleaned from their conversation the one fact which it was at all interesting to learn—that the influence of the Government is so strong in this garrisoned town, that, though in the immediately ensuing elections, all the rest of Portugal will be arrayed against them, in Elvas they will be sure of a majority. The population of this town is about 11,000. It has a Municipal Chamber, and Civil and Military Governors.

While I was at breakfast a very important fact disclosed itself—that I could proceed to Lisbon by *carro* for about half the money which the benefic Boniface of the *Posada de las Cuatro Naciones* at Badajos had proposed. The illustrious Manoel Alberto o Carreiro,* whom I shall here take the liberty of formally introducing to my readers, offered as his first bid to do it for twenty dollars. I looked at the Badajoz carrier, paid him his two and a half dollars, and told him to "make himself scarce." This was the youth who, under the patronage of Boniface, had kindly proffered to do the same business for thirty-five dollars as his *ultimo precio*, and had further the bronze to assure me that I could find no *carro* at all at Yelvas, and should have to send back express to Badajoz. I would quote from the Vulgate for the benefit of all travellers—if it be not decreed a profanation: "*Oh, vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite ac videte!*"

* Manuel Albert, the carrier.

Finding the new *carreiro* to be a squeezable sort of person, I played my trout, professing the probability that I might choose to ride to Lisbon—(for bargain-driving, which I detest, is nevertheless here indispensable,) and before I had put a tooth in my second round of toast, Manoel came down to sixteen dollars, for which sum I closed with him, thinking it moderate enough in all conscience, the distance he had to drive me being twenty-seven leagues, from Elvas to Aldea Gallega, on the southern shore of the Tagus, opposite Lisbon, and distant from it ten miles. The twenty-seven leagues are over what turned out to be a most miserable road—partly track and partly Alpine pavement, and over these twenty-seven leagues, or about a hundred English miles, he promised to drive me within three days. There was a question between us as to the last dollar (the straw which breaks the camel's back,) when solemnly I adjured him thus:

"Senhor Manoel Alberto, you engage, *fé de homem de bem*,* leaving Elvas before three of the afternoon this day to deposit me at Aldea Gallega before three of the afternoon on Thursday next, which will be the third day."

Manoel Alberto was a little stolid by nature, and paused a while to reflect; then he answered thus:—

"*Cavalheiro*, I will do it, *fé de homem de bem*."

"Then I will not higgle about the other dollar: it is your's."

The forwarding of our passports consumed nearly two good hours; mine was transmitted by post to

* On the faith of an honest man.

Lisbon for the inspection of the jealous authorities, and a temporary substitute was furnished to me for my protection on the road. A usurer and money-changer dropped in, whom the people of the Estalagem loudly recommended to me, but my security was rather better than any that they offered me, for I had the official list of the forced values of foreign coins in Portugal, which have become a legal tender since the closing of the Bank of Lisbon in May last. Accordingly I got a few dollars changed into *cruzados novos*, or new crowns, the Portuguese two-and-twopenny pieces, and thanked them for their doubtless disinterested assurances as to the integrity of the money-changer and the carrier, which I fortunately had other opportunities of testing. I had obtained a line of introduction from Don Benite Vaguero, organist of the Badajoz Cathedral ("*el maestro de los organos*"), to the owner of a small *tenda*, named Francisco, in the Rua Lobo da Ponte, at Elvas. I found Senhor Francisco both good-natured and attentive, and though he went unshaven and wore his brown great-coat suspended on his shoulders like a bad imitation of the *capa*, he was extremely active and obliging—perhaps I should say *because* he went unshaven, &c. for his style of attire would have made pretension or reserve ridiculous. Francisco arranged for me a place in a *carro* which was proceeding to Lisbon on the following day, *for four dollars*, which makes the rascality of the Badajoz demand of thirty-five dollars more conspicuous, and I shall never forget his surprise when I told him that I preferred having a *carro* to myself

at sixteen dollars, as in my invalid state I would not be encumbered for the world with other passengers. Besides, which was much more to the purpose, the *carro* in which he would have stowed me would not have reached the journey's end till Saturday, and Manoel (whose respectability he willingly attested,) had engaged to complete it by Thursday. But then there was the positive loss of twelve dollars, and this he could not comprehend.

"*Pois, doze duros, Senhor, sāo doze duros, sāo mais do que* 10,000 *reis!*" ("But twelve dollars, Sir, are twelve dollars, and more than 10,000 reis.")

I could not deny that his calculation was "according to Cocker," but persisted in my foolish preference for the larger outlay.

"*Cousas de Inglaterra!*" he finally exclaimed, throwing up his hands in irrepressible despair. I subsequently found the discomforts of the *carro* to be so great in portions of the road, even with the advantage of being enabled to shift my position at will, that I would not for thrice the difference have been encumbered with another passenger.

Notwithstanding the numerous attestations to Manoel o Carreiro's respectability, the reports of the state of the road were so uninviting, the country so utterly disorganized, so lately revolutionized, and so probably soon to be revolutionized again, and the sallies of the *má gente* (robbers) so frequent, that I resolved to continue the precaution which I had commenced about Trujillo (where begins one of the most robber-infested districts in Spain), and tied up three gold ounces (about £10 sterling) in the inte-

rior of my cravat, placing the stiffener in front so as to conceal the treasure. By this means I was provided with a fund to meet contingencies. The handkerchief which I wore was purposely selected because of its uninviting character, and my attenuated bag of dollars might disappear without leaving me utterly naked. Some twenty dollars for the aid of my journey, and a capital pewter watch, might clear me well with the *ladroens,* and not leave me much the poorer, for my real watch, rings, and trinkets, I took care to send by sea. Were I shipwrecked any where by land, like the hero of Ballinafad, my little sinking fund of £10 would manage wonderfully to keep me afloat, and I should be released from the unpleasant necessity of journeying in my shirt at the expense of a surly Vice-Consul, or probably of dying from hardships on the road, the butt of every *Escrivão,** and the pitied of every pitiful *Vereador.*† Thus armed, and with a plentiful supply of cigars to make friends in all directions, I sallied forth on this wildest road in Europe, in miserable health yet in high spirits.

* *Escribano,* magistrate's clerk.

† Alderman, answering to Alcalde, an animal in the Peninsula that sometimes cannot write his name.

CHAPTER XVI.

Journey from Elvas to Estremoz and Venda do Duque.—The Roman aqueduct.—Reflections.—An anachronist inscription.—Nossa Senhora da Piedade.—Close of the vintage.—Wild track, where all cultivation ceases.—Cork and holm-oak forests.—A *Senhora Dourada.*—Corrections marked in the route.—A Lenten dinner.—One of Nature's Gentlemen.—Railway speculations.—Estremoz.—Beautiful situation of the town.—The great central square.—The *Estalagem da Muralha,* or stable-inn.—A primitive bed-chamber, and a hard couch.—Connubial courtesies.—Rapid metamorphosis of a bed into a table.—A cheerless breakfast, milkless and butterless.—The *Veiga* of Estremoz; beautiful cultivation.—The fortifications of Estremoz.—Bird's-eye view of the Province of Alemtejo.—Ignorance and vanity of the lower classes throughout the Peninsula.—Amazing solitariness of the road from Estremoz to Venda do Duque. — Evora Monte.—Miguelite capitulation.—Evora.—Villa-viçosa, the cradle of the Braganzas.—Serra Dorso.—The reluctance of the Portuguese to change their customs one of the causes of rebellion.

Venda do Duque, October 6.

THE view for a league beyond Elvas is equally beautiful as at the approach from Badajoz. The most striking object which arrests the eye, upon rounding the town, is the magnificent Roman aqueduct, which

is one of the finest and most perfect remains in the world, and not inferior to that of Sertorius at Evora. Portugal, after that of Segovia, in Old Castile, has thus the three finest aqueducts in existence —those of Evora, Elvas, and Lisbon. The last-mentioned is the finest of all, crossing the valley of Alcantara with Titan strides, its unbroken shafts and arches little short of three hundred feet high. Those of Elvas and Evora are composed of different stories of arches, that of Elvas of two, three, and sometimes even four stories, according to the elevation from the ground. This at one part is full ninety feet, over-topping some tall elms which grow by the aqueduct's side. The effect of this vastness is imposing beyond expression. The entire length of the aqueduct is about a league, carrying the supply of water to the town from an opposite hill. At its commencement, the infant giant sprouts not more than two feet high, but when it reaches the centre of the valley it has sprung into truly colossal proportions, and turning to the right, bestrides the road with its quadruple arches, like a many-bodied Geryon. Passing by the foot of this monster, man is struck with a full consciousness of his pigmy dimensions, for looking up you feel assured that water is flowing ninety feet above your head, abreast with the flight of eagles, and are lost in wonder at the immensity of the structure. Whether the Romans were aware, or not, of the fact that water conveyed in pipes will rise to its level (a principle which at least appears to have been known by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxi. 6), the construction of roads and aque-

ducts, during intervals of repose, gave occupation to soldiers and fame to generals. Solidity and usefulness were the principle of these great works, whose giant magnitude has left to this day its impress on the soil they conquered. While Goth and Moor alike have passed away, and modern reigns and dynasties fret their brief hour upon the stage and perish, these mighty monuments survive to their original uses, standards for the just admeasurement of Roman greatness. Here, by the side of this unbroken wreck of centuries, which has been swept but not shattered by the rushing wave of Time, it were sweet to muse of a lone and tranquil evening, and recall the deeds of that heroic people who have studded the earth with such glorious remains. Here might one escape from the pigmy present to the mightier past, embracing like an altar the feet of this majestic pile, which has nothing to do with the race that to-day surrounds it. Above is the blue sky, the unchanged empyrean canopy which arched it over as now in the morn of time. Yet it is all that remains unchanged, for the work is of a different age and people, and has outlived the very name of its founder. A little conservation has still retained its uses, and unreflecting thousands are supplied from this source with life. But, if we are disposed to give the preference to modern science, and exalt the skill which simplifies as well as triumphs, we are not to condemn the magnificence which achieved such performance, or flippantly deride the profusion which would exhaust a province to perfect a wall of such enduring beneficence. Pipes would have been infallibly cut off or

choked, whilst this majestic masonry breasts the lapse of ages. "They shall perish, but thou remainest."

On the most conspicuous part of this great Roman work are daubed the Royal arms of Portugal, with the inscription "Dona Maria II. Anno Domini, 1846." Thus pigmies scrawl upon the work of giants. I witnessed the effect of a similar deception at Merida. The superb Roman bridge had some repairs made in it by Philip III. in 1610, and it was forthwith inscribed on the portico with the Royal arms of Spain. Accordingly, as I passed over the bridge, the *mayoral* had the coolness to contend that it was the work not of Romans but of Spaniards, and to point to the inscription on the portico in proof of his allegation!

As, passing the aqueduct, we advanced about a mile from Elvas, the church of Nossa Senhora da Piedade appeared to the left, with its double tower and steeple, purely and beautifully white amid bowering vine and olive. The valley in which this church is situated is enchanting, and from its proximity to Elvas is enlivened by some farm-houses. The vine-leaves have now their brightest hue, for it is towards the close of the vintage. The olives have a pale and variegated tint, for the fruit is almost ripe. In the vineyards as we pass we see the conclusion of the *vindimadores'* labours. Tents are pitched beside the road, and two baskets are nearly filled with the last bunches of the season, while donkeys stand near to convey them to the wine-press. In another league all cultivation ceases. Nature resumes her rights. The road ceases to be recognisable—nothing but a track. The change is to me

most agreeable, for the jolting of the *carro* over these hideous paving-stones is a most purgatorial encounter, and might try the patience of Job. I am reminded of an expression of Sir Charles Napier's lady, when first she rode out in the streets of Lisbon: "Dear me, I'm shaken to pieces!" I am happy for her sake that she was not in an Elvas *carro*. There is nothing now for a considerable distance but a sprinkling of fantastic and dark picturesque-looking cork-trees, and *enzenheiras* (holm-oaks) which grow at length into an extensive forest.

Four leagues from Elvas, we arrive at a place called *A Senhora Dourada*, "The Golden Lady," from a gilt image of the Virgin in a neighbouring church, which is the object of much devotion and of frequent pilgrimages amongst the country-people. The route from Elvas to Estremoz, as marked by Mr. Ford, "by Alcaraviça," is incorrect. He is not to blame, as he never travelled it, but if he derived his knowledge from "our friend Borrow," the information he received was erroneous. The one or two houses at the place called "*A Senhora Dourada*," are the only thing in the shape of a town on the straight line from Elvas to Estremoz. Alcaraviça is more than a mile out of the road. "Friend Borrow's true and graphic account," is so true and graphic as to say not one word about any place between Elvas and Estremoz, except a watch-tower on the top of a hill, with (of course) "a maniac gibbering and mowing, and distorting his wild features into various dreadful appearances," and "the wind-beaten ruin, overlooking the blasted heath,

above which scowled the leaden heaven!" It is strange how Brummagem passes, and how madmen always meet others madder than themselves.

The route should be marked thus:—

	Leagues.
Badajoz to Elvas	3
Senhora Dourada	4
Estremoz	2
Venda do Duque	3
Arroyolos	3
Montemor-o-Novo	3
Vendas Novas	4
Pegoens	3
Aldea Gallega	5
	30
To Lisbon (by water)	3
	33

The mistakes of orthography are of course excusable, but not so the actual misdirections. Of these there are not many; but the accompanying map of Portugal is full of the grossest blunders.

At the *Senhora Dourada* there are a streamlet and some walls, proving by the rich vegetation on their border what Alemtejo might become, if a system of Artesian wells were generally adopted. This valley presents a good deal of cultivation, but the hamlet is most inconsiderable, composed in fact of only a single *venda*.

Here, as it was now seven o'clock, I felt prodigiously hungry. Notwithstanding Mr. Ford's judiciously repeated advice in sketching out this route, to "attend to the provend," I omitted this essential

part, there being nothing which disgusts me more than carrying my own provisions stewing about me. But eating here became indispensable, and I attacked the Lenten larder with ravenous appetite. The solitary road-side *venda* professes to sell nothing but wine, but I contrived to forage out bread, cheese, olives, and grapes in abundance (the latter of the rarest excellence), and upon these, with the exception of the cheese, which was bad, I managed to make a meal which left nothing to desire. Never shall I forget the kindness of the worthy host, a man of appearance and manner to grace a dukedom, though "wasting his sweetness" here upon a wild untenanted heath, where there are none to appreciate his graceful attentions and exquisite hospitality. He chose from his large stock the very finest bunches of grapes, and placed them before me with the air of a prince. The charge for the whole was *five-pence*, which I trebled in the payment, and could only force its acceptance as a gift to the children!

From the *Senhora Dourada* to Estremoz is two leagues. The first league is a cheerless waste. There, as we approach Estremoz, we meet a few clusters of farm-houses, but not enough to be called a village. The country thus far presents the greatest engineering facilities (but unhappily no traffic) for the construction of a railway to run from Lisbon to the frontier, in fact as far as Toledo, a distance of 230 miles from this spot. The easiest gradients could be obtained, and the Puerto de Miravete is the only part which appears to present any difficulty. There would be a few bridges to be thrown over the Gua-

diana and Tagus, and the latter, instead of being passed at the present bridge of Almaraz, would be much more advantageously crossed about a mile further up, where there is a natural break in the opposite hills. The hills on which Badajoz, Elvas, and Estremoz are situated could be conveniently rounded; and land and labour being equally cheap here, all facilities would be at the disposal of an enterprising company. This line might have a convenient branch from Merida to Seville and Cadiz; but I think from Toledo, by Cordova and Seville, to Cadiz would be by much the more productive line.

I am very far, indeed, from recommending this mode of investing capital, which the Revolutionary aspect of Spain and state of Portugal would render, in my mind, to the last degree precarious.

Estremoz was at one time a strongly-fortified town, but is not now kept on the footing of a fortress. We entered through the open gate at ten o'clock at night, a facility which arises from the fact of its not being a frontier town. It looks very beautiful from a distance on the summit of its hill, the houses rising in amphitheatrical rows, and crowned by an ancient castle. We drove into the Posada or Estalagem da Muralha, a rude hostelry just inside the wall. Strange, that there is not one hotel in this considerable town. Estremoz is built on the side of a hill, in a kind of succession of platforms, the houses all white and in the period about noon reflecting the sun-beams with amazing brilliancy. The centre of the town is occupied by a large square or market-place, where, it is no exaggeration to say

several thousand soldiers might perform their evolutions with ease together. In this square there are some curious tanks, and in the morning, before our departure, I saw several groups of soldiers here admiring melons and crockery in the market.

On arriving at the Estalagem, Manoel drove the *carro*, mules and all, right into it, and considerable time elapsed before we could arouse the inmates and obtain a light. In their peaceful rural habits, they had retired to bed more than an hour before. At length a swinging brass lamp was brought forth, and I was enabled to descend from my perch at the mules' tails, when I found myself in a huge-arched stable, with a glimmering light from a kitchen at one side, to which the cold compelled me instantly to retreat. Here there was no symptom whatever of culinary preparations, and I blessed my stars that I had thought of raking up the stores of the *Senhora Dourada*, which enabled me to retire to bed at once without any unpleasant reflection as to going supperless. The bed was clean but hard as the nether millstone. The room was large, cheerless, and comfortless, with neither mat nor footcloth of any kind —(this was not to be expected), but without even a basin, jug, towel, or looking-glass, or any such Christian accommodation. Two rush-bottomed chairs, a painted deal table, and a primitive brass lamp, formed the whole of my sleeping-room furniture. Though the bed seemed to be composed of unboiled peas, the sheets were strictly orthodox, except that they were a little damp, which gave me no little of a cold. They were of home-made linen, of a coarse

but strong fabric, and had they been only strictly dry might have reconciled me to my Procrustean couch. But the shaking of the *carro* gave a zest to slumber, which soon made me forget all the discomforts of Alemtejo; and when the ruthless Manoel roused me next morning before the peep o'-day, I was reluctant to part company with even the unboiled peas which had served for my nocturnal sojourn. Soon, however, with a galvanic bound, which the consistency of the aforesaid peas accelerated, I was ready for the road once more, and expelling the raw cold of a chilly October morning by a quiet seat in the chimney-corner. Here a strange scene presented itself. The woman of the house was "up and stirring," and busying herself with the preparation of my breakfast, which was to consist of eggs and slices of *chouriço* (ham sausage) fried together, with tea and trimmings. The *patrão*,* however, was fat and lazy as an Estremanian hog, and instead of rising from his bed in the corner, remained grunting for a considerable period.

"*Então, não tem vergonha, preguiçoso?*"† exclaimed his gentle partner.

Grunt! grunt! grunt!

"*Aqui está o Cavalheiro estrangeiro: levantate, porco!*"‡

Grunt! (I appeared to be entirely ignorant of the nature of this interesting connubial conversation).

* Master, landlord.

† Are you not ashamed then, lazy fellow?

‡ Here is the strange gentleman: get up, you pig!

"*O Senhor Manoel que vem almoçar; levanta-te, porco do demonio!*"*

This was effective; while you would be saying "Jack Robinson," Boniface was in the middle of the floor. His clothes were pitchforked on in "double quick," with a velocity which his previous inactivity made the more surprising. I turned away my head for an instant, and turning it again in another instant witnessed a transformation which no pantomime ever exceeded. The bed was converted into a table, the mattress rolled up and tucked away in a corner, and the *ci-devant* sheet formed a neat and convenient table-cloth! I rubbed my eyes, but there was no illusion. The whole thing seemed the work of enchantment, and was accomplished in about two minutes.

The preparations for my breakfast were now completed, and I was invited to the pantomime table aforesaid:

"A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,"

but politely declined, on the score of prefering the warmth of the chimney-corner. The *patrôa's cuisine*, as might be inferred from her temper, was abominable. Eggs and sausage both were spoiled—fried, in fact, to a cinder, notwithstanding my repeated endeavours to overcome her wilfulness. The bread was likewise coarse and dark, the butter untastable, though here, as at Badajoz and Elvas, they told me "it must be excellent, for it had come from Lisbon." Think of butter travelling first from

* Senhor Manoel's coming to breakfast. Get up, you devil's pig!

Cork or Rotterdam to Lisbon, and thence to the Spanish frontier! In fact they keep their butter in gallipots, like ointment, and do not prize it unless, like a true Castilian, it be "old and rancid," (*viejo y rancio*). The tea was sweetened with coarse brown sugar, and milk there was none to colour it. Alack! there was here not even fruit, of which alone one might make a meal; for go where you will in the Peninsula, you can scarcely be robbed of your dessert. Here the only local colouring in the picture was furnished by a large cork-tree which blazed in the kitchen-fire, but, alas, to such little purpose. The carrier, Manoel's, potent stomach took in on the improvised table the contents of an enormous *tacho*, or Portuguese stew-pan, in which *grãos de bica*, onions and garlic, were very predominant. I starved, but had presently my revenge when we emerged into the open air, by improvising the following couplet, with which Manoel appeared considerably amused:

"Na Estalagem da Muralha
A gente morre, a patrôa ralha."

In the inn at Estremoz's wall,
The landlady scolds, and the guests starve all!

There is considerable cultivation for about a league below the town, and a great number of farm-houses, all white, with comfortable stacks of corn. A very beautiful *veiga* or plain, stretched away on the Lisbon side. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is very fertile, and the consequence is that living in Estremoz is immensely cheap. The fortifications of this interesting town, which are now dis-

mantled, were originally composed of ten bastions, three demi-bastions, several ravelins and a covered way. The castle is very ancient, and was strengthened at different periods by four bastions and two demi-bastions. It is commanded on the south by a hill on which a square fort called S. Jóse, has been constructed, and to the north there is another height at a considerable distance, defended by a redoubt, called Santa Barbara. The town, however, is incapable of defence, from the original ill-construction and decayed state of its fortifications. Estremoz contains about 10,000 inhabitants.

The Province of Alemtejo, which is 140 miles long by eighty wide, varies greatly in the productiveness of its soil. In some places it is extremely fertile, in others mountainous, sandy, or burnt up into a perfect desert. Wherever water can be introduced, the fertility becomes amazing, but there is here a great deficiency in springs and rivers, and unless the system of Artesian wells can be adopted generally, it will continue to present the anomaly of a magnificent region almost entirely unpeopled, for vast tracts throughout the province are at present literally desert. The population is huddled together in towns, here and there surrounded by a few farmhouses, but the rest is all an uninhabited waste. The Queen had ocular testimony of this, when she traversed the province three years since, and her carriage had not even a road to travel on. The chief productions are corn, wine, oranges, lemons, and cork. Oak-bark and acorns are likewise grown in great quantity. Sines is the only considerable port

of the province of Alemtejo, properly so called, but St. Ube's, in the neighbouring Estremadura, is the port which is by far the most resorted to, and we may therefore regard it as an Alemtejan port. The province has excellent quarries of stone, and valuable marbles,—the white of Estremoz, the green of Villa Viçosa, the red and white of St. Ube's and Arabida. The clays of Estremoz and Montemor-o-novo are well adapted for pottery. Alemtejo is covered with fortified places, most of them now dismantled, and has always been the theatre of war, when the Spaniards invaded this country, and as constantly the scene of their defeats. The capital of this province is Evora. The only other towns of importance not included in this route, are Portalegre and Beja.

It is a very remarkable mistake in Borrow to suppose that Spanish begins to be spoken at Estremoz, or that there is any admixture of Spanish in the language spoken there. Up to Elvas, twenty-four miles further, and on to the frontier, the Portuguese remains unchanged. The races in fact have never mixed since their original separation, and are perfectly distinct in language, habits, and attire. It is surprising to see so little contact or fusion between them. The people, for the most part, here understand Spanish, to which they are habituated by the Contrabandists, who, like all Spaniards, proudly adhere to their own language. But the Portuguese as proudly stick to theirs. And surely they have a right to be proud of the language in which Camóens wrote his *Lusiadas*. Mr. Borrow

plainly knows nothing of Portuguese, or he would not call it "sibilant" as contradistinguished from the Spanish "guttural." It is perhaps the least sibilant of languages. Its reproach is to be "nasal;" in other respects its legitimacy of descent from the Latin exceeds that of either Spanish or Italian, and its defective nasal sounds, the *ãos*, *aens*, *oens*, and *ems* in the mouth of a polite speaker are scarcely more disagreeable than the Spanish guttural sounds. I speak, without vanity, from a perfect knowledge of both languages, and a constant residence in the Peninsula since 1841 will support my claim to this knowledge. It would be incredible, but that Mr. Borrow has written it down ("*Bible in Spain*," chap. vii.) that any man could so utterly take leave of common sense, and so shut his eyes and ears to all that was passing around him, as to write that "perhaps at some future period the Portuguese will generally adopt" the Spanish language! As probable is it that the French, as a nation, will come to speak English, or the English return to Anglo-Saxon. I now take leave of Mr. Borrow's blunders, surprised that they should have imposed on the world so long, and regretting that one who has so stirring a style should take refuge in bounce and exaggeration, from the honourable task of candid and searching observation, and prefer the fame of a Fernão Mindez Pinto, to that of an honest and truthful writer.

The character of the country from Estremoz to Venda do Duque (a distance of three leagues) is undulating and pleasant, with a moderate alternation

of hill and dale, but still presenting very good railway gradients. There are olive groves at intervals, and occasionally a mile of cheerless waste covered with brushwood and black rushes. The brushwood consists chiefly of *charcos*, which Manoel assures me are only good for making *pão* (bread) which he pronounces nearly like *po*, and cannot say whether it has any thing of an aromatic smell. Manoel is a perfect specimen of Turkish indifferentism and "taking it easy." So long as he has sufficient "prog" for himself and his mules, an occasional drink of wine for himself, and of water for the latter, he cares not a *fico* for robbers or Revolutions. He cannot even tell whether the estafette or post-boy from Lisbon to Elvas, travels with the mail every day or every fortnight! This ignorance is truly amazing, for there was always a mail to Elvas every second day, and since the Duke of Palmella came into power there is one every day except Sunday. In answer to my inquiries, Manoel one time says that the estafette goes "*todos os dios*," and another time "*todos os quinze dios*," (every fifteen days), showing that he is ready to shape his answer precisely as I choose to have it. I must warn all strangers against taking any answer they receive in the Peninsula *au pied de la lettre*. The meanest person in these countries will admit ignorance on no subject whatever, and will answer *à tort et à travers* rather than not answer at all. This is especially true of the Asturians at Madrid and the Gallegos of Lisbon. They will give you the most lying answers with the most imperturbable face. Another weakness is that they

never will admit they cannot read and write. Beware of trusting them in these respects, for the national vanity will lie a hole through an iron pot rather than submit to self-humiliation. An Asturian waiter at Badajoz led me astray in *every* instance, pointed out the house which Godoy built as the house he was born in, said that the bridge at Badajoz had one arch more than that of Merida, though the latter has just treble the number, took me to a bookbinder's for a bookseller's and affected not to know the difference (*porem elle tiene livros!*) and pointed out the site of the breaches on the wrong part of the fortifications. Never, *por amor de Dios*, place the least trust in these scamps. This said Asturian, when he came to make my bed at night in the highly civilized *Posada de las tres naciones* came into the room smoking a cigar, and continued smoking, as unconcernedly as a bull-fighter, during the entire process of arranging my couch!

We travelled miles this day without meeting a soul (bad prospect for railway investment), and in the whole three leagues from Estremoz to Venda do Duque, we have only encountered two shepherds, two swine-herds, and two other wayfarers, with sundry pigs and sheep (all black). There is no road whatever, except in the immediate neighbourhood of two bridges, which are used only in winter when the rivulets are swollen. I obtained a glass of water at a solitary farm-house on the way, and drank it from a perfect two-handled ancient vase constructed in modern pottery, so strongly have the Romans stamped their characteristics upon all these districts.

About half way between Estremoz and Venda do Duque we pass Evora Monte, with its double tower on a hill to the left, about two leagues distant. Five leagues further in the same direction is Evora, the capital of the Province, and the site of Sertorius's magnificent aqueduct, called the *Agoa da Prata* or Silver-Water. At Evora Monte took place the celebrated capitulation in the summer of 1834, when having been defeated at Santarem, and unable to hold out longer, the Miguelites were forced to lay down their arms. The situation of this town is extremely picturesque, and the hill whose crest it climbs is perfectly beautiful. A little to the North is Villa-Viçosa, the cradle of the Braganzas, and famous for the next most important victory (after that of Aljubarrota) obtained by the Portuguese over the Spaniards. Here the Marquis of Marialva and the Count of Schomberg defeated the Marquis of Caracene in a battle, in which the Spanish lost 15,000 men. The result was that the Braganza dynasty was firmly established, by an event which occurred less than two centuries since. There is a fine palace here, which was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Braganza, and in the church are the beautiful monuments of the Ducal race. There is also a fine park stocked with deer. Queen Maria visited Braganza three years since.

Not far distant to the south-west is Serra Dorso, the most beautiful mountain in Alemtejo. Here there are both wolves and wild boars, and upon their descending to the plains in the severe weather, the peasants form *battues* for their destruction.

The reluctance of the Portuguese to change their long-established customs is one of the most striking traits in their character. New-fangled modes of taxation caused the late Revolution. A modern parochial distribution at Evora Monte has made them equally ripe for rebellion here, and the rising, when it takes place, will appear to be Miguelite, though in reality being only for the re-establishment of old customs, and having nothing to say to dynasty.

CHAPTER XVII.

Venda do Duque.—A primitive Caravanserai.—An imprisoned partridge.—Gil Gedes, the landlord's son.—A conversation with the *rapariga*.—A Portuguese meal.—Disguised *mutton*.—Noontide solitude around the Venda.—Journey from Venda do Duque to Arroyolos.—Shepherds armed with guns.—Rocky country.—Swineherds shaking a tree for a meal.—A penurious Colonel of Artillery, and a gentlemanly Colonel of Cavalry.—Arroyolos.—The Posada da Ilha.—Good-looking *raparigas*, but mischievous.—Delectable scene.—Curious grace after meat.—A hearty supper, and a true Sancho Panza.—A miraculously small bill.—Beautiful sunrise.—Journey from Arroyolos to Montemôr.—Mode of treating the cork-tree.—Portuguese soldiers on march.—Montemôr.—The Castle.—The Convent.—Morgado house.—Horrible jolting.—Specimens of Portuguese peasantry.—Forest of cork and acorn-oaks.—Costume of the female peasantry.—Low state of agriculture.—Sketch of an *arrieiro* or muleteer.—Manoel o Carreiro.

Vendas Novas, October 7.

We arrived at Venda do Duque at 11 A. M., and here Manoel, driving right into the inn, and there unyoking his mules, informed me that we should pass three hours, to get rid of the extreme heat. This primitive Caravanserai is the only house of any kind for miles round, and is of a proportionable

extent to permit a little army of mules, horses, and human beings to pig conveniently together. The room in which I alighted from the *carro* is of enormous size, and a stable full of mules within emitted a strong odour. The seats here are all of cork, the barrels and utensils of the same material, the lamps of the simplest tin, the *table* was built of masonry and covered with tiles. Two black pigs were rooting through the rudely paved floor, an ox-yoke lay against the wall, and several sticks to drive the *bois* (oxen) were lying all about. Here was standing in front of the door a *sege*, or calash (such as are seen at Lisbon,) which was proceeding from Montemor to Elvas with an officer and his lady. The roof of this enormous apartment was composed of black beams and laths without any attempt at covering, except their coating of charcoal-smoke. The walls were covered with pans and pipkins, *tachos*, and other culinary vessels of more bulky than refined dimensions. Stomachs here are admeasured from those of contrabandists, muleteers, and carters. I astonished the *rapariga* (girl) by asking her for tea and eggs. The fact is that I had not breakfasted at all at Estremoz, and was determined not to be done out of my favourite meal. There was but one egg in all the house, and the second egg the hen, they said, was laying. I waited with a hearty good will, and proceeded to the door to reconnoitre the country. There was a tame partridge in a cage outside. It was red-legged, a description rare in this country. Its pied head and speckled sides were unnaturally fat, there was so

much *cevada* (barley) went to waste in the stable. Still the poor bird manifestly thirsted for liberty, opened its wild eye at times, stretched its long legs, and flapped its imprisoned wings. Man is certainly the cruellest of animals. The landlord's son, Gil Gedes, a lisping youth of eight, did nothing but bay in mockery of a poor goat at the door, and *quack* in imitation of the ducks. He had no other associates, and was becoming a proficient in their languages, proving thus that man, besides being the cruellest (for the *Petherice,* as he called the bird, was his) is likewise the most imitative of animals. The hen, unhappily, did not lay my egg in time, and I breakfasted on a solitary egg and milkless tea, but had a glorious dessert of grapes and melon. I went out into the olive grove, where I found black ants as large almost as figs, unmolested in the vivid sunbeam.

The *rapariga* who presided over the cooking here, was as lively, black-eyed, and plump-shaped as the partridge at the door. I had some conversation with her, and found that she felt rather lonely, with few hopes of getting married. It appeared, however, that she duly repaired each year to the *romeria* or pilgrimage to the *Senhora Dourada,* where match-making duly flourishes, and fortified herself with a sprig of *alecrim* or rosemary, as a charm against all *bruxas* (goblins), *feiticenas* (witches), and other evils on the journey, according to a superstition very prevalent in the Alemtejo. The *Patrõa,* or landlady, wore a clean white handkerchief tucked round her bosom, and a coarse cloth spenser. The *rapariga* had a cloth petticoat, and her feet

were unencumbered with shoes. The officer within, it appears, was a colonel of dragoons, proceeding to Elvas with his wife. His military servant and the *boleeiro*, or *sege*-driver, were taking their meal together on the solid masonry table; it consisted of a *sopa* composed of eggs, bread, and onions. I gave these men a cigar each, for which they were very grateful.

The *boleeiro* wore great jack-boots and a band on his hat, yet only plied for hire; his style of attire very much resembled that of the Lisbonian *boleeiros*. They were followed by two peasants in velvet breeches, with rows of buttons up to the hip. I also astonished these men with a cigar each. Their meal was likewise a *tacho* full of *sopa*. The Portuguese call almost every thing a *sopa*, even tea and coffee, when bread is broken into them. The *tacho* answers to the Spanish *puchero*, and its contents, otherwise called *sopa*, to the *olla*. The only other mystery in Peninsular cooking is the *guisado*, or stew, which is common to both countries, and to which everything may be reduced. The meal of these two ploughmen was composed of pimentos, onions, turnips, and garlic, all cut up and boiled together, and then poured over bread—a meal more wholesome than savoury. In the northern provinces, where Indian-corn bread is chiefly used, it is broken up in the same manner, or fried in slices and eaten with oil. The reply to my demand for milk was curious: "The goats were far away up the mountains." I heard the bay of the goat which Gil Gedas was mimicking outside, and asked whether I

could not have some milk, but I was told that this was impossible, as they were going to make *mutton* of her.

The solitude around this venda is charming. Though noontide, it is perfectly still and tranquil, and the hum and bustle of man are not heard for leagues around. Come hither, ye men of Cheapside and the Strand, and learn to live with Nature. There is only one farm-house within the whole horizon. The olive-grove by which this venda is surrounded is only varied with the *matta* brushwood.

After leaving the Venda do Duque, the *olivaras* extend for a full quarter of a league. The country is then very level. There is as much cultivation of corn as supports a very sparse population. Some few flocks of sheep and black pigs are seen at intervals. One large flock has no fewer than three shepherds, each with his dog and attendant *rapaz*, or boy, some armed with crooks, and two with guns on their shoulders, as a protection against robbers and wolves, and likewise for shooting game,—ready cut out for Guerrillos! Near this, passing a new bridge, we came on a multitude of rocks and stones, the outlying *rejeton* of the last convulsion of Nature, which formed the Pyrenean ranges and extended them across the Peninsula. When the Serra of Estrella cast up its huge bulk across the centre of Portugal, these monstrous masses of stone were flung upon the Alemtejo plain, and there these boulders will repose to the Day of Judgment. Mr. Borrow has *imagined* a Druid's altar here, but there is no such thing. The tempta-

tion to introduce a bit of fine writing, and say that "stern old Time had rubbed it with his iron tooth," was irresistible. I looked in every direction for this Druid stone, but, though I have tolerable eyes, could not find it. The fact is, there is a fatal objection to the possibility of its existence, this being quite a lowland plain, and the Druids having invariably selected high ground for their worship of the sun, for the best of reasons, that they wished to have the earliest glimpse of his rise. The road is here quite the Pyrenees in miniature, from the multitude of scattered rocks and stones, but these are the mere *débris* of that Peninsular mountain-formation which I have noticed above. Here we saw two swineherds lazily shaking an olive-tree for a meal, and arrayed, like all their class, in leathern galligaskins.

We passed three or four *carros* laden with luggage and merchandise. Now, for the first time, we met them drawn by oxen. One of these *carros* bore a captain of artillery, lately promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and proceeding to Elvas with five of a family. They all pigged together within the dimensions of one small covered cart, which was even piled up behind with his little household furniture, and the new-made colonel himself slept at full length on his mouth and nose in the front of the cart. How different from the other colonel whom I met at Venda do Duque, and who travelled like a gentleman with his wife in a calash, and with a fine gray charger led behind him! The ground becomes a little hilly, approaching Arroyolos, but the departure from the level is inconsiderable. The town

is very pretty, looking purely white on its hill, with a single whitewashed chimney over every house. There are in all about 1000 houses, Arroyolos being smaller than Montemor. We drove straight into the Posada da Ilha, as before, mules and all. I walked out into the pleasing garden, and obtained a magnificent sunset view, the clear outline of the hills designed as with a pencil against the ruddy and glowing sky, and the telegraph erecting its triple crest on the summit of the hills with a very picturesque effect.

I had the satisfaction of learning here that two robbers, who lately infested this district, had just been shot, in time to make the coast clear for my passage. This Posada contained a very numerous family, the girls all good-looking, but a little mischievous. I ordered a hen to be *guisadoed* for my supper, and must confess that, though tedious in the preparation, it was not ill done at last. A very good-looking *rapariga* named Eufrasia, amused herself, while the *patrôa* was preparing my meal, by sundry tricks, amongst others applying a lighted brand to the tail of a huge dog which lay at full stretch on the hearth, and which she thereupon sent howling away. Rude health and involuntary laughter made each freak produce universal merriment. Presently she applied the brand to my foot, but I was not in health or humour for this kind of horse-play, and merely quietly withdrew it. The *patrôa* called her *mariola* (the blackguard) but the reproof was ineffectual with her high health and spirits. Next she attracted my attention by her

manner of putting oil into the portable brass-lamp which another girl named Maria (very ugly and pock-marked) was holding close by my side for the *patrôa*, who was busily engaged hunting for errant game in the head of a young daughter by my very nose, and within two yards of the stew-pan where my supper was cooking. What an idiot I should have been to object! No, when you are at Rome, do as Rome does. I bore it all like a Stoic. Yet I confess my resolution was almost stretched to cracking. I thought of Timbuctoo and Mungo Park, or better perhaps, of Caffraria. To be sure, there is much of imagination in all these things, for it is an undoubted fact that there was no fear of the stew being defiled. Eufrasia, instead of pouring the oil into the lamp, poured it on the thick drugget petticoat of the pock-marked Maria, and then threw a shovel-full of ashes over it by way of removing the stain! Huge cork-trees and *erzinheiras* here formed the firing. The youngsters all supped before I proceeded to my meal, and I was very much struck by a curious and most original religious ceremony with which they concluded. Each in succession went round every person in the apartment, stretched out the right hand towards them with the palm uppermost, and said :—

"*Peço a benção do sen Santo,*" (I ask the blessing of your Saint). The accustomed reply is "My Saint so-and-so (mentioning the individual's patron-Saint) bless you!" The person who first stretched out her hand to me was a very pretty girl, and in my ignorance I shook hands with her heartily!

My stewed fowl was at length ready, and I asked *Manoel o Carreiro* to partake of it with me, who, nothing loth, buckled to with a hearty good will, for never, I think, was a more perfect Sancho Panza in appetite and rotundity, though with much more mental stolidity. I soon had occasion to repent my politeness, for Manoel, without hesitation, drank out of my glass, and plunged his fork into the dish; and great was his and their surprise when I called for another tumbler, and extricating as much of the fowl as I chose to consume, left him in undisturbed possession of the remainder. The *guisado* was really good, enriched with onion and tomatas, and flavoured with a sprinkling of garlic, which, by those who know its excellence in moderation, will certainly not be despised. Fine grapes and melons wound up the repast, and I straightway retired to bed, in an apartment no better furnished with conveniences than that in which I had reposed at Estremoz. I awoke refreshed in the morning, and started in the *carro* at half-past five, it being resolved that we should breakfast at Montemor. For my fine supper and bed I was charged only a shilling, in all, and astonished at the excessive cheapness, I distributed some small silver amongst the bevy of girls, which made them regard me as a demigod.

We left Arroyolos by the light of the moon, and soon upon the wide moor we witnessed a magnificent sunrise. Oh, Glories of Nature, here may man enjoy you! Gradually the moon paled her silver light, then ruddy tinges streaked the Eastern horizon, then mimic islands and continents became traced out in the opening firmament, then the light became

stronger and stronger till it burst through the Orient portals, and the magnificent Day-god rose in all his majesty! The birds awoke, and twittered on the moor, the wild-flowers raised their heads to the cheering beam, the lark soared with his trill of joyous music. Nature became as one vast organ to hymn the praise of its Creator, and my soul within its half-shattered and dissolving mortal frame, which suffered acutely from the keen morning air, joined in the chorus of gratitude and the tribute of praise.

The first league from Arroyolos is all through rocks and stones of the same class of scattered boulders which I encountered in approaching the town. After a little, cultivation begins. The ground continues pretty level, then a forest of corkwood, *erzinheiras,* and gum-cistus, stretches to the far horizon. Here is seen the mode of treating the cork-tree. The exterior coat is peeled off, being renewed every two years. At a distance the tree somewhat resembles the olive. Now we met some sheep and swine, and one curious herd, composed entirely of little pigs, with properly enough a little swineherd:

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

This youth, like most swineherds whom we met, wore a woollen cap, and a striped blanket over his shoulder—his cloak by day, his bed by night. The morning was bitterly cold, and I suffered terribly, having had the misfortune to sleep in damp sheets the night but one before. The cold had (as invariably)

fallen on my chest, and my lungs were in terrible action. My suffering increased, until the advancing sun somewhat warmed the atmosphere. Manoel gave me a blanket, but it was of little use. He himself threw the end of a second blanket over his shoulder, and *imagined* (like the ostrich) that all his body was covered. We passed about twenty soldiers proceeding to Elvas, in white trousers, all covered with mud. They looked fatigued, but were stout fellows. The Portuguese soldiers are superior in appearance to both French and Spanish. The Portuguese men, as a class, are superior to their women, owing chiefly to the latter shutting themselves up constantly in their houses. Some of these soldiers had their guns fastened transversely on their backs, with the knapsack (*mochila*) strapped over it. They thus appear to carry their cross, but could sway their arms, a capital point in walking. Next we passed a *carro* drawn by oxen, of dun or cream-colour, with long horns, of the same breed as those of Spanish Estremadura, for there is no geological difference of soil, nor is there any of climate, from this to Toledo. These beasts were laden with tiles and bricks. We likewise passed two or three men on donkeys. And this was the whole of the passenger traffic, to encourage railway projectors, which we found from Arroyolos to Montemor, where we arrived at half-past ten, A. M. The last two leagues became rather more undulating. Now we passed through a cork forest, which covers nearly a square league. The trees became gradually thinner, and their place was taken by brushwood, *matta* and *iorra*,

with a lavender hue, the latter the largest in quantity. On ascending the hill to Montemor, we saw the first cactus, the first windmill, and the first regular *quinta* or enclosed garden-farm. Corn began to mingle with aromatic shrubs, and vine was mixed with olive cultivation. The town, like all those of Alemtejo, looks very pretty on its hill. The castle is very picturesque, dismantled but of great extent, encircling the crest of the hill all around. There is a square tower to the left with singular arch and covered way over it. There is another tower in the centre with the spire of a church over it, and other towers and remnants of walls and dismantled fortifications to the right, while the modern barrack is in the midst, on the hill. The place contains about 1100 houses. A convent of nuns is conspicuous in the midst of this town which illustrates the existing ecclesiastical system. All the convents of males were suppressed in 1834, those of females were left standing, on the stipulation that they should take in no novices, and that, as the nuns die off and reduce each house to one-third the original number, it shall be incorporated with other houses, until every female convent shall thus be finally closed. Here there is also conspicuous another object which speaks trumpet-tongued for the existing institutions of Portugal—a *morgado* house so strictly entailed, that though the heir has not a farthing to lay out on its conservation, it must go to ruin, and is now roofless and fast decaying, because it can be neither sold nor mortgaged. The Government of Counts Thomar and Tojal had passed a law to remedy

this vicious state of things, but this, with all their legislation, was swept away by the Revolution of Minho, in May last. The Calvario church in this town is worthy of notice, with its two neat towers. There is also a quinta belonging to a private individual, with a very ambitious architectural frontispiece facing the main street. I breakfasted very well at the Posada do Tenerim, on pork-chops, coffee, and pomegranates.

Mr. Borrow has fallen into a very ludicrous mistake here. Not knowing how to spell the name of the town, which he calls "*Monte Moro*" (Moorish Hill), instead of Montemôr-o-novo (the new Great Hill) as distinguishing it from *Montemôr-o-velho*, he fancies that the hill of course must be Moorish, and the castle upon it as well; and running his head against this post, he discovers Moorish architectural traces at every turn (there not being one about the whole town), compares it with Cintra, &c., &c.,—a most remarkable instance of the frightful effects of TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED. But the best of the joke is that he passes *Monte Moro* twice (in chapters 6 and 7,) on the road from Lisbon to Elvas!

We set out from Montemôr at ten o'clock, and for a full half league of Pyrenean pavement, I wished the *carro* and all its contents at the bottom of Styx, for the horrors of that jolting without spring or counterstay, are not to be described in human language. At length Nature resumed her rights, and we got into the wild moor-tract once more, but at times the Tartarean road recovered its tyrant sway, and shook and rattled me like a bag of

bones. But that happily these bits of *road* were few and far between, it would have been impossible to continue the journey. Here, on the moor, with some partridges, we lit upon an occasional *cotavía*, a small bird with bright plumage and long wings, which is very good eating.

For a league out of Montemôr the road is lined with thick hedges, enclosing comfortable *quintas*, and here we stopped to let the mules drink at a fine fountain covered with the most magnificent drooping willows in the world. Here I passed some fine specimens of men both on foot and horseback, arrayed for the most part in round tufted hats, and *zamarras* or black sheepskin jackets and galligaskins. The horse-furniture here is very complicated and showy. The Portuguese *lavradores* (farmers) and peasants of the better class, are for the most part fine-looking men, and brave, as they have recently shown; their costume does not differ much from that of Spaniards, but has a picturesqueness of its own; and all can handle their guns, and are not slow to do it. When they are not thus armed, they carry immensely long and sometimes thick and most formidable sticks, sufficient to fell an ox. Now we entered an extensive cork-forest, interspersed with acorn-oaks, under which black pigs were grazing and bursting in the plethora of luxurious enjoyment. Some of these oaks are very fine, and grow to a commanding height, the yellow fruit contrasting well with the dark green ground on which it reposes. As the wind whispered through the leaves, and mingled with the murmur of a neighbouring stream, I thought there was no music like that of the forest, and rejoiced that I was alone with

Nature. The quantity of *iorra* intermixed with the other brushwood, as we emerged from the forest, gave the ground for miles quite a lavender hue, and it was difficult to refrain from tears at seeing such magnificent tracts thus left waste and uninhabited, when a little human industry might cover them with corn-fields and vineyards, and with a numerous, contented and thriving population. Would to God that some thousands of my starving countrymen would emigrate to this beautiful district, and convert it to a Paradise by their labour! Next we encountered three or four women on mule and ass-back, with broad-brimmed hats (yet not so broad as those which I had seen at St. Ube's and Palmella) and short red cloaks with a scolloped black fringe or lozenge border. At St. Ube's, about twenty miles distant, in this same province, their cloaks are worn much longer, and with a broad black velvet hem at bottom. We leave the neighbourhood of towns again, and again are consigned to solitude. There is here a considerable tract of utter barrenness, but with irrigation, which is perfectly practicable, capable of the highest fertility. Scientific agriculture is here literally despised. The ox is the only farmer. Whatever his unassisted energies can accomplish is done; further, deponent saith not. Some portions of the profitless brushwood here are burnt, the first preliminary of agricultural labour, but beyond blackening the surface little advance has been made, and the *trigo* will be sown perhaps in another century.

Stopping to drink, the *macho* (of course a gelding, for Manoel's team consists of a he and she mule)

always makes the most powerful efforts to shake off the yoke, but in vain. It is impossible to conceive any thing much more brutal than this mode of harnessing the poor dumb animals. So utterly unnecessary too. The post which divides them is as strong as the rudder of a ship—as if they have not enough to carry without this additional encumbrance! But the mule (most useful hybrid) combines the horse's strength, and a portion of the horse's courage, with the donkey's patient sufferance. What, without him, and the ox, would the people of the Peninsula do? Literally, starve in the midst of plenty, and die by lazy thousands. All along this road you scarcely see a horse till you enter Lisbon, or if you do it is some starving and miserable hackney. The mule's heads in Manoel's *carro* are netted to keep off the flies, and the reins consist of a chain from the mouth of each, connected with the head-stall, ending in a rope by which Manoel steers the *carro,* throwing the chains over iron prongs which rise over the yoke, to the right and left. Most men have a singular dexterity in their own pursuits, and Manoel, with all his stolidity, is not deficient in this respect. He lights his *cigarrilho* in an instant with one blow of his flint and *yesca,* the result of long practice, and cuts his bacon with his *faca* out of his horn, and empties his wine-skin down his throat with an accuracy of aim which no jolting can disconcert.

A ragged boy, with a slouched and tattered hat and ragged sheep-skin galligaskins here ran after the *carro, pedindo esmola,* "seeking alms." I threw him a copper, which he kissed, (the usual custom

here), and ran home in high delight. We now passed through three leagues of wild country, covered with the three sorts of brushwood which I have already noticed, forming good cover for hares and rabbits, growing to a considerable height and forming very picturesque hedges, with which laurestinus and wild laurel are sometimes intermixed.

Very few Spanish Contrabandistas passed us on this road, which is accounted for partly because the season for their traffic has not yet begun, being contemporaneous with the Spanish fairs, which do not commence until Martinmas (12th of November), when the vintage is over and the new wine ripened; and partly because they frequently prefer another and more direct road from Montemor to Lisbon by Moita. We just now passed an *arrieiro* (muleteer) with four mules and a donkey—his coat laid on the latter's back. He led the donkey, and the mules followed, shaking their musical bells. As the cold of evening set in, the *arrieiro* removed his coat from the donkey's back, wrapt himself up in it, and proceeded quietly to eat his dinner. He was only a beginner. The complement of *cavalgaduras* for a full-blown *arrieiro* is five mules and a *jumento*, the mules as beasts of burden, the *jumento* for his own riding. Thus provided, and humming a low monotonous song, these hard-working sons of toil pass unconcernedly over hundreds of leagues. Such was Espartero's father. The burdens on the mules' backs are covered with a tarred canvas, mat, or sheepskin. The brushwood here is burnt in several directions. Would that I saw corn-fields growing in its

stead! But there is one word in the Peninsula which is destructive of every manly exertion, and saps every noble energy: *amanhãa*, *mañana*, "to-morrow!" They begin and procrastinate every thing here, and the result is that nothing is concluded, except Revolutions with anarchy in their train, and the abomination of desolation.

The costume and appearance of my three days' companion is not unworthy of notice. Manoel Alberto o Carreiro wears a dingy round hat with a rather broad leaf, and two worn-out tufts. His jacket is of a faded blue velvet, and in the back, the original purchase having been rather too thrifty, two additional pieces were obliged to be inserted. This trait sufficiently indicates Manoel's propensity for money-grubbing. The sleeves have likewise been renewed from the elbows, with pieces held by from the original purchase. He wears a somewhat faded brown *faxa*, and loose velveteen purple breeches, like those of a Turk, or of his prototype, Sancho Panza, in the pockets of which he stows away loose "prog." His leggings are a foxy brown, and rounded most inæsthètically at the points, and his brogues never knew polish since first they left the last. Lastly, Manoel hath a good-humoured, stolid face, at peace with the world, and not likely to get into a war with any one. Yet withal is there a species of coquètry about the man (albeit, past his fiftieth year), for his shirt-collar and a kind of ruffle at his wrists are worked with the needle to resemble lace, and fastened at the neck with two gilt buttons and a chain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vendas Novas.—The Estalagem.—The Royal Palace.—The landlord at the inn.—Return from shooting.—Robber story.—Curiosities of my bed.—Characteristic trait of Manoel.—Astonishment at the sight of a real hat.—From Vendas Novas to Pegoens.—Character of the Ribatejo or Tagus-bordering country.—Singular diversity of brushwood and aromatic shrubs.—The Elvas Estafette.—Pegoens.—The *Estalagem dos Ladroens*.—First intelligence of Yesterday's Revolution at Lisbon.—A town where mustard never was mixed!—A pine-grove.—Silhouettes of three of the poorest peasants.—Fine prospects of railway traffic!—Arriba.—A field of rice.—Nossa Senhora da Atalaya.—First view of Lisbon.—Aldea Gallega.—The beautiful Tagus.—Crew and adornments of the Fabua.—Bird's-eye-view of Lisbon, as seen from the river.

Aldea Gallega, October 8.

We drove into the Estalagem at Vendas Novas, *carro*, mules, and all, as usual, under a low-roofed stable supported by immense arches. Here we enter the province of Portuguese Estremadura, through which we have about thirty miles to pass before we reach the Tagus opposite Lisbon. But as the word "*Alemtejo*" means "beyond the Tagus," in common parlance this entire district is usually confounded with the Alemtejo. The accurate name for the por-

tion of it which borders the river, is the *Ribatejo* (Tagus bank). On entering the town, we passed, to the right hand, the Royal Palace, a large but plain house, with nothing noticeable but the telegraph on its roof. Here Donna Maria stopped on her progress through Alemtejo, three years since. The Posada at Vendas Novas began to assume more of a look of comfort than those of the wild region through which we have passed. We could feel the approach to the confines of civilization. There was a number of fine looking men in the kitchen; the women were generally robust, but inferior in looks—the result of rather severe habits of labour. The landlord returned from the chase shortly after I arrived, and as he laid down his gun, and stripped off his bags and pouches, he cursed the chase and day's luck with a hearty good will.

"*Maldita seja a caça!* (cursed be the chase!) for neither bird nor four-footed animal have I caught or espied, though I have been out four hours. *O Diabo te leve de caça!*" I learned from the sportsman, who was a jolly, good-looking man, that the game usually met in this district consists of rabbits, (hares very seldom), partridges, and *cotavías*, for rabbits they reckon as game in the Peninsula. I cheered him with better hopes for the future, but I was not a little annoyed myself, for I should have very much liked a partridge, hare, or rabbit for my supper. As it was, I was obliged to put up with a chicken, which I had boiled with rice and fine large onions under my own immediate inspection, so as to have some broth to begin with—just tasting of the fowl, but

not so much as to injure it. My *cuisine* of this night was finally arranged very much to my satisfaction.

While my supper was preparing, the landlady related a wild robber-story (for this and Pegoens are amongst the most robber-infected districts in Portugal) of an adventure she had met with some years before at the latter place. She was then unmarried, and was a daughter of the single inn-keeper of the town. Twelve robbers visited the Estalagem at midnight, and ransacked it from top to bottom. First they seized all the arms, next the money, next the eatables and wine, and then, when every passion was inflamed to madness: "*Agora las raparigas!*" (now the girls) exclaimed the chief, in tones that brought dismay to every female heart. The *patrôa*, a very respectable matron, told us that, though the blood was curdling at her heart, she contrived to steal to a window that communicated with the *quinta*, let herself down, and escape to the wild Pegoens moor, where she remained for the rest of the night, shivering with the cold, but too happy to have escaped from greater perils. The kitchen in this Estalagem at Vendas Novas had quite a Roman air; the roof and arches reminded me of some drawings which I had seen from Pompeii. The huge water-pitchers were perfect Roman *amphoræ*. The seats, tables, and two-handled pipkins were not less Roman in their aspect. All the way from Merida, I have seen these traces of by-gone Roman civilization, proving, first how deeply a great people can impress its idea, and next how long the

forms of an extinct civilization endure. I now retired to bed, for as I was determined to reach Aldea Gallega next day by three, it would be necessary to leave by half-past three in the morning. My bed here was rather softer than those which I had lately reposed on, but the *manta* was clearly a worn-out swine-herd's blanket! These things, however, are not to be examined too curiously, or who would ever dream of travelling? The sheets were of good home-spun linen, and I took care to have them well-aired; but the lamp which they gave me to light me to bed was a mere tin saucer. I punished Manoel for his ill-breeding on the previous evening by excluding him from a participation in my supper, which was served in an inner room, a degree of refinement unknown in the Posadas at which I had previously stopped, for I had eaten at them invariably in the kitchen. Mark the consequence of my refusing to invite Manoel to share my supper. I cut half the chicken and sent it out to him, but he refused to touch it, saying that he had ordered a chicken for himself! This was a falsehood, for he supped (as I afterwards ascertained) on a miserable *sopa*, but his pride would not permit him to touch what was given in a way that indicated inferiority. Never was there a more characteristic trait of national manners. Your servant in Portugal never thinks himself one whit your inferior.

A curious incident occurred here. Two fine young peasants entered the kitchen while I was sitting there, and sat down for a chat and a cup of coffee (for

drunkards here are only the result of foreign contagion). My hat was lying on the table. It arrested both their eyes at once:—

"*Porem é bonito*" (It's handsome, though) said one—

"*E, é, não ha duoida*" (It is, it is, without doubt) the other replied.

They had never before seen anything of the kind but a *sombrero*.

Vendas Novas has its neat church and its few score houses, each one story high and surmounted by a large whitewashed chimney. My bill here was nearly as reasonable as through the rest of the province. Supper and bed, a *crusado* (twenty pence).

We left Vendas Novas at three this morning in a cold drizzle. Manoel threw a striped blanket over me, for which civility I promised him an extra half-dollar, if he would make sure of arriving at Aldea Gallega by three. He likewise slung up a kind of half-screen against the weather, which scarcely afforded a shadow of protection. From Vendas Novas to Aldea Gallega (a distance of eight leagues,) the road is over sand, and therefore very agreeable in the *carro*, or in a carriage of any kind. The entire country of the *Ribatejo* partakes of the same character to Moita on the margin of the Tagus, on one side, and to St. Ube's on the Atlantic, on the other. But the soil beneath this sand is endued with great fertility, and upon it are grown at St. Ube's some of the finest oranges in the world. The same brushwood and aromatic shrubs cover these downs as before, but in greater diversity, and in

every hue of green, blue, yellow, and lavender. In fact, the wild tract over which we passed had quite the appearance of a botanical garden. For thirty miles, to the margin of the Tagus, there is here a dead level, and Nature seems to have cut out the country for a railway, if she would only furnish it with a population.

About 4 A. M. we passed the estafette to Elvas —a lad on a single mule, whom any *raterillo* might *dévaliser*, and appropriate the contents of his leathern bag. He is bound to reach Elvas within forty-eight hours. The estafette used often to be robbed, but never latterly. The rogues of Portugal, though strong, it seems are merciful.

Pegoens [gusts of wind] consists of three houses and a fountain. The single Estalagem is the most miserable in Portugal. It is called the *Estalagem dos Ladroens,* and it answers quite by its appearance. Robbery here used to fructify nightly, and in short, this was the regular house of call for the *má gente.* The interior of the Estalagem is wretchedly comfortless. A tree stripped of its bark, and with its branches lopped off, but with no other change, supports the roof, so that you might imagine yourself still in the wilderness. Here I heard of the Revolution which took place yesterday in Lisbon, of which the post-boy carried the news, and of course precipitated Manoel on his journey. There were no rabbits to be had here, notwithstanding that it is the land of rabbits; no pork nor *chouriço*, though it be the land of pigs; no grapes, melons, nor other mentionable fruit—nothing but miserable chickens,

of which my *détour* through Alemtejo had sickened me. I ordered three eggs, which the blundering *patrôa*, a condemned *ladrôa* by her looks, brought to me hard as bullets. I was about to fling them at her head. Fortunately I obtained two others, and boiled them myself. Having been travelling since three in the morning I was desperately hungry, and *faute de mieux* ordered some fat bacon to be cooked. I then called for mustard. She brought it in the powder, and scattered it on my plate.

"*Por amor de Dios*, what do you mean, uncouth one?" I exclaimed.

"*Não é assim?*" (Isn't that the way you use it?) she rejoined, and then confessed that she had never seen it eaten, since no one at Pegoens cared for it. She further frankly avowed that they eat like cannibals, and that Christian usages are not yet introduced. With a little vinegar I mixed some of the mustard, and attacked the bacon, but found it nauseously fat. The tea here again was milkless. Ye gods, what a breakfast! To wind up, the dessert was composed of crab-apples, of which it was impossible to crunch half a one. I fled from Pegoens like *le Juif errant*, invoking on it the curse of Kehama.

Within two leagues of Aldea Gallega begins an extensive pine-grove (pinhal.) Similar groves stretch all along the coast, and to a considerable distance in-land, as far as Palmella. There are great numbers of them likewise on the Atlantic coast between Lisbon and Oporto. In the southern part of Alemtejo and in Algarve, the forests are of cork. There

are league-stones from Aldea Gallega to Estremoz, on the heads of which some curious vagaries are cut. The pines look beautiful, with their long straight stems and their variegated green clusters of leaves. Some are tall and tapering in a single shoot, others have three or four branches radiating from a single stem with the precision of a mathematical diagram. Here we passed three peasants in the lowest state of misery (a rare thing to see in Portugal,) wearing loose brown linen pantaloons, of a Turkish width, descending to the knee, the legs and feet entirely bare, and ragged coats and wallets on a stick over each man's shoulder. Rusty hats completed the costume, and only one of the three had a blanket. He must be poor indeed who cannot muster a blanket! I distributed a few coppers amongst these poor fellows, for which they were immensely grateful, the *numerario* (ready money) being now so scarce in Portugal.

On this wretched road Manoel often slept, but the intelligent mules found their way quite as well, and always chose the best track. For five miles we did not meet a human soul, and for twenty miles on the road to-day we met only three *carros*, with passengers and goods for Elvas, three or four peasants, and a man cutting brushwood for the baker's *fornos*. We might be robbed and murdered, and turned inside out, and none the wiser. But truly these are a pacific people. Now we pass three *carros* laden with Alemtejo wool for Lisbon. For two leagues more the pine grove is thick and clustering. The road is very pleasant through continuous sand, with-

out the slightest intervention of human aid. Now we fell upon some cultivation about a small village called Arriba, with its bridge over a streamlet, a league and half on this side of Aldea Gallega. Here the peasants likewise all wear linen breeches, a Guernsey shirt, and a dingy brown slouched hat to complete the costume. So close to the coast, they all partake the fisherman's character. Here to the left of the road is a fine field of rice, which is beginning to be rather extensively cultivated in the Alemtejo; it is extremely rare in the rest of Portugal, yet might be grown almost all over the country. The crop is a very beautiful light green, and waves and lies about in long grass-like sheaves.

The weather throughout this journey has been warm, without being disagreeably so. We had only one drizzling shower last night, and beautiful sunshine during the day all the rest of the time.

Two miles from Aldea Gallega, we pass a small village on a hill with a well-known church, called Nossa Senhora da Atalaya. Here there are some aloes and cactus, but not a soul is visible. From the brow of this hill we obtain a distant view of Lisbon, the goal of our journey.

Beautiful looks the fair city, as of marble palaces rising over the edge of that glorious river; and it is only on a very close acquaintance that the illusion is dispelled. This hill is the only one for thirty miles, and may be readily rounded. Here there is a walled vineyard, and a cross on the verge of the road to show where a murder was committed, and another cross covered with handsome masonry in

four arches, sustained by pillars and shaded by trees, to shew where cultivation and civilization begin. Now we pass through vineyards on either side, and as we approach, the ships are seen in the Tagus, and houses and churches on the distant height.

Aldea Gallega (the Galician village) is rather cleaner than the generality of Portuguese towns. It has about 900 houses, and upwards of 4000 inhabitants. The Municipal Chamber is a respectable building. The church is rather plain with its two blunt-capped towers. The *Praça* is open, and contains two crosses, one of iron, the other of stone. The Rua do Caes leads down to the water's edge. The Rua do Mata-Porcos (Kill-pig-street), is at right angles with it. There is here an Estalagem, a Casa de Pasto (eating-house), and a Café on a small scale. The quay is small, but sufficient for the few *faluas* which sail out of the estuary at the bottom of which Aldea Gallega is situated.

Lisbon, October 8.

The view from the river in front of Aldea Gallega is delightful—the shores all lined with vineyards and olive groves, the town in the midst, the *faluas*, (Borrow with a pretentious air calls them "felouks," and is sure he has hit it,) flapping their sails loosely in the wind, and the church with its two blunt, curious towers, while Nossa Senhora da Atalaya towers over the pines above. Palmella to the right crowns the hill with its precipitous castle, and an undulating range of mountains extends to

St. Ube's, on one hand, and to the bar of Lisbon on the other. The blue river, with a beautiful ripple to curl it, just feels the amorous kissing of the N. E. wind, which is not unfavourable to our voyage, and is better than a wind directly from the S., which is called a "Palmellão," and might dash the shipping in the *Quadro* at Lisbon to pieces. It is a noble river the Tagus—by far the noblest in Europe—and poets know, and have felt and recorded its beauty. The "*amnis aurifer Tagus*" lives in Catullus's sweetest song,* and Silius Italicus glows in his description of the "*Tagus auriferis arenis*,"† while Camóens gives to it and Guadiana the palm amongst Iberian streams:—

> "Atraz tornon as ondas de medroso:
> Correo ao mar o Tejo duvidoso."—*Lus.* iv. 28.

The sailors in their woollen caps and blue jackets, who compose the little crew of the tight *falua*, have many-buttoned waistcoats, and Barcelona handkerchiefs tied loosely round their thick sun-burnt throats, while they lash the water against the triangular Latine sail. The boat is about eight tons burden, with a half-covered deck, under which passengers may retire in rain and stormy weather. A dog is standing on the front of the little quarter-deck, where the master is steering, with a tufted Hispano-Lusitanian hat. The sides of the boat are fitted underneath with seats for the passengers, where myself and my luggage now occupy the entire space, and the back of these seats is covered

* xxvii. † xvi. 559.

all round with florid painting of fruit and flower-baskets, as in all the rooms at Lisbon, where a clever popular *fresco* universally prevails. But in these barks the skipper's fancy always disports itself upon the interior of the stern. One that I used to sail very much with called his boat, with a loyalty that outstripped his orthographic skill, "Dona Maria da Goloria." Our skipper to-day is still lengthier. This rhyme is painted all over his stern :—

> "formatura bem pintada
> queatodos tens emtento
> e asenhora datalia
> e Osantissimo sacramento,"

which singular specimen of Portuguese must be thus expounded: "Your form is painted well, to invite every one into you, and the Senhora da Atalaya (the Church above) and the most holy Sacrament." The intention is of course to place the bark under this twofold sacred patronage.

Underneath are painted two female angels, extraordinary *mammalia*, more like mermaids, with necklaces and sundry other adornments, including wings; curly hair of golden brown, most rare in Portugal, and therefore the more highly prized (as in Lapland they never think of preaching that a certain place has a warm climate), cheeks blushing like peonies, and Indian plumes of feathers round their waists—a reminiscence of the old Portuguese navigators. Each supports in her sinister hand a flower-pot, and lays the right on a curtain most extravagantly folded, while the initials of the *Mestre* himself are in the centre.

Lisbon now becomes more distinctly visible, beneath a glorious sun, which is much warmer than I have felt it for some time past. It looks a city of marble palaces. We pass other *faluas*, some two-masted, some with single masts, some with yellow sails gently inclined. These sails ascend to a point, and are usually crossed perfectly like the wings of a bird.

From Aldea Gallega to Lisbon is three leagues, or rather more than ten miles. The point of Montijo is a league distant from Aldea Gallega, and two from Lisbon. We pass the point, and the *quinta* with olive-grove and fine white house of Rodrigo da Fonseca. From this point the river stretches away to the north and west. To the eastward, at the Lezirias, which scarcely rise above the edge, it appears a boundless ocean.

Here then, the Tagus is fairly seven miles wide—a noble expanse. We pass the Portuguese ships of war, the old Miguelite ship *Rainha*, which Napier boarded and seized so gallantly at Cape St. Vincent in 1833, and the *Vasco da Gama*, which has been more than twenty years building, and not yet completed, though she has already cost more than 400 contos of reis, near 100,000*l.*! The other ships which compose the Portuguese navy, being in active service, move from place to place; but these are fixtures. The *Rainha* frigate, in which Napier took the ship of the same name, was lying here for years, but now she has become the guard-ship at Belem.

We approach the Lisbon shore. There is the *Hospital da Marinha*, that large yellow house, sur-

mounted by the two turrets. Next is the *Fundição*, and the *Arsenal do Exercito*, a long, neat yellow row of building. The Church of *Sta. Engracia* is seen above, with its four magnificent incomplete towers. There is the enormous Church of *San Vicente da Fora*, with its two towers and its central, slightly raised cupola. Here repose the Kings of Portugal. On the 26th of September last, the anniversary of Dom Pedro, the Chartist party mustered here in great force, and the counter-movement of yesterday was then and there determined on. That long yellow building with buttresses and stone façade, close to the landing-place, is the *Tenerio do Trigo*, or corn-market. Now we are close to the *Quadro*, with its crowded shipping and the custom-house in front, from which British sailors have imported the slang name *quod* into our language. The *Sé* or Cathedral of Lisbon, with its two antique towers, and clustering houses, appears above, and the *Limoeiro*, or chief prison, a yellow, repulsive-looking building beneath. We touch the Caes do Veropeso, and here we land.

CHAPTER XIX.

A new System enthroned! A new series of Revolutions begun! —Secret of the Revolutionary state of the country.—Sketch of the Cabral Administration, and its fruits.—Symptoms of national amelioration, which disappeared with the Revolution of Minho.—Cabral's Parliamentary system.—Impracticability of fair representation.—Disgusting apathy of the people, with illustrations.—State of Lisbon.—Adulation of the *Diario*.—The Royal Family.—Sketches of the Queen, King, and Princes. Dom Miguel.

Lisbon, October 10.

THE new system is enthroned! But shall we not have new Revolutions? Yes, as surely as one side provokes, the other will have its *revanche* and its recoil. A revolutionary madness has seized the nation from the Crown to the meanest subject. But shall Dona Maria de Braganza be deserted? Perish the thought! Women are not consummate politicians, and if she was a little precipitate in this movement, shall Lord Palmerston with cold-blooded indifference see her pay for one false step with her head? Perish the thought!

> " Dizei-the que tambem dos Portuguezes,
> Algum traidores houve algumas vezes."
>
> Camóens, *Lus.* iv. 33.
>
> And traitors, too, have shewn themselves at times,
> And Lusitanian have been English crimes!

So little attention has been of late years directed to Portugal, a country once so famous in Europe, that my readers will probably receive with satisfaction a rapid yet not undetailed notice of its actual state and future prospects. The throne of Afonzo Henriques appears to be tottering; the sceptre torn from five Moorish Kings on the field of Ourique, seems threatened with being wrested from the hands of a female representative of the House of Braganza. The revolutionary ferment of four years back seems not yet to have subsided. The country was governed for a time, if not by a Pombal, at least by men who had energy enough to keep down their adversaries, to countermine intrigue in its darkest gallery, and take care that their behests were fulfilled. The liberties bequeathed by the Côrtes of Lamego might not be wholly enjoyed by a sluggard people under the unconsolidated framework of a very modern Constitution. But the country was administered, disturbances were successfully (and happily without bloodshed) suppressed, the finances were ably administered, public works undertaken and completed, and a gratifying prospect presented of material development.

The domestic squabbles of Portuguese parties are to me of little moment, and in their internal policy I have little disposition to interfere, except as it affects the progress, general amelioration, and solvency of the country. The origin of the Cabral administration may not be such as to bear the light; it may have been conceived in treason, and nursed in corruption. But its existence, as well as the

restoration of the Charter, which it achieved by a Revolution, feathering its own nest at the same time, were accomplished facts, and as such were accepted with their consequences. It is precisely four years and a half since that singular retro-active movement took place, (we are now in the midst of another,) and since the "gentle compulsion" put upon Queen Maria at Oporto to re-accept her Imperial father's code, re-constituted for the seventh or eighth time the fundamental law of the kingdom, realizing the strong image in the lines called "Majesty in Misery," written by our Charles I. when a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, just two centuries since:—

"'The corner-stone's misplaced by every pavier!"

The policy of the late Government of Portugal is to be tested by its results, and not by prejudiced or hostile declamation. For four years the dominant party held its ground successfully, strengthening its position at every footstep of its progress, and, by whatever means secured, its triumph was no longer equivocal. It is true that no very brilliant results were witnessed, that the old muddy streams had not yet been converted into crystalline fountains, nor passed, as it would seem, into much purer channels. But the country was administered, if not quite organized, and chaos was reduced to a plan. A period of quiescence and repose was enjoyed. Public credit was high, both at home and abroad, and the finances were most ably administered. The development of industrial resources was allowed at

least to commence. Profoundly pervaded by the conviction that every administration in Portugal is a choice of evils, and that the Outs who are endeavouring to extrude the Ins would only probably be worse ministers than those whom they are seeking to supplant, I submit to fate with great complacency, and were His Satanic Majesty himself Prime Minister in Portugal, (as there be some who think the Grand Master of the Masonic Lodges not a widely dissimilar personage,) I should prefer him in that capacity to seeing the country not governed at all.

It is true that the progress of public works was slow and feeble, that the propositions of the Government for the construction of railways enounced in October 1845, was so absurdly exigent as to frighten away all foreign projectors, that the nearly exclusive tariff subsists in its unabated enormity; but a magnificent new theatre was erected at Lisbon, a great system of roads was in the course of construction throughout the kingdom, and it is a great fact, that upon these roads there were 9000 labourers employed.

The secret of the revolutionary state of this country is that the late Minister Cabral pulled the rein too tightly; and that his government, while it was vigorous, was likewise corrupt. He passed from unconstitutional measure to measure, without once halting in his path to reflect. He undoubtedly did much good, but he also accomplished evil. His *system* of government, honestly administered, I believe to be the only one that is fitted for this country —the "*despotisma ilustrado*" of Zea Bermudez.

But Cabral flung moderation to the winds, and he was compelled to proceed onward in the path which he had chosen. Like those who fled from Sodom, if he looked back he perished. The dictator (like the woman) who hesitates, is lost. He made shoals of enemies. Yet if he could have contrived to produce decrees a little less violent and more judicious, it would be absurd to quarrel with a dictatorship in a country like this. The Portuguese do not comprehend and scarcely deserve liberty. They have certainly fought for it, but they have quarrelled for years over the spoil. They have acted like children, and like children they should be treated. Their Parliament is the merest toy, emitting no more substantial or methodized sounds than a baby's rattle. It is a musical box which the Minister winds up and lays upon the table, when presently come forth some fascinating sounds which soon shape themselves into the common jig of "Bill of Indemnity." The tune is an agreeable one enough, but that all the world knew before what was coming. Next come half a dozen other tunes, a complete set of legislative quadrilles, but they are all "*Les échos.*" Ah, how inferior to the human voice, the living, speaking, thrilling voice, which is imbued with will and mind, through which vibrate a heart and a soul! It is this miserable delusiveness of this so-called representation which proves the Portuguese unfitted for freedom. The vast bulk of the electors are brutally ignorant of the real bearings of politics, parties, and questions relating to the national interests. They are likewise brutally supine and brutally servile.

They won't inform themselves. To be sure, there is scarcely an honest paper in Portugal, and to receive correct impressions they should read two journals on opposite sides. These they could have for a shilling a week. A dozen might club their pence for the purpose. But what shall I say of a people who would part with their blood sooner than a penny for any such purpose, and who vote lists of deputies sent to them from Lisbon, and will still continue to vote them?

These are conscientious opinions of the national political character, which I have acquired by an extensive survey, and which I would assert on the scaffold. I have no wine to buy or sell, and I need not to belaud the natives. There are no elements of public virtue here, and never in our time will there be true representation. One fact to prove this detestable apathy. In St. Ube's, the fourth town in the kingdom, containing upwards of 6000 inhabitants, and within five leagues of the metropolis, there is no paper, not even the smallest rag, published, any more than in any secondary town of Portugal, and during a week's residence there I ascertained that the number of papers received by post is precisely six, or one for every thousand persons! Moreover, the parties receiving these papers were all official men or merchants. The most important events were passing in Lisbon, yet not a soul knew or cared about them. Another fact: I was at Carcavellos and St. Domingo during the height of the siege of Almeida. Few had heard of the event, and not one seemed to trouble himself about it! Yet

Fort St. Julian, only a few miles distant, then held its quota of state prisoners. The fact is that, excepting about 3000 persons, for the most part intriguers, in Lisbon and Oporto, and scattered through the other towns, no one in Portugal knows or cares anything for politics; the few who can read are doggedly averse to the exercise of that faculty, and the elections are arranged by a Government as it pleases. Representation thus being a thing impossible, I am far from being indisposed to an enlightened despotism, by which alone, I think, the country could be adequately governed. The difficulty is, in such a country, to find one man in whom confidence can be safely reposed. Unquestionably Costa Cabral is not that man. With such antecedents, and so surrounded, confidence in him singly is impossible. Yet, unsafe as it is to prophesy in the Peninsula, I predict that he will again before long be Minister. He had been deserted before his fall by many of his most eminent supporters, whom he had estranged by his violent measures:—the Duke of Palmella, and Silva Carvalho, both Councillors of State, Sousa Azevedo, his last Minister of Justice, and Mello e Carvalho his first Minister of Justice, Ottolini his Attorney-General, and Magalhaens the latter's assistant. These were severe secessions. What then? In the Masonic system they were the merest ciphers. Their votes in both Chambers were swamped by huge majorities. Hope binds some, possession binds more, fear binds most. With his Masonic clubs and his system of terrorism for foes and Government employment for supporters, Cabral had thoroughly

corrupted the heart of the community. His throne, like the capital of France, was raised on a rotten catacomb. But it was ribbed and arched, and supported by the undying depravity of human nature; and as Paris fears no descent into her funereal vaults, so nothing but a convulsion of nature appeared likely to unseat him. His position was far more secure than that of Narvaez, because Spaniards are made of sterner stuff, and it was sufficient for his purpose to do what Narvaez did not find enough—to pay the Palace and the Army. He fell—*because he was betrayed.*

The readiness with which the Chambers voted whatever the Minister proposed to them, and the character of their employé composition necessarily producing subserviency, recall to mind that, in one of the smallest European Kingdoms, the Minister, in little more than three years conferred no fewer than forty titles of nobility (besides minor titles innumerable), that eight of these—the lowest being that of Baron—have been given to the commanders of the eight military divisions, that the deputies for the most part hold paid removeable offices, and never at elections present themselves to the constituencies, but are returned in lists sent to the provincial authorities by a Committee of which the Minister is chief manager, and upon which the whole weight of the Government is centred, the people being often ignorant of the very names of their new Members! We have thus revived at this day in Portugal the system which flourished in those Chambers of Charles the Second, which were called *par excel-*

lence, the "Pensionary Parliament," and which Sir Francis Winnington described in the following speech: "I did observe that all those who had pensions and offices voted of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices." Thus what was contemptible even under the despotism of the Stuarts, 170 years back, is good enough for "constitutional" Portugal!

October 20.

Some pieces of artillery have been planted at the chief gates of the city, to be prepared against any marching of rebels from the country.

The *Diario* states that the insurgents at Oporto are much disheartened by the fact that the 3rd and 15th regiments, at Braga, have strongly adhered to the Queen and Saldanha, as well as the 14th, at Vizar, and the 9th, at Lamego; that the 8th cavalry has declared itself in the same sense, as well as the 12th cavalry at Guarda. The *Diario* adds that the disposition of the troops generally throughout the north of the kingdom is good, and that the people decline to take up arms at the bidding of the Revolutionary Junta.

The principal streets are patrolled by parties of officers on horseback, amongst whom is conspicuous Dom Carlos de Mascarenhas. The object is to convince the people that the universal volunteer enlistment will be insisted on. So rigorously has it been insisted on that neither my baker nor my milkman gave me their usual supply this morning. Both

have been seized for military service. Saldanha is in earnest.

The Government *Diario*, the only newspaper which in this period of "suspension of the guarantees" is permitted to be published, and in this country so completely under the control of Ministers that the editor dare not introduce a word into it without their approval, has an exaggerated leading article to-day, in allusion to the fact of the Queen's having conferred the command of the army on her royal consort (in accordance with the terms of his marriage treaty) and made her eldest son, a boy of ten years, honorary colonel of a regiment, and her second son, a child of eight years, an officer in the navy:—

"Thrice," says the writer, "does she risk her blood for the same land which has already cost her a Father!" Dom Pedro died a natural death, accelerated, to be sure, by ingratitude, but still a natural death.

The aspect of Lisbon, for some time past, has been highly military. In addition to the garrison, which has been increased by contingents from the quieter districts, we have all kinds of citizen-soldiers and "volunteer" battalions, the majority of whom are forced. Many of these are awkward squads enough, but some are neat and soldierly. Since the close of the War of Succession in 1834, the use of firearms and an acquaintance with military movements are pretty general here.

Of these hasty citizen levies, which by law include every Portuguese between eighteen and forty-five years of age, some are rigged out in full uniform,

others in a jacket merely, others in the cross-belts over an ordinary working coat, others again in a forage-cap with no other indication of soldiership. Few bear arms unless upon the regular parades, and even in mounting guard by these volunteer battalions, a bayonet singly is the weapon usually borne. Horses and mules have been seïzed in every direction; it is but seldom, however, that these are found to come up to the military standard. In all, Lisbon has furnished only eighty.

The Royal Family of Portugal makes a great military demonstration at this period. The King, as Commander-in-Chief, is now the head and front of all military movements and evolutions. His Majesty has identified himself entirely, as might be supposed, with the Queen's views, embracing warmly the politics of the Chartist party, now the only loyal one in the country, and committing himself thoroughly as a partisan. The late *coup d'état* having been determined on, this became quite inevitable. By His Majesty's side, on these public occasions of military demonstration, is ever seen his chief of staff, the fine old Marshal, Marquis of Saldanha, whose snow-white hair and moustache, and stately appearance give the interest of antique romance to the cause which he chivalrously supports, and who contributed more to make the cause of Dom Pedro respectable than any other individual connected with it. To complete the group comes the young Prince of Portugal, riding on a graceful little pony at the head of the regiment of Queen's grenadiers, of which he wears the uniform as Colonel.

October 28.

The Queen and King proceeded this day to the *Secretaria da Guerra* (War Office) in Black Horse Square, to see the ninth and fourteenth regiments land from Santarem, for the purpose of being organised and incorporated with the Army of Operations. They were detained a considerable time. At length the contingents of these two regiments, amounting to 800 men, came down the Tagus in three small steamers from Villa Nova, and landed at the Caes dos Vapores (Steamer-Quay) just under the War Office, amidst the acclamations of the adherents of the Charter, the discharge of rockets, and the playing of the Charter Hymn. On this occasion the young Princes, for the first time, wore the uniform of their new appointments. The Prince of Portugal looked extremely well in his uniform of Colonel of the Queen's Grenadiers, wearing his epaulettes and tiny sword with an air of inborn Royalty. He has shown for some time past a great love of the military profession. The little fellow also draws very well, and this day sketched one of the bearded grenadiers in the square in front of the window where he stood, so well as to astonish every *employé* in the office. The King likewise draws extremely well.

The second Prince, the Duke of Porto, also looked well in his uniform of *guarda-marinha*, or midshipman. Their Majesties introduced him to-day, for the first time in that capacity, at the Naval Arsenal, and having entered amidst a great concourse of spectators, the magnificent *Sala de*

Risco, (one of the largest rooms in Europe,) in which lectures on the naval science are delivered, the Royal youngster, without more ado ascended the shrouds of the little model-ship which is fixed at one end of the Hall to assist the *Lentes*, or Professors, in their demonstrations, and was at the mast-head in the twinkling of an eye, ascending with the agility of a monkey. This tiny Duke of Porto has already exhibited a marked preference for the naval profession, for which his character (so far as can now be judged) seems a good deal fitted. He has not the steadiness of his elder brother, but this is not to be wondered at in so mere a child, and the growth of a couple more years may make an immense difference.

Dona Maria is undoubtedly a fine woman, with a good skin and complexion, and a colour in which lilies and roses vie. Her mouth is not quite worthy of the rest of her face, but her smile is very agreeable. Grace of figure is not to be expected in a woman of her great size, the Queen being positively eighteen stone weight. Her Majesty is of most amiable private character, is devotedly attached to her beautiful young family, and would be truly a mother to her subjects if they would only let her. She is a perfect mistress of the French language, and well versed in English and German, and her musical accomplishments are of a high order.

The King has immensely improved in his appearance of late. He shows more beard, and his face and aspect are altogether much more manly. He looks extremely well in uniform, and rides with dis-

tinguished grace, bestriding his charger like one whose fate it is

"To witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Dom Miguel, whose partisans have become rather active of late, was what the Portuguese describe by the significant words "*pateta*" and "*burro*"—a dolt. His policy and entire course of conduct during the period of his Usurpation abundantly prove this. Stupid terrorism was his only means of government, and while he hanged enough Liberals on the Caes do Sodré, and filled with their still living carcases the hideous dungeons (*calabonços* and *masmorras*) of the Tower of St. Julian's and the Limoeiro, he thought he was making sure of the permanence of his dynasty. The name "*burro*," which he thus so richly earned, was fixed on all his followers, the Miguelites, as a class; and in return, the latter gave to the Constitutionalists the unsavoury designations of "*malhados*" and "*camelas*" (piebald brutes and camels,) to indicate their contempt for their supposed mutability of principle.

Dom Miguel's entire youth was passed in the coach-house and stables with the servants, and so utterly did Dom John VI. neglect his education, that, incredible as it will appear, when Dom Miguel, in 1829, usurped the exercise of the Royal authority, *he did not know how to write, and signed his name to his first Royal decree*, "MIGEL!" His Ministers interposed, with the remark, "Oh, your Majesty, this will never do."

Very unlike this has been the education of the two young Princes, the Prince of Portugal and the

Duke of Porto. M. Dietz has educated them extremely well, and I trust the day may never arrive when the dictation of the foul-mouthed rabble shall drive him from the country.

November 7.

Saldanha, promoted to the Ducal rank, has marched northward against the rebels. He is a soldier, and a general, and undoubtedly a chivalrous Gentleman. It is near forty years since he obtained from our Prince Regent a decoration for his services, as a young officer, at the battle of Busaco.

CHAPTER XX.

The Lions of Lisbon.—The Revolution of September, 1836, and subsequent movements.—The Passeio.—The Castle of St. George.—The Cathedral.—Dom Pedro, the composer of a High Mass and a Charter.—Reminiscences of Dom Miguel.—The Largo do Pelourinho.—The Bank of Lisbon.—Naval Arsenal.—The Caes do Sodré.—The Opera-House of San Carlos.—The Church of San Francisco da Cidade.—The Côrtes.—Church of the Estrella.—The English Church and Burial-Ground.—Fielding's Monument.—Buenos Ayres.—The Royal Palace of Necessidades.—The English Embassy.—Palace of the Empress-Duchess of Braganza.—The Royal Palace.—The Convent of St. Jerome.—Pedronços.—The Tower of Belem.—Cacilhas.—Palace of Ajuda.—The painter Gram Vasco —Bemfica.—Queluz.—S. Pedro.—Cintra.—Colaris.—Convent of the Pena, the Cork Convent, &c.—Mafra, Torres Vedras, the battle-grounds.—Excursions in the vicinity of Lisbon.

The lions of Lisbon are few in number. Begin with the Terreiro do Paço, or Black Horse Square. The public offices around it, containing all the Ministerial departments, are commodious and creditable, and the staircases of *lioz* (a compact marble-like stone) are particularly well executed. Here also, next to the custom-house, is the Praça or Exchange, which is neat

without being at all pretending. The statue of Dom José in the centre has quite an exaggerated reputation amongst the Portuguese, being in reality of little merit. The enormous helmet is in the perfection of bad taste. Murphy, however, praises this statue, at which I confess, I am not a little surprised, but the German naturalist, Link, and Prince Lichnowsky, find little in it to admire, and I am quite of their opinion. The name of the sculptor, is Joaquim Machado de Castro, whom the Portuguese naturally praise, because they have had no other.

This ground is the site of the ancient Royal Palace, which was destroyed, with all the lower part of the town, by the Lisbon Earthquake of 1755. The arch over the opening to the Rua Augusta, or Cloth-street, is nearly completed, with its Corinthian columns, and when finished the entire will have a grandiose air. But the yellow colour of the public offices at the sides should have been exchanged for imitative cut stone, and it would be well to surmount it with a balustrade all round, to give it the elevation in which it is wanting.

The Terreiro do Paço is the scene of the Revolution of September, 1836, which was effected by an inconsiderable number of the populace shouting and declaring for a change of system, upon the occasion of the return of the Oporto Deputies to Lisbon, and subsequently providing themselves with arms. It is astonishing by what comparatively limited numbers these movements are effected. But the Government takes fright, and the *Pronunciamento* is successful. Here I witnessed a similar pro-

nouncement (but on a smaller scale) when the Chartists required Costa Cabral's entrance into the Ministry in April, 1842, and have repeatedly since seen the garrison of Lisbon called out for the purpose of repressing popular demonstrations. The last occasion was on the morning of the 7th of October, 1845, when they supported the counter-movement for the Restoration of the Charter.

Gold-street, Cloth-street, and Silver-street, are well enough, but do not merit the local eulogiums which have been passed on them in connexion with the administration of the iron Marquis of Pombal. The Rocio, or Square of Dom Pedro, terminates these streets very finely, and the new National Theatre at the further extremity, erected on the site of the former Inquisition, is a really noble edifice, and the interior very elegantly fitted up, but the performances indifferent. The roof, however, is too much exposed, and it is quite indispensable that a balustrade should be thrown around it. When the equestrian statue of Dom Pedro is erected in the centre of this square, the whole will doubtless have a good effect. The new houses erected behind the theatre, and those beside San Carlos, on the Braganza property, are very creditable. The Passeio, or public walk, is respectable, without being particularly worthy of a capital, and the Praça da Figueira, or public market, is full of bits of the picturesque.

The Castle of St. George, or of Lisbon, called also "of the Moors," is incomparable for beauty of situation and look-out. The view from the esplanade

on top is magnificent. More than a quarter of a million of human beings are seen nestled almost in a ring at your feet,—for such is the population of Lisbon. The multitude of gardens within the confines of the city is striking, and contributes greatly to its salubrity as a residence. Here at Christmas we pluck the golden oranges from the bough, beneath a sun more brilliant than in a northern summer.

The Cathedral of Lisbon is a remarkable instance of the effect of *ensemble* without beauty or excellence in detail. This church is striking and solemn, without being either massive or elegant. The cloisters are worthy of observation. The service is now performed with considerable splendour; the Cardinal-Patriarch, and Monsenhores, or Beneficiados and Canons, representing the Sacred College at Rome, which they likewise imitate in the style of their attire; but the masses sung are often ill-selected, and squeaking fiddles give them the air of operatic scratches. Dom Pedro composed a mass, which is not much better than his Charter. The story of the crows here is only worthy the attention of children. There is a melancholy deficiency of art in this and the other churches of Lisbon, but by diligent inquiry, you may obtain a view here of twelve pictures of the apostles, which are attributed to Zurbaran.

The Magdalen Church, close to the foot of the Sé, or Cathedral, is an elegant and tasteful edifice, as are likewise the Graça, Encarnação, and Loretta

churches, in and near the Largo das Duas Igrejas, which is close to the Peninsular Hotel. The church of San Roque, a little higher up, close to the upper public garden, possesses two remarkable Mosaic pictures after Italian paintings of the first class, executed with extraordinary fidelity and admirable taste. There are likewise here some very rich chapels. The ruins of the Carmelite church over the Rocio have quite a Roman air. The upper Passeio is chiefly noticeable for the view which it gives over the broken ground of Lisbon, with the lower Passeio at its foot, and numerous *quintas* stretching to the horizon beyond. Due north is the Campo Pequeno, where reviews are held, the Campo Grande, where the annual fair takes place in October, Lumiar, a fine village, *en suite*, and N.E. the picturesque convent of the Penha da Franco.

A little further to the north-west is the Patriarcal Queimada, where the old Patriarchal See of Lisbon was situated before it was burnt down. Its site is now occupied by a pig-market of black-bristled hogs, whose flavour is famous; and horsemanship is exhibited here at certain seasons. Before leaving the quarter of the Rocio, I must notice the Campo de Sta. Anna, to which you ascend by a series of filthy streets, which may give you a notion of Lisbon in the olden time. Part of this quarter is called the Alfama, the most wretched and unsavoury in Lisbon. It stands unchanged from before the earthquake. Here several blacks may be seen

domiciled. About one-sixth part of the population of Lisbon is at this moment composed of blacks and mulattos. Lisbon is one of the most ancient of European cities. Its name is Phœnician, *Olisibub*, "the pleasant harbour," as is likewise the name of its river, which is derived from *Dagi* or "the fishy." Not one earthquake alone has left its traces here, for Lisbon has been swept by the earthquake of Time; and of the seventy-seven towers which defended it in the Moorish era not a solitary stone is standing.

The Campo de Sta. Anna is an open space, in which a rag fair and small horse fair of wretched hackneys is held every Tuesday. Here likewise on alternate Sundays throughout the fine weather are held the Lisbon bull-fights, in which danger is averted by having the horns of the animals *embolhados*, or capped with little balls, making the game, as the Countess Hahn-hahn says, "very innocent," and the *picadors* are represented by blacks provided with pasteboard horses, or surrounded by a barrel *en chevaux-de-frise*.

The Spanish mode of fighting with uncovered horns was put an end to here by Dona Maria I., at the end of the last century. The present bull-ring was erected by Dom Miguel, in wood, and is nearly as large as that of Cadiz, and capable of accommodating near 10,000 spectators. It has fifty boxes, but the *coup d'œil* is by no means imposing. The blacks are often very reluctant combatants.

The excitement of danger is lost, but there is much amusement and laughter. The *banderilheros*,

or foot-combatants with harpoons, called here *capinhas*, are little inferior to those of Spain. But there is no *matador*, and the bull when sufficiently baited is drawn off by the introduction of the entire herd into the midst of the ring. He is previously reduced in the following manner. In the place of a *matador*, there are a number of strong peasants (*saloios*), usually from the *Ribatejo*, or district bordering the southern margin of the Tagus, called *homems do forcado* (pitchfork or prong-men), who stand in front of the bull armed with strong weapons, with iron prongs set at the ends. With these they repel the bull's too near approaches, but often he utterly overpowers them, and then they do not hesitate to grapple with him, seizing him in their arms, or by the tail or horns. Often, too, they advance boldly upon him, place their chest between his horns, and suffer him to toss them in the air without losing their hold. Frequently, of course, he dashes them from him, but they stick to him with amazing resolution, and one or two, attacking him by the sides, get his neck and shoulders within the compass of their arms, and thus effectually tame him.

These men get about a moidore a day each, and stimulate their courage with brandy; but they often receive terrific contusions, and undoubtedly their profession is one of the most daring and hardy in existence. It does not, of course, approach to the graceful *suertes* and imminent and deadly risk of the *matador*, yet is it not without its peculiar praise of manliness. The Portuguese bull-fights are exempt from the excessive atrocities of a Spanish *corrida*,

such as murdered horses trampling their own bowels in the dust; but even the unnecessary wounding is objectionable, and no person with a feeling heart, who has once seen the poor bull's neck bathed in blood, will like to renew the spectacle. Perhaps, the best part of the show is the riding of Sedovem, the celebrated *picador*, which is the perfection of grace. He is dressed *à la Louis Quatorze*, in hat and feathers, and performs the most inimitably dexterous movements round the ring, mounted on a superb charger. This man was once a formidable Miguelite, and performed good cudgelling services for his bull-fighting liege-lord. The secret of Dom Miguel's popularity amongst the Lisbon mob was his constant patronage of these spectacles. He used to be regularly present at their celebration, and on the morning of the day in which they were held used to prove himself a genuine *affeiçoado*, to the great delight of the *rotos* and *patulea*, by riding in to Lisbon for a distance of several miles, and following stray bulls with a huge long pole, to bring them again into the line, while a white cambric pocket-handkerchief laid over his saddle made the perspiration arising from heat less annoying.

Returning down Rue do Ouro, or Gold-street, we enter the Largo do Pelourinho, or Square of the Pillory, in the centre of which is a twisted stone magnificently sculptured, where great men had formerly the privilege of having their heads exhibited for public admiration. At one side is the Bank of Lisbon, a solid building without pretension; and stretching along the front of the Square is the Naval

Arsenal, which is noticeable for its patent building slips, and its Casa de Risco, or drawing-school, a hall of immense extent, where the Professors of the Naval School give their lectures. Here, in 1842, took place a dinner to commemorate the restoration of the Charter, at which I saw more than 1000 persons sit down at table. About the year 1820, Mr. Canning obtained a dinner from the English residents of Lisbon, (in those days the merchants here were thriving,) upon his return to England, and nearly 1000 sat down upon that occasion likewise; but the dinner took place in the Opera House of San Carlos. A little further on is the Caes do Sodré, or Sodré's Quay, a place of great public resort, with two tolerable cafés, and a good look-out on the river. Here and at Black Horse Square most of the public disturbances and irregular fighting takes place. Here also Dom Miguel hanged numbers of the Liberals. In May last there was some skirmishing here between the soldiers and the *catraeiros*, or boatmen of the Tagus, the latter having set fire to the little wooden houses which form the posts of the Municipal Guard, and sustained and foiled a charge of cavalry armed only with their boat-hooks. Eventually, however, the infantry fired upon and got them under. These *catraeiros* are for the most part bold and hardy men.

Near this is a notable coach-stand. The *seges* of Lisbon are extremely curious vehicles, very much resembling wheelbarrows mounted upon stilts, and the *boleeiros* who drive them are extraordinary animals in huge jack-boots and huge spurs. As Lisbon

is built upon seven hills, whose pavements make them the next thing to impassable on foot, these *seges* are a good deal in requisition. But perhaps the most agreeable mode of locomotion, and one which fashion sanctions here, is on the top of a jackass.

The wild dogs are still to a considerable extent the scavengers of Lisbon, though the reproach of deficient cleanliness is much abated. These brutes have been shot over and over in hundreds, nay, in thousands, yet their numbers are not sensibly thinned. Their howling at night in the public squares is sometimes truly terrific. The classical warning of Lisbon streets to wayfarers returning from the Theatres and Cafés, is "*agua vai!*" (water, beware!) if you should happen to neglect which, the probability is that you will go dripping and odorous home. This practice, however, prevails chiefly in the by-streets, the leading thoroughfares being tolerably exempt from the infliction. The temptations here to nocturnal love-making are therefore not manifold.

The streets of Lisbon by day are picturesque in many parts, with their country *Saloios* and Gallego porters; but at night the river view, amid the hush of the sleeping city, beneath the clearest of moons, or the brightest of stars, is still more magical and enchanting.

The Ribeira Nova, or fish-and-fruit-market, is extremely well worth the stranger's observation, the display of fruit in the season being always magnificent, and the fish-market one of the most plentifully and even choicely supplied, in the world.

In purchasing either fruit or fish, if you give half what you are asked, you are robbed. The varieties are immense, including John Dory, gurnets, mullets, magnificent sole, and turbot. The price of the largest fish seldom exceeds a *crusado novo*, or 2*s.* 2*d.* The fish most seen is the small and savoury *sardinhä*, which fish is very enticing but a little unsafe, unless eaten in small quantity. At the stone quay, in front, the multitude of people trafficking, chiefly in these sardinhas, and of boats engaged in the fishing, give it a picturesque and lively air, quite equal to any thing at Naples. Returning to the Caes do Sodré, go up the Rua do Alecrim (Rosemary-street). Here there are some striking Palaces and overhanging gardens, especially that of the rich Conde do Farrobi, one of the few musical amateurs of Lisbon, whose fortune is at present not well secured, and more 's the pity, for he spends it like a Prince. The *Assemblea Estrangeira*, or foreign assembly-room, where balls take place regularly during the winter, is a little above. Taking a street to the right, called Rua do Ferregial do Baixo, we ascend to the Opera House of San Carlos, which is one of the finest in Europe, very little less in extent than our Queen's Theatre, and more solemn in its style of fitting-up. This epithet 'solemn' seems ill applied to a theatre, but it quite describes the grandiose character of the edifice. It was built by a Portuguese architect, named José da Costa e Silva, who studied at Bologna and Rome, and was an Honorary Academician of St. Luke's. He died at Rio de Janeiro in 1819. This theatre was built in

six months, and opened in 1773. Da Costã, in conjunction with Fabri, traced the plan of the Ajuda palace. The first Baron de Quintella, and the other tobacco-contractors of the day, advanced a loan of 160 contos of reis, or near £40,000, towards the erection of this Opera House. The performances here, as at the National Theatre, are subsidized by the Government. The prices here are immensely cheap, the pit a *crusado novo*, or 2*s.* 2*d.*, the stalls two crusados each, the boxes varying from 8*s.* to 15*s.*, but the company is usually mediocre. Ladies in Portugal can never appear except in a box, and scarcely any one goes dressed. Dingy fellows turn into the pit reeking with smoke. The Queen's box is spacious and magnificent, occupying the whole side of the House fronting the stage. There is nothing else to be described in the centre of the town but the Church of San Francisco da Cidade, in the street of the same name, fronting the establishment of the very obliging and attentive packet-agents, Messrs. Vanzeller. This Church was begun on a magnificent scale by the Jesuits, but like most of the other public works of Lisbon, has been left half finished.

The Duke of Terceira's house is on the river's edge at S. João da Praça, a good way beyond the custom-house, having no pretension except to rare hospitality and a magnificent river view. The Duchess is a truly elegant woman, and I have a delightful remembrance of pleasant evenings spent there. The Duke of Palmella's house is on the hill of Calhariz, and a very splendid residence it is. The Duke's

hospitality is of the most princely character, as I have had personal proof at his country palace of Lumiar. His son, the Marquis de Fayal, has likewise a magnificent house near the Largo do Rato, of which I can likewise give a favourable report, as also of the Marquis of Vianna's in the Rato, and of the Marquis of Fronteira's at Bemfica. But there is, in reality, very little society in Lisbon. The Lisbon or Carmo Club, is the only thing in the shape of regular society kept up here, but is little more than a reading and ball-room, with saloons for talking politics and card-playing. Lisbon is a very gambling city, and throughout the summer, parties adjourn regularly to Cintra to play cards during the whole of the Sunday.

Following the line of the Calhariz, you pass the palace of Silva Cabral, brother to the more celebrated Costa Cabral, and late Minister of Justice, a man of reputation unhappily bad enough to sink a dozen Ministers. A little further on is the palace of the Côrtes, formerly the convent of San Bento, a noble edifice, but not quite fitted for its present purpose. The Chamber of Deputies is a showy and rather glaring semicircular building: that of Paris is smaller, and neat, with little pretension. Above this is Costa Cabral's new palace, which shows how fast a minister may become a millionaire in this country. This convent of Benedictines, where the Côrtes assemble, was always a learned establishment. Here were situated, and remain to this day, the Archives of the Kingdom, called the "*Torre do Tombo*," from a tower in the

Castle of Lisbon, where they were placed before the earthquake, and the "*aula da diplomatica*," containing an extensive depository of treaties and other documents relating to international negotiation.

At the top of the hill is the fine church of the Estrella, built by Dona Maria I., of beautiful *Lioz* stone. The exterior effect, especially of the cupola, is fine, but the pilasters which form the portico are weak and ineffective, notwithstanding that there are some tolerable statues. The interior is, on the whole, magnificently fitted up. Next to this edifice is the Convent of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose grated windows forbid the approach of the profane; but the nuns take part in the service of the church, and their voices are generally the most hideous thing that can be imagined. A little further on to the north are the cypresses which adorn the English burial-ground, with the very neat English church, of which the service is ably administered by the Rev. Mr. Prior. Here in the grave-yard repose the honoured remains of the illustrious Fielding, beneath a monument raised to him by his countrymen, in the place of a very conceited one which had been previously erected there by the French Consul. The present inscription is simple and beautiful:—

"Luget Britannia gremio non dari fovere natum."

Now diverge to the south, and pass through the Buenos Ayres, or the quarter of good air, in which a number of English have established themselves, from whence are obtained the most magnificent sun-

set views in the world. Soon you fall upon the Royal Palace of Necessidades, which is very commodious within, but has no external pretension. In fact, the number of metallic chimneys, added after the completion of the building (as is here the case universally wherever comfort is desired) gives it quite the appearance of a huge steamer about to sail into the river. This palace is fitted up with bells—almost an isolated case in Lisbon—for hand-bells or whistles are here the universal substitute. The royal chapel is next to the palace, and here on the Sundays the Royal Family may be seen at their devotions. This palace derives its name from a convent in its rear which belonged to the fathers of the Congregation of the Oratory, who taught the classics here after the earthquake, until a new house was built for them in the Espirito Santo, by DonaMaria I.

Taking a turn to the south, we come on the English Embassy, where the lion and unicorn with their broken noses have quite the air of a penurious sign-board, and betoken most amusingly the habits of their late master. Descending once more to the Belem road, we pass the palace of the Marquis of Pombal, leaving behind us and nearer to Lisbon that of the Empress-Duchess of Braganza, with a fine river front. These buildings are chiefly noticeable for their great size. We pass numerous *Chafarizes* or public fountains, none of them, however, with architectural pretensions befitting a great capital. Now we reach Pampulha, and the little river of Alcantara with its bridge, ignorantly called the "Bridge of Al-cantora," or *the Bridge of the Bridge.* Here, to

the right, you see where the lines for the defence of Lisbon commence, and at your leisure you may ride up the valley to the Aqueduct, visiting the cemetery of Os Prazeres (the Pleasures!) on your way: this ride is one of the most interesting about Lisbon. Passing the bridge, we come to the collection of Royal coaches to the left. This museum is very interesting, and truly Royal, making ridiculous the censures of the Marquess of Londonderry. None of the coaches dates from an epoch anterior to the reign of Dom Manoel, contemporary of our Henry VII., before which time the sovereign was borne in a litter called *arida*. Philip II., the intrusive King of Castile, was the first who rode in a coach in Portugal.

A little further on is Junqueira, an extremely pretty village, with some beautiful country houses, especially that of the Conde da Ribeira, a Royalist who evinces his principles by having a very fine chapel annexed to his palace. We pass the Royal rope-walk, and the beautiful country-house of Baron Junqueira, which is a little too much in the ornate and toy-box style for our taste. Next we come to the beautiful suburb of Belem, with its Royal country Palace, and some very stiff statues, with a fine garden in front, and a square open to the river, which has just been called after the King, Dom Fernando. We pass the spot where the sanguinary Pombal butchered his ten victims of the alleged regicide conspiracy, and arrive at the magnificent Convent of St. Jerom at Belem, which is one of the finest in Europe, and will repay more than a single

visit. The Church is a noble building, sustained by pillars of a very peculiar character, for they support the roof themselves, springing up like trees in a forest. This part of the structure was completed by convicts, the peril to whose lives was of course disregarded, a common policy in the days of Dom Manoel, its founder. There are many fine pictures, but none of great masters here, and on each side of the chief altar are four noble monuments (sarcophagi) to Dom Manoel, his son and successor, and their two consorts. The cloisters are very fine, but having been converted to a Casa de Misericordia, or hospital, they are considerably dilapidated, yet the exquisite beauty of their light Arabesque pillars and open masonry may still be seen to advantage. In the principal saloon within is a series of pictures of the Portuguese Sovereigns, which is very noticeable, especially the portraits of the burly and heroic bastard Dom John the First, the Cruel Dom Pedro, husband of Ignez de Castro, the foolish yet fortunate Dom Manoel, and the boyish young daredevil Sebastian. The portraits of these Princes most accurately denote their several characters. Here is also the tomb of Dom Sebastian, with an inscription allusive to his fate:—

"Conditur hoc tumulo, si vera est fama, Sebastus," &c.

The stone of which this fine convent is built is the same which is employed to such advantage in many of the other public edifices of Lisbon, the *lioz*, from the quarries of Pero-Pinheiro. The Estrella Church and the convent at Mafra were built

of this material. It is a secondary white calcareous stone, very full of petrifactions, and is as hard and enduring as marble, while the stone of which the convent of Batalha is built is so soft that it may be cut with a penknife. Time has invested this edifice with an antique colouring, which, in conjunction with the beauty of its architectural embellishments, and their special force of illustration of the epoch to which they belong, make the epithet *Manueline* aptly describe it. There is a fantastic originality in the architectonic ideas which presided over this construction, by means of which the thoughts of the architect, communicated to stone, have succeeded in aptly representing the great era in which Dom Manoel lived. The style is half Moro-Byzantine, half Norman-Gothic, and what severe critics would call "depraved," but it is undeniably original and distinctive, and succeeds in producing the result of every artistical work—effect. Over the principal entrance is the statue of Dom Henry, the Navigator, to whose illustrious genius is due the discovery which this magnificent temple commemorates.

The frontispiece of this convent is very rich in parts, but has been rather spoiled by some tasteless works of renovation. The rich stone-work, however, in the balustrades and finials, and the clustering niche-work and statuary in the portal are beyond praise.

Now we pass through an arch by the palace of the Marquis de Loulé, to Pedronços, and diverge to the Tower of Belem, which is one of the most beautiful Castles in Europe, erected also in the time of

Dom Manoel, and exquisite for the filigree stone-work of its exterior tracery and the brightness of its Arabesque colonnades. Take boat at the fine open quay of Belem, and pass by the ships of war in the river to the further side, dipping into an occasional wild and sandy cove, and ascend to the height of Almada. Here the prospect is magnificent. The entire panorama of the Tagus opens to the view, from the bar, the Bugio light-house, and the Tower of St. Julian to the hills of Xabregas and Sacavem melting in the distance. The City of Palaces rises in all its majesty on the eye, extending full six miles along the river's edge, and the conviction is forced that, if it were a little better policed, Dona Maria has the most magnificent of European capitals.

Chateaubriand is no bad judge of river views and effects, and he has stated his decided preference for the sail into the Tagus to the entrance of the Bay of Naples. I think it far superior to the Bay of Cadiz. To the right is *Cacilhas*, where the Duke of Terceira crossed the Tagus in 1833, and took Lisbon from the Miguelites, 1700 men expelling near 30,000, and on a white wall by the river's edge is traced a rude cross, where the people tore the infamous Miguelite persecutor, Telles Jordão, to pieces. We have noticed in detail every salient piece of architecture, with one exception, the new Palace of Ajuda. This palace, if ever completed, will be the most magnificent in the world. Cross the Tagus once more, and ascend to it. The road by which it is approached is execrable, but this will of course

be amended in time. The structure is vast and stately in the highest degree, forming three sides of a square, of which the fourth is still uncompleted. The cut-stone work is superb, but the trophies of arms on the balustrades are rather gingerbread-looking, and the statues in the portico are detestable. The interior is fitted up with a view to holding occasional levees, but the decorations are as yet unworthy of the edifice, and there is here a picture-gallery which is so miserable as to provoke laughter. Lisbon is almost entirely destitute of art, and the only picture-galleries of merit are those of the Duke de Palmella, and the Count do Farrobo. Portugal has never had a painter of eminence, with one exception, Gram Vasco, and he was by birth a Fleming. He lived in the days of Dom Manoel, and has left a few pictures of merit, (far fewer than the number attributed to him) which are to be seen chiefly at Braga, and Guimaranes, in the north. Count Raczynsky, the resident Prussian Minister, has lately written a book "*sur les Arts en Portugal*," in which the particulars are duly noted, but the book is so surcharged with catalogues as to be of little general interest.

Having thus disposed of Lisbon, the suburbs must next be visited. One of the best rides about Lisbon may be obtained by starting from this very point, and taking the hills to the right towards Bemfica. The view from the windmills on the west of the Serra, which divides Bemfica from the metropolis, is very noble.

This sketch would be incomplete without a de-

scription of the Lisbon aqueduct. This beautiful work, the glory of Portugal, has its principal origin at Canessas, within two leagues of Lisbon. But the water from other springs is likewise made available. The common name by which it is known amongst the Portuguese is the "*Arcos das Aguas Livres*," or the arches of the free waters. It passes the valley of Alcantara on thirty-five arches; fourteen of these, including the great central one, which is about 240 English feet in height, are in the form of the Gothic ogive or lancet, the remainder are semi-circular. The width of the principal arch is about 110 English feet, and the length of the entire aqueduct about 2500 feet, by 25 feet across. There is a gallery within, by which it can be traversed through its entire length, and thus the water-course is kept clear and pure. A peculiarity of this aqueduct is that it has little open towers at intervals, by which the water is freshened through the constant renewal of the air. The water-course on each side is a semi-cylinder, thirteen inches in diameter. This splendid monument, which is equal to the most considerable works of the Romans, is the work of the Portuguese architect, Manoel da Maria, and was erected in the reign of Dom John V., in the beginning of the last century. It is a remarkable instance of anachronism of ideas, the principle that water finds its level having been then well known in Europe.

Passing the aqueduct and Bemfico, where there are some very beautiful *quintas*, including the rather toy-house-looking *Laranjeiras* of the Conde do

Farrobo, with its real roaring lions, and the Palaces of the Infanta Isabel Maria and the Marquis of Fronteira, winding through pleasant vineyards and citron groves and olive and windmilled hills of matchless beauty, we come to the Royal Palace of Queluz, which is still fitted up as Junot left it, having adorned it for the reception of the Emperor Napoleon, who, however, never came here; and where is shown the bed on which the Emperor Dom Pedro died, which is still preserved in exactly the same state. We pass to the foot of the Serra, and by the Royal country Palace of Ramaltero, which used to be patronized by Dona Carlota, and from which Don Carlos dated his protest, and soon we reach S. Pedro, a little above the town of Cintra.

Here have pointed out to you the part of the road where the country-people fought against the military in October last, and were slaughtered unfortunately in considerable numbers, Captain Pimental cutting down three with his own hand. The town of Cintra presently appears beneath, the Royal Palace with its two Moorish chimneys being the principal feature in the picture. This Palace is extremely interesting, being still a perfectly Moorish residence, with its interior fountains, terraces, and cool, tiled chambers. In one of these sate Dom Sebastian, when he assembled his nobles round him and decided on his African expedition, and the tiled seat which he occupied is still pointed out. In another Dona Maria takes the bath, the water entering like a shower-bath through fissures in the tiled walls. In another apartment is shown the space worn in the tiled floor

by the footsteps of the unfortunate Alfonso VI., who was confined here for fifteen years by his unchaste Queen, who occupied the throne in the interim with his own brother. The little gallery is likewise shown from which the imprisoned Manoel was permitted to hear mass until he died, in 1683. There are likewise some very curious ancient apartments, especially that which contains the escutcheons of the leading Portuguese families, and one (the *Sala das pegas*) in which several magpies display from their mouths the multiplied inscriptions of Dom John the First in reply to his jealous Queen,—"*por bem.*" This story will interest the English spectator, for the Queen was Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of our John of Gaunt, who caught the King in the *flagrant délit* of giving a kiss to a lady of the Court, and Dom John replied, by this gallant inscription, in imitation of the legend, on our garter: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

This Palace was formerly the Alhambra of the Moorish Kings of Portugal, and Dom John, at the end of the fourteenth contury, converted it into a summer Palace for her Christian Sovereigns. It is built upon a singularly isolated rock. Below it is a Moorish pointed stone, on which it was customary to affix the heads of rebels and traitors, or those condemned as such.

There are many other Moorish relics in this curious old building. Ascend the Serra to the Convent of the Pena, erected by Dom Manoel, to commemorate his Indian conquest. The principal shrine is of immense richness. The Convent has been converted

with great skill and taste by the King, Dom Fernando, into a Royal Castle and a residence of enviable coolness during the summer heats. .The road up to it is perfect, and the outlay has been immense. The view from the porch of the Castle is magnificent. The glen of Cintra yawns beneath, with its beautiful *quintas* and luxurious vegetation, and often with fire-flies floating in the twilight dimness, while around in the foreground is a savage solitude of rocks, and far away stretches the plain of Cintra to Mafra and Torres Vedras.

Westward the Serra trends to the well-known Rock of Lisbon, where it ends abruptly in the Atlantic. Follow the dorsal spine of the Serra. You pass the Cork Convent, built by Dom John de Castro, in 1542, upon the most rugged part of the Serra, with its singular works and crannies all covered with cork-tree seats for the religious who occupied it ten years back; and the cave, like a wild beast's hole, in which Saint Honorius buried himself alive for years, and thus acquired his reputation for sanctity. At the fall of the Serra, towards the plain, (having performed the distance, of course, on the customary donkey,) you light on Collares, celebrated for its claretty wine, which may be here drunk wholesale at a penny the bottle, without a headache in a hogshead of it. The quintas and orchards about this town are of enchanting beauty, as is also the *trajet* to the sea-coast, through the latter by a pine-grove, at the end of which there are facilities for bathing. Here there is an enormous sliding-stone, down which

youths proceed at an immense velocity for half-pence. Returning from Collares, we pass several *quintas*, of which the most remarkable are Beckford's ruined *Montserrate* and the celebrated house of Dom John de Castro, the purely-minded Governor of India, "the *Penha-Verde*," or green rock, and the *Quinta* of the Marquis de Marialva, which is stately and enormous in extent. The growths of this fairy Serra are of immense variety, and will give endless employment to the naturalist. Another noticeable quinta in the town is that belonging to the Marquis of Pombal. There are here two good inns, at which the living is very comfortable for about seven shillings a day.

All who visit Lisbon should spend the better part of a week in Cintra and its neighbourhood. An excursion which I should recommend to every one is the following:—take a *sege* or calash for three days,—it will cost you less than 3*l*. Proceed by the beautiful suburb of Bellas (the romantic inequality of whose ground is not to be exceeded) to Mafra. Devote a portion of a day to that huge Convent Palace, the Escorial of Portugal. There are here a most stately church, a superb library, and cloisters of enormous extent. Pass on to the lines of Torres Vedras, the battle-grounds of Vimieiro and Roriça, and the noble Convents of Alcobaça and Batalha, and return the third day to Cintra. You will be obliged to rough it, but if your mind is not made up to this you have no business to travel. You can always get a *caldą de gallinha* (boiled fowl), and may vary it by having it *guisado* or stewed. I

prefer taking the people's own cooking, but if you are fastidious you may bring with you from Lisbon a roast turkey, or a ham and veal pie. This excursion is sure to reward you. If you wish to extend it, you may go on to Santarem, and will find good hotels at Caldas.

The other excursions which I would recommend, from personal trial, besides to Xabregas and Olivares, and by the new road to Sacavem, and on the other side to Paço d'Arcos, Carcavellos, St. Julian's, and Ociras, are one to Villa Nova, Villa Franca de Xira, and Alhandra, in the steamer, which sails up the Tagus, and another to Palmella and St. Ube's, for which the best season to choose is the 27th July, when the fair at St. Ube's begins. Here there are delightful sails through the bay, and excursions to the Roman colony of Troia, and the magnificent convent of Arabida, as well as through the orange quintas of St. Ube's and Palmella, which cannot be surpassed in interest. The best season to visit Cintra is in August, when the Royal procession of the Queen's *Cirio* takes place, on which occasion the Queen, King, and Princes may be met on the Serra, walking in procession up the rocky mountain, with waxen tapers in their hands. Here, however, during the summer, at all periods of the afternoon, you are pretty sure to meet Queen Maria mounted on a fine donkey, with the King on a stately charger, and the Princes on ponies or donkeys by their side.

General observations for the benefit of strangers:—

There is not one honest male servant in Lisbon, nor one hard-working female servant.

Religion is for the most part unknown amongst this class. Church-going is one thing, devotion another.

If you had the eyes of Argus and the hands of Briareus, your servants here would still have their own way.

If you were a better spy than Fouché, you would still be robbed.

Your temper is worth more than the *cincoreisinhos* of him who does the *compra.*

Lucky is he who hath not ten moidores out at no interest.

Lucky is the man who is not meshed in law.

Luckier he who hath found a disinterested friend.

Never expect sense in a Gallego, or *nous* in a Lisbon noodle.

Never quarrel with a Lisbon tradesman because his notions and your's cannot square.

It is vain to expect a vine twig to be as tough as blackthorn, or a fried sardinha to taste like a potted herring.

Let your tradesmen have their own way, and they will get much sooner to their journey's end.

The Lisbon tradesmen are for the most part honest, independent, and above cheating.

The Lisbon shopkeeper asks twice what he will take, and will make a profit on the quarter.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Church of Portugal.—Negotiations of Capaccini.—The Concordat.—Prince Lichnowsky.—Actual state of the Church.—Absurdities of the *Augsburg Gazette*.—State of the Navy.—Old English ballads concerning it.—Origin of European Navies.—Portuguese Finance.—Actual State of the Debt and its Charges.—The Army.—The Colonies.

Lisbon, November.

THE present position of the Church of Portugal presents a remarkable contrast to the adjoining country. The relations of Portugal with Rome have been entirely re-established for three years past, a Concordat satisfactory to both parties having been arranged while Spain was very recently involved in the meshes of apostolic negotiation, and this Gordian knot of diplomacy, which Narvaez, with all the daring and none of the genius of Alexander, would have cut with his sword, undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to the dissolution of his Ministry. Portugal, on the other hand, has had all her irregularities endorsed, her sequestrations of ecclesiastical property permitted, the annihilation of her monastic institutions consented to, upon the sole condition that she will pay from the revenues of the state the *congruas* of the clergy, and the pen-

sions of the still surviving religious of both sexes. Yet the taking of monastic vows (except in the case of Sisters of Charity) is strictly prohibited, a Jesuit cannot shew his face in the kingdom, and the Government engagements to pay the pensions of the *egressos*, or uncloistered religious, are not very strictly fulfilled.

How are the mild treatment of Portugal, the stringent demeanour towards Spain, to be reconciled? More perhaps is expected from the Catholicism of the Spanish people. The Roman diplomatist to whom the negotiations in Portugal were intrusted, was the astute Capaccini, lately deceased, who enjoyed but a six-months' tenure of the Cardinal's hat which rewarded this dubious success. A sketch of his character which I once gave has received high praise in Prince Lichnowsky's "Portugal." Cappacini saw enough of Portugal with his own eyes, during a two years' residence, to feel convinced that, in the presence of that lethargic and stunning apathy, severity would be wholly unavailing. He resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, and preferred a modified subjection to the Papacy, to seeing the nation sunk in universal indifferentism. Religion has gained little, the permanence of a system much. The Cabral Administration likewise gained stability from this source. The nucleus of much intrigue was absorbed, the elements of superstition and fanaticism had no material left to work on, in a direction hostile to the Government. Such violent bigots as the Bishop of Braganza have been heard to declare in the

Chamber of Peers, that "their gratitude to the Government makes them bound to support it even against their reason!" I take it that the reason of such characters is an infinitesimally small quantity. But the schism is, in short, ended, a good understanding with Rome re-established, Dona Maria had the Golden Rose presented to her by the Pontiff, the deceased Patriarch of Lisbon was made a Cardinal, his successor has been installed as a Cardinal at Lisbon with great splendour, the Bishops are all acknowledged, even the Archbishop of Evora consecrated the other day "Primate of all the Spains," the Cathedrals are to be re-established with a Government grant in lieu of the extinguished tithes; and the Miguelite tendencies of the clergy are thus considerably weakened.

The *Augsburg Gazette* in the year of grace 1846, giving the statistics of the order of Jesuits in Europe, says that "Portugal at the present time contains eight convents of this order, with 160 Jesuits, 75 of whom are priests who say mass." This is a gross and, I must add, a scandalously ignorant mis-statement, but serves to show what nonsense concerning Portugal obtains currency without the kingdom. First, there are no Jesuits; secondly, there are no convents for males. The Jesuits were expelled nearly a century since by Pombal, and have never since re-appeared. The convents of all religious orders were suppressed in 1834. Thus is contemporary history written! Much.

nonsense of the same kind appears from time to time in the *National* of Paris.

The most interesting branch of administration in Portugal, to those who remember her Gamas, Cabrals, and Almeidas, is unquestionably her navy, which enables her now to blockade Oporto with effect. This had latterly fallen to a state of decadence not less melancholy than that of Spain, as the sailing of a hostile French fleet into the Tagus and the destruction of Dom Miguel's fleet by Sir C. Napier, abundantly attest. But, through the successful exertions of Count Tojal, in finding the indispensable ways and means, the ancient Armada has been replaced on a respectable footing; and while the assignment for the dividends on the foreign debt was better defined in the public income than almost in any other state in Europe, four new steamers have been added within a twelvemonth to the navy, which now consists of the following very presentable list:—two ships of the line—Dom John VI., 80 guns; Vasco da Gama, 80: six frigates—D. Pedro, 50; Diana, 50; Duchess of Braganza, 50; D. Fernando, 50; Rainha, 48; D. Maria II., 48: eight corvettes—Iris, 24; D. John I., 22; Urania, 22; Eighth of July, 22; Isabel Maria, 22; Infanta Regente, 20; Relampago, 18; Damao, 18: nine brigs—Tejo, 20; Mondego, 20; Pilar, 20; Douro, 20; Audaz, 18; D. Pedro, 18; Villa Flor, 18; Voriga, 13; Boaventura, 8: one brigantine—Tamega, 13: eight schooners—Faro, 10; Meteoro, 8; Nimpha, 8; Cabo-Verde, 8; Fayal, 6; Esperança,

6; Boa Vista, 6; Constituição, 6: one cutter—Andorinha, 6: four large revenue cruisers: and four Government steamers—the Conde do Tojal, Terceira, Duke de Porto, and Mindello.

In the old ballad of "Sir Andrew Barton," written in the reign of Elizabeth, the relative positions of the English and Portuguese navies in the time of Henry VIII. are curiously illustrated. Barton had received letters of marque from the Court of Scotland to cruise in the Channel, and make reprisals on the subjects of Portugal for injuries sustained by his father at sea from the Portuguese. Under the pretence of searching for goods belonging to merchants of the latter country, Barton interrupted the English navigation,

> "When eighty merchants of London came,
> And downe they knelt upon their knee,"

imploring the protection of Henry, who, however, had no sufficient fleet to enable him to afford it. But the two valiant sons of the Earl of Surrey, (afterwards created Duke of Norfolk) Thomas and Edward Howard, the latter of whom was in the following year made Admiral of England, fitted out two ships in 1511, with which they obtained that victory over Barton which forms the subject of the ballad. Barton, in the second part, thus describes the effect of his commission as a rover:

> "Now by the roode, three yeares and more,
> I have beene admirall over the sea;
> And never an English nor Portingall
> Without my leave can pass this way;"

whence it is manifest that the Portuguese navy was even then the most considerable in Europe (the Spanish not yet having risen to equal note) as it clearly had been during the previous century. The mere mention of English and Portuguese vessels only in describing a three years' cruise in the British Channel, clearly proves this pre-eminence. When the victorious Howard brings home Sir Andrew's ship, he thus addresses Henry:—

> "Nowe hath your Grace two shipps of warr,
> Before in England was but one."

The "Great Harry" had been built only seven years before—in 1504, (five years before Henry VIII.'s accession), "which," says Hume, "was, properly speaking, the first ship in the English navy." When the Sovereign required a fleet, before that period, his only resource was to hire ships from the merchants.

So great was then the naval pre-eminence of the Portuguese, that even so far from their own country as the mouth of the Thames, their merchant ships did not strike to armed privateers without a vigorous resistance. Thus Sir Andrew in the ballad:—

> "Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
> That gilded is with gold soe cleare;
> God be with my brother, John of Barton!
> Against the Portingalls hee it ware."

It may here be seen how ancient is the corruption "Portingall," which is still retained in the language of the vulgar.

The origin of European navies is to be traced to

the combats between Moors and Christians in the Mediterranean and Straits of Gibraltar. The Christian Powers by which these naval battles were chiefly conducted were Spain and Portugal, and the latter took the lead when, at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century this description of combat, the great "defensive arm," was first originated upon a great scale. The same year, 1415, in which we gained our immortal victory of Agincourt, Zargo, the Admiral of Algarve, principal naval officer to John I., the brave bastard-king of Portugal, gained a signal victory over the Moors in the Straits; and it was this same naval hero, the discoverer of Madeira, who some years after was the first to introduce and manage artillery on ship-board—an event of which the Spaniards of his time, whom he often humbled as well as the rovers of Barbary, expressed their admiration and their dread in the following words:—

"El Zargo los cañones que trahia,
Affrentaran al Mar quando enojado."

A full century before England had a single ship of war Portugal had an effective fleet, both for the conduct of hostilities against the Moors, and for the achievement of her great discoveries.

Portugal, at the downfal of the Cabral Administration, was undergoing an interesting experiment in fiscal legislation. The ancient direct or property-tax of the *decima*, calculated usually on the basis of one-tenth of the rent, comprising shops and warehouses, as well as landed property and houses,

(under the distinct classification of prædial and industrial *maneio*) and coupled with assessed taxes on servants, horses, carriages, &c., was to be substituted now for the first time by a tax of "repartition," conceived upon this principle:—The entire sum required for the fiscal wants of the nation, over and above the estimated produce of customs, excise, (Sete Casas) and other permanent sources of revenue, was to be distributed over the whole kingdom, according to districts, each district to be assessed upon a compound ratio of population and property, and every member of the community to be taxed in relation to the extent of his means.

The proposed system was analogous to our own income and property tax, and *verificadores* were nominated extensively throughout the kingdom to ascertain as nearly as possible the income of individuals, from whatever source derived, and assess them accordingly. In addition to this general espionage, which is of the essence of the system, each member of the community would have been constituted in some degree a spy upon those around him, since the more others pay the less each will have to pay himself in making up the sum total. The social morality of this system is not so evident as its financial efficiency; and, though its inconveniences might prove even greater than those to which we have been for the last four years subjected at home, of its probable productiveness there can be as little doubt as of its tendency to contribute to the definitive solution of the finiancial problem in Portugal. Corruption, persecution, and favouritism have hi-

therto been universally prevalent in the assessment and levy of the *decima*. The friends of the collectors and of the dominant party in the Government have escaped nearly literally "scot-free." Enemies, opponents, marked or suspected men, have been grievously mulcted, and their reclamations seldom attended to. A general laxity prevailed. In no one year has the *decima* yielded one half of its fair produce. The arts of evasion, shuffling, and humbug were universally resorted to, and the direct or capitation tax in a kingdom containing three millions and a half of inhabitants did not produce more than 1200 contos, or 270,000*l.* per annum. Under the proposed system, there is little doubt that the produce of the direct tax would, after the first years' difficulties had been surmounted, be twice what it has been heretofore, or at the least 2400 contos. What an amazing change this permanent accession of 270,000*l.* per annum, (trifling as the amount appears) would have made in the financial prospects of the country it is unnecessary to specify further than to state, that it would have converted the deficiency into a very considerable surplus.

The prospect of such results turned the attention of the Government strongly to this measure, and to the means of achieving its success. A new Enlistment Act was promulgated, by which 6000 men would have been added to the strength of the army, and these judiciously distributed throughout the kingdom would have had a material tendency to check that spirit of revolt, which in Portugal, as elsewhere, is most readily enkindled by some griev-

ous "bread and butter question," which presents itself to the dull peasant or artisan of the Peninsula in no palpable shape which he can understand like a fresh and onerous tax. But the Duke of Terceira and the War Office betrayed their duty to their country. They declined to proceed with the new enlistment, and a nominal army of 24,000 men, (to be always maintained on the rigorous footing of 18,000) was actually composed of 10,000 men!

I suppose it is unnecessary now to state why the Cabral Ministry fell. Its own Prime Minister, intriguing with the Duke of Palmella, and its General Vinhaes, betrayed it. The carelessness with which the taxes have up to the present period been levied is truly scandalous. There have been no fewer than 70,000 cases before the Lisbon tribunals for *four* years past, of disputed *decima!* Where the essentials of promptness and certainty in fiscal collection are wanting, this will always be the case: you dispute, are threatened with the law, and hear no more about it. Your neighbours find your independence thrive, and, hey presto! they do the same. It is the universal practice in Lisbon at this moment to evade the excise in the most barefaced and contemptuous manner. As an instance, every purchaser of a horse is required to proceed to the Sete Casas, or Excise Office, and declare the purchase, together with the price paid. No one ever thinks of stating more than one-third of the actual sum; and as the tax proceeds upon a decimal basis, the revenue is defrauded of two-thirds of a tenth of the actual value, or one-fifteenth of all

the horses, cattle, live stock, and produce for consumption of every description bought and sold throughout the kingdom annually! As an obvious illustration, the common price of a horse in Lisbon is from 15*l.* to 20*l.* This is returned as purchased for 6*l.* to 7*l.*, and an excise is paid of one-tenth, or 13*s.* The legal payment would be 2*l.*! How a revenue thus administered could be otherwise than deficient it is difficult to conjecture. But better ideas began to prevail under Count Tojal's administration, and the besom of reform was applied in the right direction. In another year all these cobwebs would have been brushed away. The repartition assessment for the first year was wisely made light; the second year it would have been searching, stringent, and eminently productive, although still not onerous upon any individual, since it is obvious that half-a-crown from each member of the community is as good, fiscally, as a crown from each obnoxious individual (supposing the obnoxious to be half the population), and nothing at all from the remainder. The population would soon have become accustomed to the new machinery; and the anxious gatherings of *quidnuncs* occasionally witnessed in barbers'-shops, drinking-shops (*loges de bebidas*), eating-houses (*casas de pasto*), *adsogados'* offices, and tailors' and shoemakers' shops would have ceased, Peninsula-wise, to wag the finger and shrug the shoulder when the nine days' wonder was over.

But to all this amelioration there is one essential pre-requisite—to put down the present Rebellion,

and never after, under any pretence, to let the army of Portugal be under 18,000 *regularly paid and contented men.* Let us have an end of the three several half-pay and retired lists. Let every regiment in the service be "reformed" once for all, but not by shelving shoals of intriguing officers, who straightway begin to conspire for the restoration of their party. Let a knowledge of tactics and a study of the active duties of the service be stringent recommendations to notice and to favour; and let us for Heaven's sake, have an end of military Revolutions.

To the realization of these results the primary essential is the establishment and maintenance of a strong and stable government—a doubtful contingency, since it is the very essence of Peninsular nature that treachery may at any time sap a power in appearance the most firmly consolidated. The facts, however, which I have stated, are indisputable —except by the spirit of faction. The retired life, which as an invalid I am forced to lead, removes me alike from the range of party and from the influence of "fear, favour, or affection." I do not hold a farthing in the Portuguese funds; neither am I interested in any speculation in them, directly or indirectly. During my residence here of nearly six years, my pursuits have made me necessarily conversant with the subject of Portuguese finance, and I have given with perfect candour the results of my experience.

Lisbon, November 25.

The Ministerial statement just published on the occasion of the formation of the new "Bank of

Portugal" reveals very completely the actual state of the Portuguese finances. The Government admits itself indebted to the two now broken and extinct banking companies, the Bank of Lisbon and the Confiança Company, in the large amount of 13,000 contos of reis, or 2,925,000*l.* sterling. The late series of insurrections has made it impossible for the Government to collect the taxes, or to pay this considerable sum, and it may be considered as substantially added to the funded debt of the country. The very unsound and objectionable principle is admitted of an inconvertible paper currency to the extent of 5,000 contos, or 1,125,000*l.* of notes of the late Bank of Lisbon, to which a *curso forçado*, or forced circulation, is to be given, which is to be gradually sunk in monthly sums of 18 contos or 216 contos (48,000*l.*) a-year, until the whole is amortized or redeemed, which will cover a period of some twenty-five years. This is a substantial recurrence to that "paper-money" which was formerly so odious in Portugal, and which the Duke of Wellington so frequently fulminates in his despatches. The defence for the establishment of so injurious a system is that it was inevitable, that these large advances were made *bonâ fide* by these two Companies to the Government, and that every capitalist in the country would be injured, and many ruined, if any other terms were adopted, since all had their capitals embarked in these investments. Whatever may be said in this respect, the system is vicious and unsound; and the tradesmen of Lisbon have immediately proved this by placing

a large per-centage on their goods to indemnify themselves for the losses they will sustain by receiving Bank of Lisbon notes at the new permanent discount. In one day the *alqueire* of corn has been raised 200 reis, the *almude* of oil 500 reis, and butter by retail 40 reis the pound. Thus every individual in the country will be made to feel the pressure, living will become dearer, and the power of sustaining taxation will be proportionably diminished. On the whole, however, the position of the foreign bondholder is improved by this legislation, because, had the Government undertaken to make good these claims at once, the dividends never could have been paid.

The new Bank of Portugal is formed out of a junction of the Bank of Lisbon and Confiança Company, the latter paying down cash to equalize the amount of interest, and the Government, as usual in Portugal, obtains a loan of 300 contos (67,500*l.*) at five per cent. per annum, as the condition of the new privilege which it concedes. This forestalment of revenue can only, of course, be justified by the plea of necessity, but the loan has been obtained on moderate terms, and is just now in fact indispensable. The issues of the Bank of Portugal are to be convertible at once on demand, the guarantee of a respectable commission of capitalists is provided, who are to see to the monthly redemption, to cancel the Bank of Lisbon notes thus redeemed, and to destroy all the engraved plates of the Bank in existence. The additional safeguards are enacted, in imitation of

Sir R. Peel's legislation for the Bank of England, of a publication of monthly and annual returns of the Bank issues and transactions, with the amount of specie in their coffers. The amount of Bank of Portugal issues, and of Bank of Lisbon notes in forced circulation, does not appear excessive when compared with the extent of the country, but this, like all other monetary legislation, must receive its sanction or its condemnation from time. The question of payment of full or reduced dividends on the foreign bonds still remains undecided; and I believe there is only one man in Portugal, Count Tojal, who is capable of solving it. I feel assured that, when the Count re-enters the Ministry, he will use every effort to pay full dividends. But to this the one thing necessary is an effective army, never less than 18,000 strong, by which order may be maintained and the taxes collected, *which the country can well afford to pay.*

By the last budget presented to the Chambers by Count Tojal, in February of the present year [1846], the revenue of Portugal for the financial year 1846-7 is estimated at 11,625 contos, or 2,615,625*l.*, a great increase within four years, for in 1842 it did not exceed 1,900,000*l.* This amelioration was not effected by any extensive change of system, but by an improved mode of collecting the several heads of revenue, by levying in some instances increased per-centage, by laying on duties in cases which had been overlooked or which could manifestly bear the burden, and generally by what is known over the Continent as a more vigorous "fiscalization." In

this estimate of revenue the newly-proposed repartition tax is introduced in lieu of the old *decima*, but as the amount stated for the first year is about the same as was collected under the head of "*decima e impostos annexos*," no change occurs in this respect, and therefore the difference need not be noted. The budget with which we are dealing contains in fact only the established heads of revenue, all of which would be again collected upon the re-establishment of order; and the "health-dues" which occasioned the redoubtable Amazon Maria da Fontes' resistance and the subsequent Revolution of Minho in May last, having in fact not exceeded a conto per annum, or 225*l.*, for the entire kingdom, need not be taken into account.

Of this 11,625 contos, of which the entire revenue is estimated to consist, 3958 contos, or 890,550*l.* was to have formed the endowment of the Junta of Public Credit for the payment of the interest on the foreign and internal debt, increased by the conversion, which had been effected under the Barons Folgosa and Junqueira's contract to the extent of 6,000,000*l.*, and by the consequent undertaking to pay four per cent. per annum upon this amount. This sum of 890,000*l.* was, no doubt, considerable, but it was only a third of the entire revenue of the state, and it cannot be doubted that but for the general *débâcle* it would have been regularly paid. The Government had undoubtedly become involved to the extent of upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, with the Bank of Lisbon and the Confiança Company, but this was the result of collateral operations effected

to clear them from the effects of by-gone embarrassments and of a series of loans, from which miserable policy the Minister was emerging as fast as possible. The remainder of the estimate, being the sum of 7666 contos or 1,725,075*l.*, represents the annual expenditure, or charges of the different Ministries and other items of public outlay. It did not, however, entirely cover the estimated expenditure, which was 11,660 contos, and therefore appeared a deficiency of 35 contos, or 7875*l.*—an amount of course which, if it represented the real and total deficiency, would give very little trouble. The endowment of the Junta of Public Credit was completed, and a *saldo* or excess of 6 contos left in their hands; and as they had but one third of the entire revenue of the country to pay in interest on their foreign and domestic debt, while England pays near two thirds, their task appeared in no respect onerous. But, according to the principle on which this budget was drawn up, the 2,000,000*l.* sterling in which the Government was indebted to the Bank of Lisbon and the Confiança Company was not included, but subsequently appeared in a statement of "Extraordinary Expenditure," and thus the *coup-d'œil* was not so perfect as it might have been.

No man can doubt however, that these 2,000,000*l.* would have been gradually cleared off, the dividends regularly paid, and the other charges of the state satisfactorily sustained, had not the rebellion in Minho been successful, had the army been maintained on its footing of presumed efficiency (in other

words, had not military cormorants devoured the pay of 8000 supposititious soldiers) and had the repartition tax been brought into effective operation. This tax, which for the first year was laid on to the amount of 2500 contos, would the next year have been 3000," the year after 3500, without being sensibly much more onerous, and keeping *far within the tax-paying capabilities of one of the least heavily taxed countries in Europe.* It is thus manifest that the breakdown was in the other departments of the Administration; and that the Finance Minister, had he been adequately supported, would have triumphantly realized all his plans. But once again let me repeat that without an army vigorously maintained at 18,000 strong, it is ridiculous to be fiscalizing in this country, whose inhabitants, wallowing in the sty of ignorant and besotted prejudice, made a rebellion for a tax (the health-dues) which amounted to just 225*l.* a year for the whole country!

The repartition-system of taxation was annulled by a stroke of the pen during the Duke de Palmella's late administration, but it will doubtless be restored if Saldanha is successful. It is also probable that, a strong government being established, it will be attempted to return to a payment of full dividends on the foreign bonds. It has been impossible to collect the taxes for the last six months, but with a strong administration that difficulty will speedily disappear, and this very arrear will form a nest-egg of great financial capability. With the Chartist party it has always been a paramount consideration to maintain the credit of the country, while their

opponents have not recoiled from the abyss of bankruptcy.

The endowment of the Junta of Public Credit consisting, as before stated, of 3958 contos (for the payment of the interest on the foreign and internal debt) is thus made up:—For the internal debt, 1087 contos, from the tobacco, soap, and powder contract, which was let jointly two years back, with an annexed loan to the Government of 4000 contos or near 1,000,000*l.* sterling, which forms the bulk of the Government's liability to the Confiança Company, formed at that period to advance this loan and sustain the new contract; 68 contos from the Lisbon custom-house; 420 contos from the Oporto custom-house; 9 contos from the Terceiro Publico, or corn-market. For the foreign debt, a *decima* taken from the interest on the internal debt, 151 contos; ditto from the salaries of the Junta, &c., 2 contos; from the tobacco, soap, and powder contract, 109 contos; from the Lisbon custom-house, 820 contos; from the Oporto custom-house, 270 contos; from the Sete Casas (excise), 100 contos; from the impost on fish, 55 contos; supplement advanced by Folgosa, Junqueira, & Co., contractors for the loan, 265 contos. For the contract of the Company of Public Works; annual endowment taken from the repartition-tax, 600 contos. This contract was entered into for the formation of roads throughout the kingdom, and has lapsed at least for the present. The sum advanced was to be made good by a tax of a testoon, 5½*d.* per head, or a day's labour from every adult male in the king-

dom. The Company will now receive only the proportion due to it for the four short roads which it has completed. The chief remaining items of the Revenue are as follows, and are applicable to the general public expenditure :—The residue of the repartition-tax (after paying the 600 contos to the Company of Public Works), 1945 contos; taxes upon Royal honours, titles, and other *mercês*, 82 contos; judicial and other fines, 14 contos; *sizas* (tax on sales and transfers of live stock, &c.), 291 contos; stamps of both kinds, 315 contos, with a proposed increase of 35 contos; tax on the transmission of property, 50 contos; on matriculations, &c., 24 contos; Lisbon custom-house, 1325 contos (adding the 888 contos applicable to the endowment of the Junta of Public Credit, the entire receipt from this department is 2213 contos; the customs revenue of Lisbon is therefore 497,925*l.*, or in round numbers half a million sterling); Oporto custom-house, 924 contos (making, with the 690 applicable to the endowment of the Junta of Public Credit, 1614 contos or 363,150*l.* for the customs revenue of Oporto); Sete Casas, or chief excise, 754 contos (making with the previously-stated 100 contos 854 contos, or 192,150*l.*); minor custom-houses of the kingdom, 154 contos; profits from the Mint, 4 contos; tobacco, soap, and powder contract, 324 contos (making with the two previous sums of 1088 and 109 contos, 1521 contos or 342,000*l.*—a very pretty sum to be (the bulk of it) snuffed and puffed away in a year by three millions and a half of people—it is just 2*s.* a-head, including children and women. A diminution of 160

contos per annum has been conceded to the contractors in consequence of the loss sustained through contraband in the present disturbed state of the country; Post-office, 97 contos; tax on salt, 84 contos; ditto on meat, 85 contos; ditto on fish, 6 contos (with 55 in the endowment of the Junta); *real d'agoa*, tax on liquids, &c., 78 contos; from the corn-market, 151 contos (with 9 additional in the endowment of the Junta); product in money of the remaining sales of *bems nacionaes*, or confiscated convent and cathedral property, 30 contos; sales and remission of *foros* and other Crown and quit rents, 176 contos; product of the Royal *pinhaes*, or pine forests, which are of great extent, 13 contos (this item, with a little energy, might be made much more productive); mining contracts, 10 contos; freights in ships of war (very properly thus made use of), 5 contos; income of the extinct College of Nobles (abolished with the Jesuits), 5½ contos; rent of stores in the several custom-houses, 7 contos; diminution in their incomes, consented to by the Royal Family, 72 contos; interest on 450,900*l.* of bonds of 1837, converted into Four per Cents., 78 contos; and income derived from the Islands subject to Portugal, 520 contos, or 117,000*l.*, which is nearly eaten up by the expenses of their mal-administration.

The annual receipt of the custom-house of Figueira is 47 contos; of St. Ube's, 6 contos; of Vianna, 52 contos (a quantity of goods is cleared here to go contraband into Spain); of Tavira, 5½ contos; of Olhão, 4 contos; of Faro, 3 contos.

Amongst the *portos seccos*, or custom-houses which are not sea-ports, Chaves yields 4 contos, Braganza 3 contos, Elvas 1 conto, Monsão 3 contos, Moura 1 conto, Serpa 1 conto, and Valença 1 conto.

The public debt of Portugal is internal and foreign. The internal debt consists of the following items:—

		Contos.
11,737	contos of 4 per cents., bearing an interest of .	469
18,941	ditto 5 per cents.	947
376	ditto 6 per cents.	22
70	ditto Royal lotteries of 1801 and 1806 .	3½
148	ditto Azores debt, 5 per cent. . . .	7½
1,469	ditto Padroens de juros Reaes, 4 per cent.	58
667	ditto chiefly inscriptions passed for the late Conversion	44
33,408	contos. Interest .	1,551

The public debt of Portugal therefore stands thus:—

£7,516,800	Internal debt, bearing an interest (averaging 4½ per cent.) of	£348,975
9,583,921	Foreign debt (3 per cent.) . . .	287,517
	1 per cent. additional on the £6,000,000 converted bonds	60,000
	Various charges on the Internal debt, 37 contos	8,325
	Ditto Foreign ditto, including sinking-fund, 154½ contos .	34,762
92,308	Four per cent. bonds, to be delivered to Folgosa, Jemqueira, and Co., as commission	3,692
437,500	Annuities, (provisional fund of 1836) averaged at 4 per cent. . . .	17,500
£17,630,529	Total Debt.	Total Charge £760,771

The Duke da Palmella's Government subjected these dividends to a deduction of 20 per cent. on the foreign, and 10 per cent. on the internal bonds, which utter violation of faith is not likely to subsist, if the insurrection is suppressed (of which there is every possibility) and a permanent Government established.

The Queen has an endowment of a conto (225*l.*) per day, or 82,125*l.* per annum; the King's endowment is 100 contos, or 22,500*l.* per annum; the eldest of the youngest Princes 20 contos, 4500*l.*; the second 10 contos, 2250; the Empress-Duchess of Braganza 40 contos, 9000*l.*; her daughter, the Princess Amelia 1100*l.*; the Infanta and former Regent, Isabel Maria, 40 contos, 9000*l.*; the Infanta Anna-de-Jesus, 15 contos, 3375*l.*

The annual expenses of the Chamber of Peers are 13½ contos, 3037*l.*; those of the Deputies, including payment of 13*s.* per day to each during the Session, and mileage, 46½ contos, 10,462*l.*

The inactive classes (state pensioners) cost annually 708 contos, 160,000*l.*

The expenses of the Ministry of the kingdom (internal administration) are 1043 contos, 234,675*l.*; comprising, Council of State 14½ contos; Civil Governors 70 ditto; Public Instruction 234 ditto; Scientific and Literary Establishments 18 contos, (4050*l.*!) Fine Arts, Musical Performances, and Museum, 56 contos; Public Works 100 ditto; Public Gardens 19 ditto; Lisbon Municipality 137 ditto; Charitable Establishments 101 ditto; Municipal Guards 214 ditto. The expenses of the Ministry

of Finance, including Custom-houses, Mint, and Stamp-office, are 708 contos, 159,300*l.* The expenses of the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs and Justice are 383 contos, thus divided:—

The Church, including the several Dioceses of the Kingdom and adjacent islands, costs 103 contos, 23,175*l.* (they do their religion cheap in Portugal); the several Tribunals, Law Officers and Judges, cost 190 contos, 42,750*l.*; the Gaols and the Ministers' Office, 90 contos, 20,250*l.*

The expenses of the War Department (for a nominal force of 18,000 men, less than 11,000 having been actually maintained!) are 2435 contos, 547,875*l.*; those of Marine and Colonies 865 contos, 194,625*l.*; those of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs 232 contos, 52,200*l.*

The population of the Kingdom of Portugal is, as nearly as can be ascertained, three millions and a half of souls, who pay in direct taxes, just 3*s.* 3*d.* per head. Portugal is, therefore, one of the most lighty-taxed communities in Europe. Profoundly prejudiced ignorance will not see this, but the day will probably come before long, when it will be made to feel it. While tithes subsisted, up to their abolition twelve years since, the Portuguese paid twice the revenue that they do now, and owing to the supineness of her rulers, and the corrupt administration of her army, the despicably-unfounded outcry against the health-fee, one of the most justifiable and least onerous of taxes, amounting to *just the sixteenth part of a farthing per head on the entire population*, led to a rebellion which has pre-

cipitated the country headlong into the abyss of destruction. When one sees these things as the result of besotted ignorance, with what contempt must he not regard the pretext of popular rights which our wiseacres of British authorities take for the basis of the present Rebellion! Portugal is one-fourth the superficial extent of Spain, which once maintained 40,000,000 inhabitants, and she might readily support 9,000,000 people, and pay four times the amount of taxes that she does at present, her soil and productions being amongst the very richest in Europe.

The state of "Portuguese India," as it is still somewhat magniloquently called, is not undeserving of attention. Both this and the African colonies are in the most wretched state of prostration to which it is possible that they could be reduced by misgovernment; and the beautiful island of Madeira is equally neglected.

CHAPTER XXII.

National characteristics.—Pride.—A retired pork-butcher.—Intensity of Southern hatred.—Divisions of Society.—The Lisbon Custom-house.—The fashionable Church of Graça.—Dona Maria's *enceinte continuée*.—Portuguese epithets of courtesy: "Your Excellency," "Your Grace," and "Illustrious Sir."—Life in the balcony.—Hirsute heroes.—Female Characteristics.—The *Egressos*.—Mr. Borrow's efforts to circulate the Scriptures.—The aqueduct.—Beauty of the suburban rides; destroyed by the want of Macadamized roads.—Improvement in the appearance of Lisbon, and in cleanliness.—The filth of ten years since.—The *Rancho* of the olden time.—The days of Dom Manoel.

Lisbon, November.

On the whole, there is a great resemblance between the Portuguese and Spanish characters. Both nations are equally proud. The Portuguese are more polite, but they are also, I think, less to be depended on.

Portuguese pride is well illustrated in the following anecdote. A Lisbon pork-butcher, having made a little money and retired from business, purchased a superb *quinta*, with a palace on the spot, which had once been the residence of a now ruined Marquis. It was of course in a very *desgraçada* condi-

tion, but the man of tripe and sausages, nothing daunted, sent for the first upholsterer of the Portuguese metropolis. "How does your Senhora wish the apartments furnished?" said he of the tape and tapestry. "*Like the Necessidades!*" was the pork-butcher's reply.

It is a notable illustration of the intensity of Southern hatred, not much inferior to that of the Italian who promised to spare his enemy's life on condition of his forswearing his God, and slew him at that instant, that when a Portuguese even in politics is gibed with co-operating with an adversary, it is a well known reply—"*Com elle não quer nem ir para o Ceo!*"—(With him I would not choose even to enter Heaven!)

Society here is, in common parlance, divided into two great classes—the Washed Cravats (*gravatos lavadas*) and the Stockingless Brogues (*sapatos sem palmilhas*).

The barbarous rapacity of the Lisbon Custom-house is again attracting public attention. A rich Brazilian, desirous to escape the rigours of a winter in London and Paris, came to Lisbon on the 30th August for the advantage of the climate and of association with a people whose language is his own. On the 3rd September (five days after) he had not yet succeeded in extricating his baggage from the custom-house, or in securing even a change of linen. Thoroughly indignant and disgusted, he proceeded to Italy, where he will scatter his gold amongst a more civilized community. A travelled Portuguese purchased three months since in Paris

a lady's mantle, half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, and a fan. He passed through England, Belgium, Switzerland, France, and Spain, carrying with him these trifles unquestioned, though his luggage was examined at six-and-thirty different custom-houses. On his arrival at Lisbon, his baggage was detained three days in the custom-house, and he was forced to pay in duties twice the value of the articles in question. Another Portuguese traveller carried with him dictionaries of the various languages spoken in the countries through which he passed, requisites as necessary for a traveller as his shirts or shaving utensils. Through every country in Europe these dictionaries passed free, with one exception—this was his native Portugal. In Lisbon custom-house they were put into the scales, and charged 1280 reis.

The most fashionable Church in Lisbon, during Passion Week, is the Graça, a fine building, remarkable for a beautiful image of Christ taken down from the Cross. During the most solemn rites, the avenue to the high altar is crowded with young men of fashion, whose sole employment seems to be to see what is going on amongst the fairer portion of the congregation; and deal out as much ready wit as possible. Upon one occasion, a young man, just as a very beautiful young lady was approaching the group of which he formed a part, came forward, and assuming the attitude and language of a street beggar, said, "*O minha nobre Senhora*, give me a kiss for the love of G—d!" The lady, without being in the smallest degree disconcerted, and with as

much indifference as if she were really addressing a beggar, returned the technical answer, which is used when alms are not given: "*Irmão, Deos o favoreça!*" (May G—d relieve you, brother!)

I may here set down a *mot* of Mons. Montalivet's, at the period of the formation of the Ministry of the Premier-Mars. The news reached Paris that Dona Maria had dismissed her Ministers, and this intelligence was accompanied by the announcement that the Queen was *enceinte:* "There is nothing astonishing in that," said Montalivet. "*Règle générale,* whenever a political crisis makes itself manifest in Portugal, *Madame Dona Maria accouche toujours;* whence it comes that the political horizon of Portugal is always *big with events!*"

M. Montalivet might have compared the matronly condition of the Queen of Portugal to that of Paris under the fortification system—an *enceinte continuée!*

Every Portuguese woman, who has the least pretension to be considered a lady, must be addressed as "Your Excellency." This is pleasantly ridiculed as follows: "Se en soubesse que Vossa Excellencia tinha Excellencia, en daria à Vossa Excellencia tanta Excellencia que Vossa Excellencia de Excellencia farta ficaria."

("Had I known that Your Excellency had Excellency, I would have given Your Excellency so much Excellency, that Your Excellency would be choked with Excellency!")

Reader, by the beard of your father and the eye-

brow of your mother, I conjure you to give the title of Excellency to every female in Portugal who thinks herself a lady, (how many will this exclude?) and the more millineresque she be to give it to her the more pertinaciously. Thus you will be regarded as a *cavalheiro perfeito*, and the pink of chivalry; otherwise you will be set down as a brute!

Likewise, *nota* that every tailor in this country is "Your Grace," and "Illustrious Sir." If you doubt it, I refer you to the vocabulary, where you will find that the very beggar is "*vossa mercé*," and to the commonest tradesman's epistle, at the commencement of which flourishes the prefix, "*Illustrissimo Senhor*." Your barber would think himself affronted, if you did not so address him in scribbling an order for shaving-soap. They do not stick up for the "*Don*" here as the Spaniards do, but it is only because the national pride is greater, and requires a stronger dose of incense. The consequence is that the phrase, which in England we reserve for Royal Dukes and only for one other, is here so draggled in the mud that it is claimed by every *charcutier*.

The balcony life of Lisbon is curious. It is the drawing-room of the middle-classes, who may be said to have no other, for they rarely visit each other's houses, and dinners, balls, parties, and other entertainments of the kind are almost wholly unknown. With the exception of the Spanish *tertulia*, it is so over the whole Peninsula. There are no *tertulias* in Lisbon, and except in the better class of houses there are scarcely any evening receptions.

Three or four families are either related or get acquainted, and to their rare mutual visits all society is confined. The balconies become the great place of rendezvous. Females dress for their appearance here, and study and borrow the fashions from each other's toilets. Walking in the mountainous and ill-paved streets never can come much in vogue. In the balconies they exchange their civilities, their "*muito obrigados*,"* and their "*passa muito bems*,"† and wave their fingers at each other in a curious complimentary salutation.

The Portuguese are one of the hairiest races in Europe. This southern sun bewhiskers youths of fifteen, and moustaches so many ladies (whose voices are roughened by snuff-taking) that the petticoat is often the only apparent sexual distinction. Dom Pedro, during the siege of Oporto, took a vow never to suffer a razor near his face till he had exterminated his usurping brother. The result was a patriarchal beard descending to his middle before the end of the war. The Constitutionalists of Portugal, out of regard for their liberator's memory, have continued ever since to wear enormous beards; and you will see a little soldier four feet high strutting before his post with a harmless firelock on his shoulder, and a beard fringing his chin, calculated much more to frighten you. This evil had risen to such a pitch at the Treasury, and what the clerks wrote was often so atrociously

* "Much obliged."

† "May you pass the time very well" (in health). This is heard at every turn.

blotted by the sweeping of their beards, that the Minister felt compelled to issue a *portaria* suspending the guarantees of every *moustache* in the department. This document recited the impropriety of "civil *employés* using military distinctions," and condemned the contumacious to suspension from their employment.

The character of the Portuguese is a *mélange* of good and bad qualities, in which the good, I think, on the whole, preponderate. When I came to this country six years since, I came laden with the usual foreign prejudices; but a long residence in the country has reconciled me to many things (and discovered good reasons for their existence) which at first awoke disgust. Two visits during that period to England, Ireland, and France, have convinced me that there is quite as much roguery, uncleanliness, and barbarism in portions of those countries as in Portugal; and I have found more kindness of disposition in the latter country than in any of the three former, with the exception of my native Ireland.

The Portuguese are idle, unenterprising, procrastinating; *amanhãa!* is their fatal word. But they have prodigious national pride, which is the root of many good qualities. They fully share the spirit of *Españolismo*, and national independence with their neighbours, whom they individually hate. Their courage is of the same description as that of the Spaniards, compulsive, kindled by enthusiasm, capable of daring acts, and venting itself in violence and cruelty at the moment of excitement, but ra-

pidly burning out, like a flash in the pan. The religious steadfastness and bigotry of the Portuguese have their origin in the national pride; superstition is disappearing from amongst them, except in the lower classes. The qualities which most endear them are their unfailing politeness, and a vivacity in which they approach the Andalucians.

The Portuguese are little understood in Europe, as is evident from the nonsense which strangers write in dispraise of their beautiful language. There is a great deal of cleverness among those who are tolerably educated, but no assiduity or toilsome application, and consequently almost no results in literature, science, or the fine arts. Education here is for the most part very incomplete, owing chiefly to an unfortunate vanity, which dresses up young boys and girls in a showy style of pretensiousness long before any idea but school and bread-and-butter should enter their heads. At fourteen they are little ladies and gentlemen, and straight begin *namorando* (love-making), after which the horn-book is exchanged for the process of horning where they can. This hot-house culture of youthful vanity becomes by its consequence a frightful vice. Two remarkable qualities redeem many bad ones amongst the Portuguese. The first is their charity to the poor. A half-penny or a farthing (implored by the sweetly-sounding diminutive *cincoreisinhos*) is never refused, when possessed, to the beggars, of whom there are considerable numbers—there being no legal provision—and when the party solicited is without the tributary copper, though he be a Duke he replies

to his ragged supplicant in a soft and conciliating tone, "*Perdoë, irmão!*" (*vossa mercé* understood). "Brother, let your worship pardon me!" The other most commendable quality is that of a horror of bloodshed, which makes executions very rare, and, in remarkable contrast to the habits of their Spanish cousins, has caused shootings and hangings for merely political offences to be almost wholly unknown since the days of Miguel.

The inhabitants of the northern provinces are brave and hardy highlanders. They are without exception a fine race of men, as untamed to the yoke as the Cantabrians, ready to rise for a straw, hospitable, sincere, and full of prejudices, of national hatreds, and of love of country. In the southern districts, they are more treacherous and revengeful, but these qualities have been exaggerated. The country people about Lisbon (*Saloios*), and in the remoter districts of the south, are little inferior to the northern races, and if they are fierce and sometimes brutal, as is undeniable, it is because civilization as yet has scarcely reached them. The Lisbon people are a much quieter race than is commonly supposed—indeed they are one of the very quietest metropolitan populations in Europe; and, contrary to the received opinion, assassination is really infrequent. The *fidalgos*, or noble class, are scarcely worthy to be at the head of the nation, but Lord Byron has greatly exaggerated their defects; they are extremely affable, inexclusive, and popular in their manner; and their birth is for the most part superior to that of the Spanish noble.

It is impossible, consistently with candour, to overlook some great faults in the Portuguese mode of living. The inferiority of the women of Lisbon in appearance is attributable to their living almost wholly within doors, being thus deprived of wholesome exercise, inhaling no very salutary odours from the streets underneath their balconies, careless as to the quality of the food they eat, and rather deficient in the essentials of cleanliness in their houses and *cuisine*. Every thing is thrust into the *panella*, a worse kind of *olla*. From these causes arise their bad complexions, and an occasional distortion of features, which only make ludicrous the compliments paid to them by General Dumouriez, seventy years back, in a work of which the military portion is excellent. Should the Lisbon ladies reform these things, I doubt not that their looks will become very agreeable.

The national dance is the *Fofa*, and is somewhat obscene. The *Fandango* is sometimes danced near the frontier. On the Saints' festivals, during the summer, some amusement may be had at the *funcoens* within ten miles round Lisbon. The Gallegos too have their days, on which they amuse themselves with the dance and bagpipe.

The reproach of Judaism and Sebastianism is diminishing daily. It was Lord Tyrawley who wittily observed :—"What can be done with a nation, one half of whom expects the return of Dom Sebastian, and the other half the coming of the Messiah?"

The long dark cloth cloak, with cape, and white muslin handkerchief enveloping the head, which are generally worn by the female population of Lisbon, give them rather a demure and nun-like aspect, yet are not unpleasing upon certain styles of faces and figures. Though beauty is rare here, fine eyes and hair are general, and the national costume is more becoming than the Parisian bonnet, which is universally worn, however, by all females of any pretension. The only exception is in going to church, when the mantilla, or rather a black veil thrown over the head, is a frequent costume.

Beauty, when found, is exquisite in proportion to its rarity here, and I would instance the Countess da Ribeira and the daughters of the Infanta Anne (Marchioness de Loulé) as very charming specimens. But you may walk Lisbon for days without meeting an instance of striking beauty. The domestic society is on a poor scale, and the Theatres and the few public Balls are the only places of real *réunion*. The costume of males in Lisbon does not differ from that of the rest of Europe, but foppishness is rather prevalent. The lower classes, with their handy jackets and tufted hats, form a much more pleasing spectacle, and the country farmers who enter Lisbon on horses covered with curious trappings, and with the iron stirrup, inherited from the Moors, are a fine, sturdy race. The Gallegos, too, are for the most part manly fellows, with their packs and water barrels on their shoulders. Of these there are 30,000 in Lisbon, by whom all the porterage

and much of the domestic work is done, the Portuguese being for the most part too proud or lazy to descend to this drudgery of toil.

The stipends of the *Egressos*, or members of secularized convents, are fixed with gross irregularity, and the state of many of these individuals is lamentable in the extreme. The *bems nacionaes*, or conventual property, was disposed of in a manner almost to destroy its productiveness, and some of the most magnificent country-houses about Lisbon, formerly belonging to the Monastic orders, were bought up by favoured individuals for a song. The legislature and the country have solemnly pledged themselves over and over for the maintenance of these uncloistered religious, and give them a stone in lieu of bread. Often may these wan and half-ecclesiastical figures be met on the verge of pauperism. Whatever opinion may be entertained on the merit of conventual institutions, no honest man can defend this robbery, or do otherwise than regret the alienation of funds which had originally a sacred application. The *congruas* or maintenance of the parish clergy throughout the kingdom are paid with more regularity, but still they are often in arrear, and often subjected to diminution. Such are the fruits of the insane lust of Revolutions. The decent service of the altar is subsidiarily performed by religious confraternities, called *Irmandades*, the members of which subscribe on an average annually 4*l.* or 5*l.* each for the purpose. The procession of *Corpus Christi* and the Lenten *Passos* are still performed with great splendour, and the Court, Royal

Family, and Army, take regularly part in the former.

The efforts of Mr. Borrow to inculcate the Scriptures here are well remembered, but it does not appear that he has been rewarded with much practical success. Durability of impressions is the point which it is impossible to attain. There are well-executed versions of distinct portions of the New Testament exposed for sale in many bookshops, but I could not ascertain that they were either purchased or read. His followers, in the distribution of tracts, have been still less successful, the difficulty being to create an interest in the article where no taste for reading exists, and where such a predilection is slowly generated. The plan recently adopted before Cadiz, of bottling tracts and allowing them to be washed ashore, was a failure for two reasons; first, because the bottling gave a ludicrous colouring to the transaction, and secondly, for the conclusive reason that Cadiz being surrounded by fortified sea-walls, mounted with frowning guns and sentries, the bottles never reached the inhabitants. I would recommend small water-tight barrels, such as are used in smuggling, to be floated in along the coast, and the contents to be books on the smallest scale, invariably bound and gilt.

The turrets of Notre Dame de Paris, the summit of the Monument at London Bridge, possess by no means the same suicidal fascination which hovers around the *Arcos Livres* of Lisbon. Within the single year of 1842, six human beings perished by their own act at a single bound from this inviting

esplanade of destruction. I have sufficiently described this noble aqueduct, in comparing it with the Roman aqueduct at Elvas, to which I readily award it the superiority.

A cross is rudely traced in whitewash on the wall, at each point which has attained this melancholy interest; a bloody laurel should be likewise traced there, to commemorate the paternal caution of the Government; to complete the picture, a graveyard might be planted beneath, with open fosses to receive the corpses on their descent, and the inscription placed over head: "Death made easy!"

The suburbs of Lisbon are magnificent. The finest rides in the world might be obtained here, if the roads were only Macadamized, and the horrid pavement got rid of.

The Campo de Santa Anna is the gypsy-resort and rag-fair of Lisbon, as the Campos de Santa Barbara are at Madrid.

Lisbon has greatly improved both in appearance and cleanliness of late years. The streets are beginning to be generally sewered, and many are now Macadamized. The Rocio Square, with its new Theatre, is magnificent. Two fine new hotels have been recently opened, the Braganza Hotel and the Peninsular Hotel. There is nothing so good as either at Madrid. Very different was it ten years since. The streets were then impassable, covered with filth, and dead rats, cats, dogs, and all other abominations.

Or let us go back one hundred years, before the period of the earthquake. On a moonlit night in the month of October, in the year of grace 1740, the

fearful, but then customary, cry: "*O Rancho!*" was raised (we will suppose) in the streets of Lisbon. Such of the inhabitants as had been loitering at their doors with tenacious devotion, chaunting the Rosary in honour of the Madre de Deos, the blessed Rainha da Gloria, sought safety in a precipitate retreat within their well-barred shop-doors, while those who, yielding to more mundane influences, had been sauntering through the wide Rocio, or enjoying the fresco on the heights towards Buenos Ayres, tasting the racy Carcavellos or the generous vintage of Lavradio with its usual accompaniment of savoury fried sandwiches, or olives thrice impregnated with salt, or the less stimulating, sweet Bolaxa, fled at the utmost speed in the direction of their homes respectively, fathers with their children on their backs, mothers with their infants clinging closer to their breasts and screaming low in hushed terror at that well-known, ominous cry, lovers encircling their fair companions with a jealous arm, casting at intervals an anxious eye over their shoulders, and erecting their ears to catch the direction of the uproar.

It was the young bloods of the old nobility, who came forth to kiss, maltreat every female they met, and even proceed to violence, followed by their armed retainers ready to sabre their male defenders; and foremost amongst the rest was young Carvalho, afterwards the Marquis of Pombal—the great Despotic Reformer. Such were the days which Dom Miguel would have restored!

The days of Lisbon's pride were those of Dom Manoel, the discoverer of India.

Dom Manoel mounted the throne in his twenty-sixth year, being proclaimed first in Alcacer do Sal, where he was residing when the news of his uncle's death and last testament reached him. He was immediately after proclaimed in due form throughout the kingdom. Dom Manoel was the son of the Infante Dom Fernando, the Grandson of King Dom Duarte (Edward), and the Great-grandson of King Dom John the First. This latter King married Philippa, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster (the celebrated John of Gaunt), the brother of King Edward the Sixth of England, curiously described in the Portuguese chronicle as "Elkie Dom Duarte de Inglaterra, Sexto do Nome," (we could excuse the Dom). As the head therefore, of this brief sketch was the Great-grandson of a celebrated Englishwoman, I trust he may interest my English readers.

When Vasco da Gama discovered Mozambique, he found the only distinction between the grandees and the commonalty to be, that the former wore larger rags where the custom of the country permitted any to be worn. On his return from India, he brought with him some elephants, on which the king took great pride in riding about the metropolis; and it was one of the "clemencies" of this Rei Felicissimo, to commute the sentences of death against several murderers in various parts of his dominions, with a species of transportation, to which no parallel can probably be found in the world's history. When Vasco da Gama set out upon his voyage of discovery, a number of these were despatched with

him in irons, and landed in pairs at different points of the strange countries which he visited "to pick up information on the spot, and learn full particulars of the country and the people, the captain assigning them a fixed time to be at the same place, in order that they might be taken up by his vessels on their return." The hero of the Luciad was a bold man; history does not record whether he was much of a practical joker; but if he was herein serious, he was a most superb jackass. Only fancy the chance of a brace of shivering convicts set down amongst a horde of hostile savages! The fact is, Gama never saw them more. As they were the fiercest villains in Portugal, the savages doubtless soon obtained an inkling of their disposition and pared after their own fashion the claws of Dom Manoel's emancipated jail-birds. What a present to send to an untutored race by way of demonstrating the advantages of civilization!

The will of Dom John the Second, father of Dom Manoel, well illustrates the barbarous notions of the age in which he lived. This king died in the prime of life, (he was in his fortieth year) in 1495. In this will he commences by appointing Dom Manoel his successor and *testamenteiro,* and by imploring him to observe fully and faithfully all things touching the *discharging of his conscience* and salvation of his soul—*item,* that for his soul, immediately after his death, he shall cause to be said *three thousand* masses, for which he left three thousand reals of lawful silver, of which 117 make a mark, being the silver reals which were then cur-

rent in the kingdom; *item*, that to forty and one female orphans be given to each, twenty justos of gold, and to release forty and one poor Portuguese captains, other twenty justos for each one, of thirty and eight pieces to the mark, making for each the sum of 12,000 white reals, which was the ordinary tax and price then given for every poor Portuguese captain; *item*, Dom Manoel to be his successor, and his bastard son Dom George, in default of Dom Manoel's dying without legal issue; last *item*, that he recommends to him (Dom Manoel) and commands, through just considerations, that all those who have been traitors and disloyal against him, or who have gone out of these kingdoms, he shall pardon neither them nor their children; and that he further recommends to all of his council, and of the council of the said Duke his cousin (and successor), always to remind him (the said successor), that he should be firm in this resolution (*que denia isto muito fazer!*) This ferocious and revengeful wind-up of a Christian Prince on his death-bed, counselling the extermination of all his foes, comes with a strange effect after the three thousand masses for the good of his soul!

Gama's fleet of discovery had on board of it Martin Afonso and three or four other men, chosen for this service because of their being expert in divers barbarous languages. (*Chronica do Dom Manoel.*)

The wealth which this Indian Conquest accumulated brought corruption and vice to the Monarchy. It engendered the pride which urged Dom

Sebastian to his African expedition, where he, his nobles, and his army miserably perished. It brought the intrusive Philips from Spain. But the nation rose at last in its might, and placed the Braganzas on the throne. We fought long and well to sustain that dynasty; and shall it be said that the British Government will now desert it in its need?

Padre Carneiro, in his Chorography of the Atlantic Islands, relates that the first known inhabitants of St. Miguel, one of the Azores, were Moors. These were made captive by the Portuguese during their African wars, but little attempt was made to colonize them till long after. A Moor charged by the Portuguese Crown with the Government of this island, very speedily made it necessary for the mother country to send out a European Viceroy.

The Moor, unalterably imbued with the Oriental notions of justice, whenever a prisoner was brought before him charged upon suspicion with any serious crime, ordered him immediately to be hanged. If the prisoner asked, as was usual in the midst of his shrieking and groaning, how they could hang him without some previous Devassa, or inquiry, the Moor invariably answered in Lingua Franca: "*Forcale, forcale, y dépois tirale inquisicione.*" (Hang him, hang him, and then see into it!)

CHAPTER XXIII.

State of political knowledge in Spain and Portugal at the period of the French invasion.—Proclamation of the Marquis del Socorro.—Earthquake at Lisbon at the period of the French entrance.—Scandalous Proclamation of the Cardinal-Patriarch.—Subserviency of the Inquisitor-General.—Sham prophecies and real ones.—The procession of *Corpus Christi* at Lisbon.—The real rising in the North.—The battles of Roriça and Vimieiro, and the convention of Cintra.—Wellington's return to Portugal.—The battle of Busaco.—The lines of Torres Vedras.

Lisbon, November.

My residence in both Peninsular countries, since they were visited by Southey or Napier, has enabled me to add some additional particulars, derived from sources exhibited of late years, which tend to throw fresh light upon the transactions connected with the French invasion of Portugal.

The state of political knowledge in Spain and Portugal at that period may be inferred from the character of the questions treated by their publicists. An old Spanish political writer, held in the greatest esteem down to that period, D. Diego Saavedra Faxardo, formally discusses this thesis: Whether is it better for a Prince to delegate his authority to

one or many? and concludes in favour of delegation to a single person, for the following reason, stated in his own words: "That the King is the image of the sun, and when the sun disappears from the horizon, he leaves to one only, the moon, and not to several, the care of presiding over the night!" The political work from which this *morceau* is extracted, was composed for the instruction of the Prince of the Asturias, who afterwards became Carlos II., and the book was a great authority both in Spain and Portugal.

A Spanish army entered Portugal with Junot in 1807, with absurd and astounding ignorance mistaking the English for enemies and the French for friends, to both Peninsular countries. The Marquis del Socorro, who commanded this army, was the tool of the infamous Godoy and the French, and it is thus he speaks of us in the proclamation which he issued at Oporto. He declares his object to be "de vous délivrer de la perfide domination et de la politique ambitieuse des Anglais.** Tout ensemble, nous vengerons les outrages que la férocité traîtresse des Anglais a faits à toutes les nations de l'Europe!" (Foy, *Histoire Guerre Pénins.* liv. ii. *pièces justificatives.*)

An earthquake occurred at the period of the French entering into Lisbon.

"Le lendemain de l'entrée des Français, on éprouva dans Lisbonne une legère secousse de tremblement de terre, qui fit monter la mer sur les quais." (Foy, *Hist. Guerre Penins.* liv. ii.) Junot wrote thus impiously concerning this event to the

Minister of War, Clarke: "Les dieux sont pour nous; j'entire l'augure de ce que le tremblement de terre ne nous a annoncé que leur puissance, sans nous faire de mal!"

When Junot entered Lisbon, the old Queen of Portugal was mad, and the Prince Regent possessed no vigour of character to supply the sovereign's intellectual deficiencies. These were supposed to be in great measure chargeable upon the superstitious terrors with which her head had been filled by Dom José Maria de Mello, Bishop of Algarve, and Grand Inquisitor of the kingdom. Influenced partly by fear of Junot, and partly by the popular discontent with the fugitive government, for the entire Royal family and Court of Portugal fled to Brazil the moment it was ascertained that Junot was on his march close to Lisbon, and left the poor, miserable country to shift for itself, the principal ecclesiastics of the kingdom, with a subserviency too characteristic of that order in every country, worshipped the rising sun, and lavished their despicable incense upon Junot and Napoleon. Cardinal Mendoza, the Patriarch of Lisbon, issued a pastoral sounding the praises of "the man whom past ages had been unable to divine, the man of prodigies, the Great Emperor whom God had called to establish the happiness of nations!" At the voice of this revered Prince of the Church, the bishops and clergy, and in imitation of them the civil magistrates, recommended it to the faithful, and to the people generally, as a binding civil and religious obligation, to receive the

French cordially, and pay obedience to their General. This language was especially noticeable in the mouth of the Inquisitor-General, since he had always been heard to profess principles of the most diametrically opposite character. Against the "impious revolutionists" of France he had been the first to fulminate his censures. He had sought to re-establish *autos-da-fé*, in all their original bloody ferocity, under the reign of his august but crazy penitent. And at the commencement of the revolution he had seriously proposed the excommunication of the French nation *en masse* by the dignified clergy of Portugal.

The concentration of Junot's troops around Lisbon made the reception of the French *régime* a matter of little difficulty. But it is not a little curious that the voice of old prophecy (the story of the eggs is related by Napier) was made to contribute to the same result. The Nostradamus of Portugal, Bandarra, had predicted these changes as conformable to the will of God, and the triumph of the imperial eagle of Napoleon might be read in his prophetic quatrains. Curiously illustrative are these details of the character of a people of whom it has (with some exaggeration) been said that one half are waiting for the coming of Dom Sebastian, and the other half for that of the Messiah. The prophecy of Bandarra struck the nation with astonishment, and for a time they regarded it as literally fulfilled. The closeness of realization was certainly astounding. Gonzalo Annes Bandarra was a poor cobbler of Trancoso, in the district of Guarda, who

composed about the year 1540 some prophecies, which have ever since obtained great reputation in the country amongst all classes. His *trovas*, or *redondilhas* (rhymed quatrains) have been printed several times, and in 1809 an edition was published at Barcelona. When the French entered Lisbon in 1807, the event was found by the believers in prophecy to be not only clearly predicted in Bandarra, but the Imperial power to be precisely indicated, and the first letter of the name of Napoleon, in the seventeenth and eighteenth quatrains of the third prophetic dream, which are as follows:—

"Ergue-se a Aguia imperial
Com os seus filhos ao rabo,
E com as unhas no cabo
Faz o ninho em Portugal.

"Por um A pernas acima,
Tira-lhe a risca do meio,
E por detraz lha arrima,
Saberas quem te nomeio."

"The Imperial Eagle rises, with his children at his tail, and with his claws before him makes his nest in Portugal. Put an A with its legs upside down; take away its middle bar, and put this bar behind it. You will know him I name."

The coarseness of the wording here belongs to the era and to the popular literature of Portugal generally. The N and the imperial eagle are made out perfectly. The coincidence does not quite convince, but in the words of the hero of the Gridiron story, "it is mighty remarkable!"

Junot proceeded to depose the Royal House of Portugal with the coolest unconcern, and from the old Palace of the Inquisition, where he established his Intendance Générale, and upon whose ruins the new National Theatre has just been raised, he issued a proclamation, declaring that "the dynasty of Braganza had ceased in Portugal!" Meanwhile, Solano, a créature of Godoy's, who had accompanied Junot to Lisbon, was active on behalf of his infamous master, (who the other day had the effrontery to return to Madrid,) and substituted in several public acts the name of the King of Spain for that of the Prince Regent of Portugal. He created a Chief Judge and a Superintendent of Finance, and both employments were conferred upon Castilian subjects. Solano was the intimate confidant of the Prince of the Peace, and it is believed that it was not without superior orders that he proceeded in these hasty innovations. The future Sovereign of Algarve, as designated in the secret treaty with Napoleon, was so impatient to reign on his own account that, if the report which prevailed at the period is to be believed, dollars were struck at the Madrid mint, bearing upon one side the head of Godoy, with the legend, *Emmanuel primus Algarviorum dux*, and on the other the ancient arms of the kingdom of Algarve.

Shortly after his arrival Junot proceeded, as he phrased it, "inaugurer avec éclat à Lisbonne le drapeau tricolore Français." The Portuguese had previously received them as friends: this outrage opened their eyes. It was on a Sunday. Six thou-

sand men of all arms were assembled in the great square of the Rocio, to be reviewed by the General. Mid-day sounded. A salvo of artillery resounded from the Castle of St. George, originally built by the Moors. Every eye was turned towards these ancient walls, which topped over the city somewhat like the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. In an instant was seen to fall the standard of Portugal which had floated on the loftiest tower of the Castle, while its place was taken in another instant by a foreign flag surmounted by the imperial eagle! To describe the outraged feelings of the Portuguese, to paint their indignation and horror, is impossible. Their loyalty and their national pride are almost the only virtues which they retain. Their Southern hatred was excited to terrific intensity. Conceive what would be the feelings of veteran warriors, who have dragged long enough the remnant of an existence spared by the missiles and casualties of war, to see the flag beneath which their blood has flowed insulted by its enemies. Some idea may thus be formed of the grief and rage which took possession of the people of Lisbon. A torrent of bitterness deluged their souls. The sacred standard which was thus supplanted was consecrated alike by religious feelings and by secular remembrances of glory. It had been given, according to popular belief, by Christ himself to Afonso Henriques, the founder of the monarchy, impressed by the Redeemer with the marks of his Passion, for the five shields of the conquered Moorish kings displayed on the Quinas were likewise said to be typical of

the Sacred Wounds, and with this other *labarum* their new Constantine had been told to "go forth and conquer." "*Death to the French!*" was soon the cry, but the cannon and paraded soldiery of Junot suppressed the insurrectionary movement.

The demonstration of the Lisbon people at the procession of *Corpus Christi* has been overrated. In fact, it amounted to no more than hooting and pushing, and rushing along the parallel streets. The real rising took place in the north of the kingdom, amongst the heroic students of Coimbra, the brave peasantry of Minho, and the sturdy citizens of Oporto—the same who, alas, to-day are arrayed in rebellion against their Sovereign. The British fleet appeared off the coast, and Sir Arthur Wellesley landed with his little army on the crags of Boarcos, at the mouth of the Mondego. The glorious battles of Roriça and Vimieiro, and the Convention of Cintra followed. The French in their diplomacy beat us then, as to-day, by shameful trickery. But Wellington again returned to the field, and again expelled them from the Portuguese soil.

One can laugh, at this distance of time, at the monstrosities written about these memorable struggles by French nobles and generals. Thus Foy has the coolness to say of the relative numbers at Vimieiro: "Les Anglois étaient deux contre un, par rapport, aux Français!" (*Histoire Guerre Pénin.* livre ix.) He further denies that it was *a battle at all.* "Ils n'étaient pas desireux de changer un avantage défensif bien caractérisé en une bataille dont le succès leur paraissait incertain!" (*Ibid.*)

The *third* era of the Peninsular campaigns commenced with the third invasion of Portugal by the French army, which was this time commanded by Massena. The battle of Busaco was the great event of the commencement of this campaign. This powerful check was for the time successful, but unable long to control a far superior force, and the British army fell back within the lines of Torres Vedras. Massena arrived in front of them, and made prodigious efforts to pass. But this triumph of Wellington's genius, and marvel of engineering and strategic skill, was impregnable to all assaults, and was at once the salvation of Portugal, and the ultimate means of rescuing Spain from the Invader. Emerging from his unassailable redoubt, Wellington at last pursued the French beyond the frontier, and defeated them on the Spanish soil, in battle, action, and assault, from Salamanca to Vitoria, from Vitoria to the Pyrenees.

The political sagacity and military skill of Wellington not only maintained his position in the face of overwhelming difficulties, but speedily took the offensive. The co-operation of (Lord) Beresford, who was placed over the Portuguese army, organized by the genius of Wellington, and led by British officers, must not be overlooked. Massena was forced to retreat from Portugal; and as he passed the border-line of the two Peninsular countries, Wellington followed victorious and menacing, having achieved what at first appeared utterly vain to attempt. The battle of Fuentes de Onoro followed, the French were forced to evacuate the

fortress of Almeida, and then came a long career of victory to the Anglo-Portuguese army, which was uninterrupted till our triumphant entry into Toulouse, and the news of Napoleon's abdication. The Portuguese generally performed their part well in the field; and it were a shame that the *entente cordiale* of such allies should be broken.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Actual state of Portuguese Literature and Art.—The late Cardinal Saraiva.—A *learned* critique. — Equally *learned* displays of Costa Cabral.—The author of the prize piece of *Magriço*.—Editing of the Government *Diario*.—Character of the Press, and mode of conducting the public journals. — The shortest memory on record. — Criticisms in London and in Lisbon. — Prince Lichnowsky's "Portugal."—Mistakes concerning Portugal in Byron's *Childe Harold*.—Napier's History.—Various English works on Portugal.—Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*.—His mistake as to the tomb of Catherine of Arragon corrected.—Alexander Herculano's " History of Portugal."

Lisbon, November.

THERE is no Art whatever in Portugal, and very little Literature. Since the demise of Cardinal Saraiva, the late Patriarch of Lisbon, a learned and energetic octogenarian who produced some able archaiological and philological pamphlets, the only living writers of Portugal that can pretend to any literary distinction are Alexandre Herculano, whose efforts as an historian are far superior to his attempts as a novelist, the elder Castilho, who has latterly produced nothing, and another very conspicuous writer, who indulges, I am sorry to say,

a degree of vain-boasting which might disgust even a Portuguese. In a prospectus of a work lately published by him he has the face to claim for himself the combined excellencies of Sterne, Voltaire, Swift, Lesage, Aristophanes, Homer, and I know not how many more of the glories of ancient and modern literature in really refined and cultivated countries. And yet his work, the commencement of which was tolerably fair, broke down utterly in its progress, and fell into a dreary, never-ending quagmire of dialogue between a monk and a lay sister, which makes it the joke of every body in Portugal. Unhappily this gentleman, though a writer of great ability, requires some schooling, like the rest of his countrymen, since he cannot write even the shortest critique without betraying his ignorance. In the *Diario* of the 16th of May, 1846, is a critique by him of a work by Senhor Leite Vasconcallos, Procurador Royal of the Relaçāo Court of Lisbon, which contains the following passage:

"The notes with which the Reforma is filled not only discovers the studious advocate, who has made the Law enter *all* into his head, as *Palas* departed from that of Jupiter (*fez entrar toda na cabeça, como sahio Palas da de Jupiter*), but also the profound jurisconsult, as strong (*tão forte*) in the knowledge of the principles of right and his country's laws as skilful in the use of the rules of Hermeneutica."

It will thus be seen that it is a common trick here to dandle the one or two Greek words they have got hold of. It is the trick of ignorance.

As if "interpretation" would not have perfectly conveyed the meaning! The comparison of "the Law entering all into his head" to "*Palas* departing out of it" is rather bungling, but not so wretched as the vanity which will not speak of Minerva but of Pallas, and yet is so ignorant as to be unable to spell her name! Equally ignorant of Greek and Latin, this writer, who has the hardihood, in the announcement of his work, to boast his "unparalleled familiarity with all languages, ancient and modern," spells the word omissions "*om*missions" (*ommissões*), in which, if he were not too lazy, like most of his countrymen, to look into the poorest dictionary of his language, he might stand corrected. With equal ignorance of the French, from which the word has been adopted into both the Portuguese and English languages, in the same short article he writes "divice" (*divisa*) for "device." In two other critiques by other writers in the same number of this journal (the only one permitted in Portugal for some months) I found such gross mistakes as "acceptation" spelt with one *c*, "pressa" spelt with a *c*, "preça," "blazon" with an *s*, instead of the *z*, which is here *de rigueur* in the Portuguese as well as the English; "ver*o*simil" for "ver*i*simil," "sa*ch*ristia" for "sacristia," "consu*m*ate" for "consummate," and a score of similar scandalous blunders, from which I derive the general conclusion that the so-called *littérateurs* of Portugal had better go to school.

Costa Cabral, the leading Minister, is unfortu-

nately as ignorant as his meanest clerk. He is an *alumnus* of Coimbra, but the specimen shows the sort of education received there. He has no accurate knowledge upon any subject, and cannot even write his own language. In a ministerial explanation written with his own hand, and furnished to the official *Diario*, on the 16th of May, 1846, he writes the word liquid "*il*liquid" (*illiquidas*)—a gross vulgarism, even in Portugal. Think of Sir Robert Peel writing for the information of the public that he meant to reduce the duty on *rhum and other illiquids!*" This mistake has been committed by Senhor Cabral after *seven years*' constant practice in writing decrees and other state documents, and would not have been noticed by me but that it might be followed in a hundred other instances throughout his official productions. This gentleman would be better occupied in educating himself and his countrymen, than in inducing them to imitate his pernicious example of ruinous revolutionary movements, which thrust men into places for which they are unfit, unhinge every mind, unsettle every thing, prevent mental cultivation and national improvement, and will leave the Portuguese, so long as there are intriguers to stimulate them to turbulence, and turn them from every honest, tranquil, and useful pursuit, the opprobrium of Europe for ignorance and helplessness.

A letter appears in the *Diario* of the 9th of May last, from the author of the prize piece of *Magriço*, chosen for the opening of the New National Theatre, in which I find the following scandalous mis-

takes:—"thecnology," for technology, "sillogismus" for syllogismus, "*rizum*" for risum (*teneatis amici?*), the more ridiculous because he elsewhere spells the Portuguese word "riso" with an *s*; "anonimo" for anonymo; "which I give him *alone* for his *only* answer" (*só por unica*); "repravados" for *reprovadas* (reproved), "apocrifo" for apocrypho, "romantismo" for romanticismo, "*si*lection" for selection; "a tourney was always a combat *on foot*"—gross and incredible ignorance, and receiving the editor's sanction in the official Government journal! (This sort of scholarship would not qualify an attorney's clerk in another country. The very name is derived from *turning* and twisting their horses about in the mimic combat); "hermeneutica" not incorrectly used in its sense of interpretative art, but evincing gross affectation in a man who commits the four previously noted scandalous blunders in orthography, in words derived from the Greek; "refir" for refer; "peripecia" for peripetia (dramatic plot)—the affectation of Greek, with the ignorance, is amusing; "music has pauses, sostenutos, andantes, a*l*egros, and rondos; and from these different modifications of times results harmony"!! again "dile*m*as" for dilemmas, "tradiction" for tradition, "co*l*ocate" for collocate, and "hermeneutica" again in the same sentence;—how both Greek and Latin are murdered by the Barbarian! Yet this fellow has the impudence to announce in the next sentence that "the mission of literature is to educate ignorance," and to say, with truly Portuguese vain-boasting, that his despicable

production has "crowned him with an *aurula* of glory"!!

Much of the ignorance thus noticed is the hopeful dramatist's exclusively, but he shares much of it also with his countrymen generally. Men of the highest station, and of ridiculously extravagant pretension, are constantly making mistakes of this kind; and they are met every day in official documents, and in the leading articles of the Government journal. Thus "differed" is written and printed for "deferred," "description" for "discretion," "sescription," even "subscription" for "secretion," (the terminations in all these cases being, of course, the disagreeable Portuguese *ão*), "disside" for "decide," "rifir" for "refer," "eminent" for "imminent," and a thousand other blunders of the same scandalous character. The Spaniards likewise make mistakes in orthography, but by no means so outrageous. There is one mistake, however, which is common to both countries, and which is constantly occurring, yet calculated to make an English schoolboy roar. In the Peninsula a criminal caught in the fact is always said, both verbally and in print, to be "caught in *fragrante*"! The Portuguese make terrible hash of all foreign names. Thus the dragomans of Constantinople they invariably write *drugmans*, and the Sikhs *Skish*.

It is humiliating to have to record a charge of gross ignorance against the leading men in any European country; but the ignorance of the Portuguese is so unparalleled, by the side of great assumption, that it is not to be glossed over. A high

Church dignitary the other day (Padre Marcos) called a monumental writing a "distich," as he might call a spade a shovel, and while addressing the Chamber, could not even stumble by accident upon any one of the five expressions of which the use was permissible, "inscription," "titulus," "epitaph," "epigraph," or "elogium." The whole Chamber did not contain an individual to detect the blunder, and it found its way unchanged into the official *Diario* next day. The same Government journal, the only one now permitted in Portugal, the same day contained the gross mistake of calling "discretionary" powers "descriptionary"!! and two days after "descinting" for "dissenting"!! and "sobrugation" for "subrogation"!! In this country they know neither Latin nor their own language—nor even their own history. Some time since, a dispute occurred in one of the principal courts of law as to whether it was Affonso IV., or Affonso VI., who was imprisoned for fifteen years in the palace of Cintra by his own Queen—such a doubt as if an Englishman could not tell whether it was Charles I. or Charles II. that was beheaded, whose contemporary this king was!

In a proclamation recently issued by one of the first men in the country, the word "pacific" was spelt *passific!* This is enough to shew that the literature of Portugal is at a low ebb. The journalism of Lisbon is entirely factious. Sounding and somewhat bombastic political leaders occupy the bulk of space, to the exclusion of the commonest articles of intelligence. As an example:

A lady of rank threw herself from a window on the fourth floor in one of the leading public squares —the Largo de S. Paula. Of the six local journals, one only contained any allusion to the event next day, and that declined to state whether she was living or dead, since it would be derogatory to a literary gentleman's dignity to inquire. This first of the journals in point of activity forgot to insert the date in its heading, probably with some long-reaching views as to saving a point in an action of libel, and to shew its superiority to the common rules of rhetoric, spoke of "a river of gold *budding* forth to bless the people!"

The shortest memory perhaps upon record is that of a hard-headed young countryman of ours, who being brought up to commerce, came to Lisbon to learn its peculiar idiom, and forgot his vernacular before he acquired Portuguese, so that this accomplished linguist was soon incapable of conversing in any language!

There is a ludicrous difference in the criticism of London and Lisbon. Everything is condemned in the former place, and everything is hailed with rapture in the latter. There are faults on both sides.

There is much diversity too in the treatment which literary efforts experience in the two countries. The critics of England are incomparably more fastidious, the literary taste of the country more refined, its standard more elevated. New *littérateurs* are not encouraged there as they are on this side the Bay of Biscay. They are too often

snuffed out *in limine*, their efforts nipped in the bud. In modern times a Keats was extinguished, a Byron on the point of being lost, through the extreme severity of our reviewers. No such thing has ever been witnessed in Spain or Portugal. Every new aspirant here obtains at least a clear stage, if no favour. The national vanity is delighted with its literary efforts, with each new unit added to the sum of its intellectual power. In one word, the spirit which prevails in the Peninsular literary world is that of APPRECIATION; in England it is that of DEPRECIATION. In candour be it confessed, that the advantage here is on the Peninsular side. Political and personal hatreds are less suffered to interpose. Reputations are more readily established. The fight for fame is not so desperate, the obstacles are not so difficult to overcome. Iberia warms the sensitive hearts of her young writers by a spirit of generous appreciation: England frowns on them with cold rèpulsion. The Iberian is a truer humanity.

Prince Lichnowsky, a German of Sclavonic extraction, who published some time since at Berlin a book about "Portugal," has all the love of travel which is a distinguishing characteristic of his race, combined with a spirit of intelligent observation, and that love of the beautiful in nature and in art which his Teutonic countrymen express by a word of their own formation "æsthetical," adopted now throughout Europe. The Prince is a Prussian by birth. It is a great relief, after perusing such books of travels as are sent forth periodically by

the Marquis de Custine, and others of his class, in which frivolity and self-conceit are generally the leading features, to open M. Lichnowsky's informed yet unassuming pages. Before setting out on his journey, he seems to have made it a conscientious duty to acquire a respectable previous acquaintance with the language and literature of the country which he was about to describe, and hence we are spared many flagrant errors with which works on Portugal, written by foreigners, invariably abound. In this censure are included books of the very highest class. Thus in Byron's "Childe Harold," in addition to the mistake pointed out in Napier's "Peninsular War," as to the *locale* of the signing of the Convention of Cintra, there are some other lapses which it is needful here to correct. The line descriptive of the glories of Cintra,

"The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,"

is without the slightest foundation in fact. Whether the noble bard was misled by his brilliant imagination, or, according to the theory of the author of "Rambles in Madeira and Portugal," was coerced by the fearful metrical exigencies of the Spenserian stanza (which with such a master of language as Byron I will not admit), certain it is, that in the whole region of Cintra there neither is nor has been at any former period the faintest semblance of cataract, torrent, or waterfall beyond the murmuring of a spring or fountain. Yet, that there may be no mistake, the "torrents" are not enough for the poet, but in the Byron Letters to

his mother he speaks of "cataracts and precipices." Such, with the greatest abilities, will always be the effect of cursory visits. In the notes he likewise speaks of "the palace of the *Marchese* Marialva," the Portuguese title being *Marquez*, instead of its Italian substitute—a mistake not much worth noticing, except for accuracy's sake. But there is another note, which for its unfortunate obliquity requires to be alluded to. In the first edition, "the convent of 'Our Lady of Punishment,' *Nossa Señora de Pena*," on the summit of the Serra of Cintra, was correctly described, with the slight mistakes of *ñ* for *nh*, and *de* for *da*, the true reading being "*Nossa Senhora da Pena*." But in the notes to the second edition, all this is upset through the officious ignorance of some would-be wiseacre, who imposed upon Byron after this fashion, affording a melancholy illustration of the perils of "a little learning." "Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Senora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *n*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Pena* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. The common acceptation affixed to it is 'Our Lady of the Rook,'" &c. The blunderer who communicated this intelligence to the noble poet managed to correct that which was right already, and to substitute what is grossly erroneous. The informant was probably some low-bred ignoramus as deficient even in his own language as in every other. To this day it is a com-

mon mistake amongst these folk to suppose that the *Pena* here signifies a rock. But it means no such thing. The convent was founded by Dom Manoel, at the very commencement of the sixteenth century, in acknowledgment of the Indian discoveries of Vasco da Gama, and was dedicated to "Our Lady of Punishment," corresponding to "Our Lady of Grief," commonly known to Spanish readers as "*Nuestra Señora de los Dolores.*" (*Chronica de Dom Manoel, Rei Felicissimo*). The Portuguese word, signifying a rock, is written *penha;* the word *peña,* with the same signification, is Spanish, and the *tilde* over the *ñ* belongs to that language, and has no existence whatever in the Portuguese. The critical genius, therefore, who led Lord Byron astray, was bewildered by a very slight smattering of Spanish, and moon-eyed in its application through the low intelligence which characterises his class.

The mistakes into which the illustrious Byron was thus scandalously led may be paralleled in numerous other works. The author of "The Diary of an Invalid" repeats the mistake about the signing of the Convention of Cintra in the Marialva palace, and with an almost incredible degree of ridiculous credulity, persuades himself that he has detected the stains of ink spilt by Junot on the floor! A French writer of eminence asserts that the *noras* or draw-wells in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, are worked by Genoese, "because the Portuguese are unable to manage the intricate mechanism;" the fact being that the *noras* in ques-

tion are precisely the old aboriginal creaking draw-well worked by oxen, which may be seen all over the Peninsula as well as in the East, and that the only foreigners observable amongst the labouring classes of Portugal are the Gallegos and a few Maltese. Mr. Borrow's work is equally inaccurate, the Portuguese words which he introduces being often entirely apocryphal, as "*vossemse,*" for *vossa mercê*, the Portuguese equivalent for *vuestra merced,* or "your worship," "*aguardiente*" for *agoa ardente*, or brandy, &c. &c. Napier, whose claims to accuracy, are of a far more lofty character, and who evidently, in treating of the campaigns in Portugal, strains hard to be minutely correct, falls into several very decided blunders. In addition to the mistake of confounding the height of Almada, opposite Lisbon, with that of Palmella, distant several miles, he is very frequently incorrect in his names of places. Thus he speaks of the province of Algarve in the plural (Book ii. c. 4), evidently misled by the Royal style and description "King (or Queen) of Portugal and the Algarves," which is still retained, as was our numismatic pretension to the crown of France, although the second Algarve *alem do mar* (beyond the sea) being the N.W. portion of the present empire of Morocco, has been long since wrenched from the grasp of Portugal. When Napier therefore speaks of "The Algarves," it is as if a foreigner were to write of the city of Yorks, in a confused reminiscence of the fact that New York also once belonged to England. Worse than this is

the mistake into which General Napier has rather scandalously fallen, of misspelling the name of one of our most glorious battle-fields in the Peninsula, Vimieiro. He spells it uniformly "Vimiero." It may be said that this is not much of a mistake—that he only "knocks an *i* out of it," an accident which a punster might say befel many a brave fellow upon that ground. But it certainly cannot be immaterial that our glories should be inaccurately recorded, in an historical work of the noblest character, no matter how trifling may be the amount of that inaccuracy; and what, let us ask, would be thought of an historian of our later campaigns, who, mistaking, as in this instance, only a single letter, should describe our final discomfiture of Napoleon at the battle of *Waterlog?*

Napier is often also incorrect in his mode of writing Portuguese names of individuals—in the prefix "Don" invariably. The "Don" is not Portuguese at all, the true word being "Dom," its ancient form also in Spanish, and in Portuguese it is never by any chance prefixed, except in the case of the Sovereign, Princes of the blood Royal, a few Church dignitaries, and some three or four noble families of Spanish extraction. Yet the General "dons" nearly every Portuguese of whom he speaks. In the names of towns he is also frequently in error, although seldom so as to render the place utterly unrecognizable. Thus Palmella he spells with a single *l*, bitten with a Spanish mania, because the two *l*'s in Spanish would be sounded like the

Italian *gl;* Candieiros he spells "Candeiros," again knocking a *i* out of it, Britos "Brilos," the important seaport of Ericeira "Ericeia," Sacavem "Saccavem," &c. &c. The Serras he uniformly calls "Sierras," again bitten by the Spanish mania, or probably he knocks *into* this word the *i* which he knocked out of Vimieiro, which would be an equitable sort of boomarang interpretation of the "lex talionis." *Quien sabe?* Then he makes discoveries so important as to be well entitled to a prize from every Hydrographical Society in Europe—as for instance of a village called "Mahmed" which never had any existence, at least by that name or by any name at all like it, and in recording which the General must have imagined himself in the East; likewise of a quinta called "Bugagliera," in setting down which name he must have surely fancied himself in Italy. All that I can say, after a recent inspection of the ground is, that neither this nor its predecessor is to be found in Portugal. I do not by any means deny that there may have been a veritable village and a genuine quinta, of which the General attempted to set down the names, but I doughtily affirm that his attempt at orthoëpy comes no nearer the mark than Theodore Hook's Frenchman did, when he wrote *hépécana* for Hyde Park Corner!

But the General is certainly not solitary in his disfigurement of Portuguese names, although a little more accuracy might have been reasonably expected in one who himself figured as a hero in these campaigns, who was in personal communication with Portuguese auxiliaries, and had access to

all the information of the staff. The battle-ground of Roriça, our first Peninsular victory, was for many years travestied in English accounts as Roliza and Rolissa, with other absurd varieties; and in an amusing performance which saw the light only the other day, and which affects to jot down all the world from London to Cairo, the well-known suburb of Belem, the Chelsea of Lisbon, figures ignorantly yet affectedly as "Belema."

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I notice in M. de Lichnowsky's work considerable accuracy in this respect, and that, unlike our countrymen who pretend to enlighten us upon the topography and history of Portugal, he has not deemed that language which enshrines the "*Lusiadas*" of Camóens unworthy of some previous study. Before I take leave of the subject of our countrymen's performances, in reference to this portion of the Peninsula, I may observe that the very best, most satisfactory, and most elegant work which has been produced by any Englishman in reference to Portugal, is that of Murphy, next to which I would rate the magnificent description of the Convents of Alcobaça and Batalha by Beckford. Murphy's Atlas, descriptive of the latter Convent, is likewise a magnificent work, and well repays the three months' labour which he expended on its completion upon the spot. The character of his mind was very architectonic, and hence this portion of his plan is more satisfactory than his general work, although the mind of the scholar and of the observer is everywhere apparent. His devotion to

his profession was manifest in his very title-page, "James Murphy, Architect." The "Portuguese Scenery" of Forrester, as an artistical production, is both able and accurate. Kinsey, Lord Auckland's chaplain, who travelled in Portugal in 1827, is rather a superficial observer, and is indebted for the most valuable portions of his book to Balbi. Dalrymple's Travels in Spain and Portugal contains many important facts, but the account of Portugal is rather limited. Costigan's work is more curious than veracious. But of all the old works which treat of Portugal, commend me, for so far as it goes, to Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon," which, written ninety-two years since, remains the most accurate description that has ever been penned of the coast, the bar of Lisbon, the Tagus, and the entrance to the metropolis. Alas, that that terrible dropsy for which he was tapped more than once on the voyage, should have proved fatal so soon after his arrival, and prevented him from leaving us a complete work in this style, which he now for the first time undertook, and for which he possessed such eminent qualifications. We should have portraits of every class of society in Portugal taken with the fidelity of a daguerréotype, and taken for ever—since character does not change in the Peninsula, and is even little modified by time or circumstances; the limning in *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* holds good to the present hour. Yet Fielding, as every traveller may, fell into a very important mistake as to a matter of fact, stating that the celebrated Convent of St. Jerome at

Belem (he writes it *Belleisle!*) contains the tomb of our Catherine of Arragon. This is an entire mistake. I have had an opportunity of investigating the truth of the statement on the spot, and found that the tomb thus attributed to Catherine of Arragon in reality belongs to Catherine of Austria, the consort of Dom Manoel's successor. The fame of Fielding gäve currency to the mistake which he originated, and which was probably suggested to him by the ignorance of some resident English blunderer; and it speaks volumes for the capacity of persons of the class to have allowed a century to elapse without rectifying so important an error. Of foreign works, amongst the best are the *Essai Statistique* of Balbi, and the *Letters* of the Countess Hahn-Hahn.

The style and mode of treatment of Prince Lichnowsky are, on the whole, too foreign for an English taste, and the parts of his work which I shall notice, and which alone, I think, possess interest for an English reader, are some personal sketches descriptive of leading characters at Lisbon and Cintra.

The Prince observes *les convénances* very particularly with reference to the Queen and King of Portugal. He was "so obsequiously received," he says, "that to be too minute would be nothing short of a 'compromise.'" Nevertheless he gives us some characteristic touches:—

"The King wore the plain costume of a civilian, and was dressed like any other elegant man of good society, without any decoration, or the smallest

indication of his high rank. The Queen wore a walking dress, in the best taste, which seemed to belong more to the banks of the Seine than the Tagus. Her blue eyes and light hair she inherits from the House of Austria. The King is a true German Prince of a very ancient and chivalrous House—both, in the most ample sense of the words. As the Queen does not speak German, although she understands it perfectly, the King conversed with me in the purest French. I had afterwards the honour of conversing with the Queen in her mother tongue. All the Portuguese agree that, when the King employs the idiom of his adopted country, the slightest foreign accent is not perceived. On presenting to him my *compagnon de voyage*, Count Teleky, the King conversed largely with him in the most fluent Hungarian, to the astonishment of the whole *corps diplomatique*, not one of whom understood a single word of the Royal conversation."

This is a very pretty specimen of the Prince's powers of dancing a hornpipe in fetters. The touch of *malice* at the end, however, plainly enough indicates that he is capable of dancing a frisky enough *fandango*, as we shall presently have occasion to see. His sketch of the appearance of Costa Cabral, the Dictator of the day, is as follows :—

"Costa Cabral at first sight presents a considerable resemblance to Thiers. The same rapid comprehension, active mobility, and delight in conflict and hardihood, surprise the observer by so much the more in both, as these qualities are rare amongst existing statesmen, whether in constitutional coun-

tries or under absolute governments. Neither is the exterior aspect of these two men very dissimilar. Both are of low and meagre stature, with brilliant eyes, ardent glances, and a pallid aspect of suffering, which bears testimony to sleepless nights and laborious days, and seems to indicate interior wasting. When conversation becomes animated, or is directed towards a favourite subject, then there becomes equally visible in each a tumultuary and impassioned aspect, and a decided tendency to enthusiasm. It is only in the Chambers that their bearing is different; and it were to be desired that the Portuguese Minister possessed a little of that ironical tranquillity, which never forsakes the Deputy for Aix, when he finds himself exposed to the energetic attack of a colleague, or the tempestuous effervescence of members. Nevertheless it were no easy matter to remain as tranquil in St. Bento's as in presence of the more courteous attacks of the Palais Bourbon. In the Portuguese Chamber, in place of Attic salt, the members are in the habit of indulging in and reciprocating *des gros mots.*"

I may here observe that the Portuguese debates are latterly much more dexterously conducted, and that the tone is on the whole improving. The Prince deals out some palpable hits at the diplomatic corps. "Lord Howard smiled indifferently, and cast upon every side looks full of self-complacency"—"An effeminate youth, with light hair, represented France: so they told me." This is a touch for M. de Rouen.

Of the Empress-Duchess of Braganza, Relict of Dom Pedro, we have this brief sketch:—"The Empress passed through the diplomatic tribune to that which was especially reserved for her. Her *Mordomo-mór,* (Grand Major Domo,) the Marquis de Rezende, a very small man covered with decorations, had the honour to accompany her. She wore a mourning dress loaded with diamonds, and on her breast the portrait of Dom Pedro, surrounded with brilliants of the largest size." The Empress sailed from Lisbon a few days since for Germany.

Here we have the Duke of Terceira, at the present moment Queen's Lieutenant at Oporto, (where he is fast in *quod,*) and leading *militaire* of Portugal—"The Duke of Terceira presented himself like an old figure of some loyal warrior of the Crown, who reposes entire confidence in his sword, and in those subordinate to his command. The Duke was as tranquil [at the opening of the Session] and appeared to be as much master of himself, as if he were in a field of battle in front of the enemy."

These vague generalities are the language of delusive compliment. But thus the hands of personages of rank are tied up, when they write their travels.

At Cintra he visits the Infanta Isabel Maria, who was charged with the Regency of the Kingdom in her twenty-fifth year, during the illness of Dom John VI., and after his death up to the return of Dom Miguel and the establishment of his absolute authority in 1828. M. de Lichnowsky (as is cus-

tomary at Cintra) proceeds to the Royal residence, mounted on a donkey. His portrait of the Princess is as follows :—

" The Infanta Dona Isabel Maria is a lady of small stature, about forty years of age. She greatly resembles her sister, D. Maria Theresa, the second consort of Don Carlos. She was never, however, so handsome as the latter Princess. Her black dress, of great simplicity, and all her other externals, betokened a retired life. Her conversation was at first cold, circumspect, and removed from worldly concerns, but became interested and warm, when she alluded to the incidents of her past political life. She spoke with much and painful emotion of her noble relative banished from Spain; and when I alluded to the period of her own Regency, her eyes sparkled with all the lustre of a youthful and southern fire. 'Ah!' she said, 'Portugal at that time was like an egg—little, but full.' When she took leave of me, she went out to ride on horseback, which she is in the habit of doing every day. She appears little at Court, and leads a very retired life." He says nothing of the Infanta Anna de Jesus, whose conduct has, alas, tabooed her.

Lord Howard de Walden, the non-resident British Minister Plenipotentiary, is sketched as follows :—

" Lord Howard, by a residence of many years in the country, is familiar with all its ways, and may be said to have become half a Portuguese. He occupied an agreeable country house within ten minutes' walk of the town of Cintra. Close to his house is a fine garden, full of exotic plants. Lord

Howard has managed to create for himself in Portugal a life the most full of convenience that it is possible to conceive, and that with the *savoir vivre* that belongs solely to his countrymen. Of his amiable negligence many interesting scenes are narrated: one in particular, which happened between him and a northern diplomatist, who was accustomed ordinarily to receive his diplomatic communications by means of the British embassy, and one day expressed a desire to send for them the following morning before six o'clock. This produced a universal and thundering burst of laughter in all those who were present, it being known throughout all Portugal that, except on extraordinary occasions, the noble lord's house is hermetically sealed, even against diplomatic despatches, until eleven o'clock in the day."

The historical work of M. Schœffer is chiefly remarkable for the industry with which it collects, works up, and attempts to mould into symmetry, materials already existing. For new lights, we must wait for the succeeding volumes of the more extensive and elaborate work by Senhor Alexandre Herculano, the first volume of which is full of promise, and whose author has access to all the repositories of official records and original instruments. M. Schœffer's work has some valuable papers contributed to it by the Viscount Santarem, a Portuguese Royalist, long resident in Paris. These relate chiefly to the early discoveries of his countrymen.

CHAPTER XXV.

Secret history of the late counter-movement.—Extraordinary misrepresentations concerning it, and poisoning of the public mind of England.—Falsehoods respecting the King.—Composition of the Lisbon garrison.—State to which the country had been reduced by the late Government.—Intensity of political hatreds in the Peninsula.—Slender influence of the French in Portugal.—Key-note of the late Court policy, the failure of the Coburg marriage at Madrid.—The Chartist Committee by which the counter-movement was prepared; their movements at Cintra.—Lord Howard de Walden.—Mr. Henry Southern, Chargé d'Affaires.—Policy acted on by the British Government.—Mission of Colonel Wylde.—Letter written by the Duke de Palmella on board Admiral Parker's ship, the "Hibernia," to the Revolutionary Junta of Oporto.—The British entirely committed as partisans of the Insurrection.—Progress of the Civil War.—Defeat of Sá da Bandeira.—Investment of Santarem.—Causes of the Revolutionary habit of the Portuguese.—Railway and Gas speculations.

Lisbon, December 1.

THE public mind in England has been poisoned in reference to the circumstances of the late counter-movement, and the most incredible falsehoods have been propagated and believed concerning it. It has been unblushingly asserted, that the king left the

palace on the night of the 6th October, in the company of certain military conspirators who had been concealed in the palace garden at Belem, visited the several barracks in succession, and required the officers to bring out their corps in support of the Queen's change of Ministers. This is a gross and abominable falsehood. The King never left the palace, nor appeared at all until many days after, when he received the appointment of Commander-in-Chief. The regiments moved down to the Terreiro do Paço, in obedience to the written orders of Saldanha, the new Minister of War, whose nomination had been previously signed by the Queen and countersigned by Palmella, the late Prime Minister. Therefore, however decidedly I disapprove of this dexterous management, the whole proceedings were regular in point of external form. It has also been said that the Duke of Palmella and the Count Bomfim were placed under arrest at the palace. This assertion is equally false. Palmella was himself a consenting party, had been made previously aware of the intended movement, and did not oppose the change; and Bomfim, had he really desired it, might have gone forth to make a disturbance. The Queen merely intimated her will that both should remain at the palace that night, to prevent the "perilous exaltation of minds" which might otherwise naturally be expected. I am not going to become the apologist of whatever irregularity there was in this transaction; but an excuse may be found for it when a notion is acquired of the composition of the Lisbon garrison.

All the most exalted Septembrist officers, the insurgents of Torres Novas and the *comprometidos* of Almeida, had forced themselves back into the different regiments, the sergeants who had participated in the same revolt, and many of whom are notorious *mauvais sujets*, had likewise forced themselves back, and these men burned with insatiable vengeance against every Chartist in the kingdom. Scenes of violence and assassination (which were subsequently to some extent realized), must be naturally anticipated as the result of the announced change. Prompt and rapid action, in the shape of a *coup de main*, was therefore indispensable. Was the Queen not to be protected in the exercise of her Royal prerogative? Was she not to be permitted to change her Ministers, when palace and garrison were starved alike, and no Lisbon capitalist would advance a farthing of money? What pretension to govern had men who could not pay the salaries of any single public employé in the kingdom? The military and civil services had been forced to forego a month's pay under a promise of regular pay for the future, and yet the month thus promised was in arrear. The Queen would have deserved to be compelled to abdicate the functions of royalty, had she failed to dismiss such discredited public servants; but with a factious soldiery and a re-enrolled National Guard, her royal prerogative of changing her ministers was reduced to the emptiest shadow. No man thinks here of a Parliamentary Opposition: democratic omnipotence pronounces in the streets. The Queen says, "A. B. C., shall be

no longer my Ministers: the mob says: "Your Ministers shall be A. B. C., and no others."

The course of the Palmella administration was a series of monstrous illegalities, into which it was forced by mob dictation, and by which it vainly sought to conciliate the Frankenstein of its own creation. But a Peninsular people with arms in its hands is satisfied with no concession. Prejudice, passion, and ignorance were triumphant. The Queen was to be reduced to a puppet, the Chamber of Peers to be constituted by a lowly-qualified elective senate, the royal veto to be abolished! These exigencies were recorded in the electoral programmes of the opposition publicly issued from the Travessa do Sacramento. What was to become of the boasted Constitution, what of the balance of powers? A Democracy more exalted than that of the United States, was to rule under the forms of a monarchy, and the considerable powers, analogous to those of Royalty, wielded by the American President, were to be transferred here to the mobocrat minister of the day. Royalty in Portugal was to be the merest metaphor that ever dandled a bauble sceptre. And the Queen is to be condemned and deserted because she had the spirit to resent these aggressions and sought to avert their consummation! It is not Englishmen duly informed who will either condemn or desert her.

The glaring violations of the Charter, perpetrated by the Duke of Palmella's Government, were instanced in the newly-promulgated law of elections, by which the direct was substituted for the indirect form—a daring aggression on the Constitution, which

no man in the kingdom was bound to obey—the faith of contracts was grossly violated, and the most solemn laws for the endowment of the Junta of Public Credit with an interest of 4 per cent. per annum on the foreign bonds were scandalously broken; and, as a fitting wind-up the Queen was forced to sign the act of her own perfidy, by depriving Costa Cabral of the post of Councillor of State, which she had given to him *for life*—an act of wretched vengeance which could serve no useful purpose, because Cabral, being in exile, could give no counsel to his Sovereign, whether pernicious or otherwise. All these were acts which no man in the kingdom was bound to obey. The Charter is doubtless an imperfect code, but is to be altered not by a stroke of a pen, but by the means pointed out within itself, at Côrtes regularly convoked for the purpose with plenary constituent forces.

In the midst of this career of illegality and national dishonour, the Queen resolved to throw herself between the country and the abyss into which it was about to plunge: she did so, and merits the sympathy, and not the censure, of every lover of Constitutional Government. The Duke of Palmella, bound hand and foot by the Democracy, freely acknowledged his impotence; and some such *dénouement* as that which took place was the natural and necessary result. The preliminary intrigue with the garrison was unnecessary, and therefore impolitic, as well as irregular. But the irregularity was not so great as to violate the clear exercise of prerogative.

It would be a great mistake in Englishmen to suppose that the cause of the insurgents here is the cause of Parliamentary Government. It is the cause of factious strife and furious partisan hatred. Portugal is the country of ignorant and groundless Revolutions. The glorious cause of Representative Government belongs to an informed and reasoning people—to the calm temperaments of the North, and not to the shuttlecocks of passion. The safety-valve of a Constitutional Opposition does not suit the fiery elements of the South. It is less tiresome to "pronounce." More impulsive than the Irish, men rush here at once to extremities, and order is subverted through an ignorant and blind impatience. All Ministers, as a matter of course, are "robbers," an imputation readily admitted by those who would be robbers in their place, and rusty firelocks must be forthwith scoured for their expulsion. The slightest novelty in legislation is sufficient to produce this result, especially if it bear the shape of a new impost. Who that sees these things can expect that there will ever be administration in Portugal, that that mass of ignorance will ever be enlightened, that Chaos reduced to a methodized system? Pombal reduced it for a time, but every trace of his scaffolding disappeared with his fall. Nothing short of the utter prostration of the rival party and their views will satisfy Peninsular vengeance. So unscrupulous are these sham Parliamentarians that they do not hesitate at every new election to league themselves with the Miguelite party, for the purpose of defeating the Government,

and this monstrous coalition has here again been witnessed with the inevitable result, that (had the counter-movement not taken place) a full third of the representatives returned would have belonged to the Miguelite faction. How can English patronage of such proceedings be reconciled with the principles of the treaty of Quadruple Alliance? The Exaltados of Portugal care not one straw for the means by which these ends are accomplished; but is England to hug this indifference to justice, truth, and honour?

One only fiction more remains to be disposed of. France had no influence whatever in producing this movement. It was the result of the unaided resolutions of the Queen and Court, who are alike indisposed of late to be guided by the councils of either France or England.

The key-note of the recent policy of Portugal is to be found in the failure of the Coburg marriage at Madrid. There is no doubt that this occasioned bitter mortification, not more to the King than to the Queen, who has strong and womanly family sympathies, and the more so as Baron Renduffe was fitted out on his diplomatic mission to Madrid twelve months since with great splendour, with a view to this special result. The decided opposition of France and the equally fatal refusal of England to patronize Prince Leopold's candidature, annihilated his pretensions, and the Portuguese Court resolved to shape its own course. There can be no doubt that it is a misfortune to Queen Isabel to be united in wedlock to her own cousin

rather than to this robust and healthy scion of the Saxe Coburg stock. There is as little doubt that Queen Cristina, on realising this marriage of her own proposal, to which England might have held her, would have carried into execution her *arrière pensée* of the Montpensier alliance. But the much greater probability of Queen Isabel having had healthy offspring from a marriage with the Prince of Coburg, whose blood is entirely alien to hers, would have made the Montpensier marriage in that case of far less significancy. In our Spanish policy we fell between two stools, and failed through indecision. Queen Isabel has little right to be obliged to us for not helping her to a husband whom the unchangeable laws of nature made incomparably fitter for her hand than her own first cousin, and we have been fittingly punished for our lack of hearty sympathies. France and Spain united against us, because we declined to unite ourselves with either. Portugal too, for the same reason, learned to regard us with indifference. It is not fair to say that the Coburgs have been ungrateful. Having full knowledge of the difficulties of King Ferdinand's position, I utterly deny it. The late movement here was (I repeat) the Court's own act, without the slightest French or British influence. And our influence subsequently has been exerted rather against the Court. Our policy in Spain has not been so successful that we can afford to make fools of ourselves in Portugal.

The one error of the Court in this transaction was, that it was not effected boldly and openly, but by

secret treating with the garrison. The Queen, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, should have thrown herself exclusively upon the support of the loyal amongst her subjects, and her cause would then have had the magical sanction of being indisputably in the right. As it turned out, nothing was gained by the secret understanding with the Cabralista officers, for in Lisbon no disposition to revolt was manifested. The spirit of insurrection showed itself elsewhere—chiefly in the north of the kingdom, and no compact struck in Lisbon could bind or influence men who were 200 miles distant. The irregularity was in reality not considerable, for not a regiment turned out (as I have already shewn), before it received an order to that effect signed by Saldanha, the newly-appointed Minister of War. But the appearance of constraint put upon the Duke of Palmella (which was only in fact in appearance), the period of the night chosen for the *dénouement*, and the secrecy observed throughout, imparted an air of conspiracy to the transaction which belied its real character, and unfortunately gave to the subsequent insurrection the gloss of resistance to a Palace plot, and of a defence of popular rights against a treason to Liberty.

I speak with some authority upon these subjects, having been now six years a resident of Lisbon, in the best position to secure correct information, and with the movements of political men and parties almost the exclusive subject of my study. It is difficult to preserve impartiality in the Peninsula, but I think, without vaunting, that I am as impar-

tial as it is possible to be. I have no relation whatever with either party; I hear what they say, but I strike the balance, and form my own conclusions. The state of my health makes me live very much apart, and I thus am enabled to weigh conflicting statements. I take a calm and dispassionate survey of events which turn all the heads around me. Perhaps there may be some self-delusion in this attempt to do what the Portuguese proverb calls "*governar o mundo no sêco*," (to guide the world without mixing in it); but I only aim at ascertaining and recording the truth, and in this, I think, I am successful.

The late counter-movement was prepared and brought to a final issue by a Committee composed of seven members of the Cabralist section of the Chartist party. To avoid premature disclosures their proceedings were all conducted by verbal message, and in no instance by missives epistolary. It is curious enough that the chief managers were resident fifteen miles distant, at Cintra, which had been appointed by the late Government as the residence of Dom Carlos de Mascarenhas, brother of the Marquis da Fronteira, and late Commandant of the Municipal Guard; Sola, Colonel of the Queen's Grenadiers; Taborda, Colonel of the 16th regiment; and Amaral, Chief of Staff to the Conde de Sta. Maria, General of the First, or Lisbon Division. All these gentlemen have been restored by the movement to their former situations, which sufficiently accounts for their zeal. For several days before the movement, messengers were constantly

passing between Lisbon and Cintra, from which latter place the four members of the plot whose names I have specified, (with one exception, privileged in consequence of alleged ill health), were prohibited from moving by the orders of the late Government. The intrigue was perfectly well known to be on foot, and hundreds were aware that a Chartist restoration would be speedily attempted. The Government were quite aware of all this, but owing to the studied absence of documentary evidence, their spies, of whom Lisbon and Cintra were full, could ascertain nothing as to the period when the attempt was to be made. One of the late Ministers even, Conde do Lavradio, avowed to the Marquis da Fronteira, at the Palace, that they had their spies there to watch the King and Queen, and a violent altercation ensued, the Marquis taxing the Conde with the disloyalty and indecency of such an avowal, and words rising so high between them, that the Queen's Mordomo-Mór was obliged to come out and separate them when they were on the point of coming to blows. Affairs were ripe for the final *coup*, when two events occurred to hasten it—first the anniversary of Dom Pedro, which caused an extensive Chartist *réunion* in the church of S. Vicente da Fora, and next the refusal of the Lisbon capitalists to lend a sou to the democratic government. Both the Palace and the army were left in arrear of pay, and if ever a *coup d'état* was justified for getting rid of a Ministry, it was surely in the case of one so utterly discredited, that the Court and the garrison were equally left to starve.

The cauldron of discontent now boiled over. Saldanha at length obtained *carte blanche* from the Chartist Committee to conduct the new government upon principles excluding vengeance, (upon which condition only he would connect himself with the movement), the 6th October arrived, Dom Carlos de Mascarenhas declared that no further delay could be made, and the Palmella Ministry was dismissed.

Lord Howard de Walden sailed from Lisbon for England five days after the counter-movement, with a very peculiar sort of prescience of the unimportance of coming events.

Mr. Henry Southern, Her Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Lisbon, is a man of somewhat delicate appearance and of average abilities. He was originally a merchant in the south of Spain, and having been employed by Lord Clarendon, when Envoy at Madrid, to furnish him with some information in the shape of "returns," did so with an appearance of method and neatness, which appeared to bespeak a ready-made red-tapist, and induced Lord Clarendon to propose to him to adopt diplomacy as a profession. Mr. Southern, therefore, became attached to the Madrid Legation, and was subsequently transferred to that of Lisbon, in which latter place he has been Secretary of Legation for more than six years.

Mr. Southern has in this instance mistaken mob dictation and clamour for the voice of rational liberty, and the intrigues of the foiled Septembrist party for a stand in support of Parliamentary privilege, and he has not hesitated to characterize the

Queen's late change of Ministers as "a Revolution," and to counsel Lord Palmerston to that effect. He has confidently denounced the Queen of Portugal as having taken a step which might cost her her head, and as confidently predicted that the people would foil the *coup!* By these unfounded representations, and by magnifying self-seeking rebels into a national party, he succeeded in influencing the British Government to such an extent, that when our squadron sailed into the Tagus it was with instructions to abstain from all intervention under whatever circumstances, and not even to receive Dona Maria on board, except in the last resort, and then to recommend in preference her reception on board a Portuguese ship of war! Never was there a more fatal mistake, never more ruinous demonstration. Deceived by these strange suggestions, our Government sent out Colonel Wylde with a twofold commission, to observe the progress of the campaign, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation between the contending parties. To effect a reconciliation! The attempt was so futile as to be utterly ridiculous. Fire and water are not more irreconcilable. Imagine the antipathy of Charles II. to Cromwell, and multiply this by the intensity of Southern hatred. The rebels had proclaimed their determination to depose the Queen, and even a Regicide *dénouement* was loudly whispered. A *guerre acharnée* was proclaimed between the two parties, which nothing can extinguish but the destruction of either. So little acceptable were Colonel Wylde's services as a mediator, that the Revolutionary authorities

at Oporto would not permit him to enter. But, to consummate the failure of Mr. Southern's calculations, when Colonel Wylde proceeded to Saldanha's head-quarters, where he was to be confronted with the magnificent spectacle of a nation in arms, he found the movement, as he declared it to Saldanha to be, "*the most unheard-of and groundless of rebellions, having no support but in the ambition of its chiefs.*" And, to scatter our Chargé's vaticinations to the winds, came victory after victory obtained by the Queen's troops over the rebels in every quarter of the kingdom, while the people at large remained quiescent spectators of the contest.

To commit England irretrievably to a fatally erroneous policy, Mr. Southern, overstepping (as it would seem) the limits of his official duty, wrote a circular letter, which was distributed extensively amongst the English residents of Lisbon, warning them to abstain from expressing any opinion "in favour either of the Rebellion or of the Revolution," by which latter phrase he indecorously and with needless insult described Her most Faithful Majesty's exercise of her Royal prerogative in changing her Ministers. From that moment the Court of Portugal became our enemy. The rebels boasted every where that "England was upon their side," and the *Diario* made no secret of the fact that such was the result. It is melancholy to reflect on the deficient information which our Government obtains from some of its agents abroad, and that it is official men who are especially subject to error. They are surrounded by a factitious atmosphere of

preconceived views and prejudices; impartiality is with difficulty attainable in a position exposed to such influences. But, whatever the cause, most certain it is that men, whose business it is officially to make themselves acquainted with the state of the country, seem to have utterly lost the faculty of vision which is possessed by ordinary spectators, and fail to read the plainest indications of national tendencies and public feeling. It is unnecessary to waste a word in proving that there is nothing national in this rebellion, which 6000 of the Queen's troops are hacking to pieces with their swords. If it were a national movement, Portugal is capable of sending 200,000 armed men into the field. What is chiefly noticeable in this mistake is its disastrous effect upon our political relations. For our cold-blooded indifference the Queen and Chartist party will hereafter regard us with contempt, and will laugh at us when we ask for those tariff reductions which might have been readily made the condition of our support at this critical period.

Lisbon, December 3.

We are now entirely committed as partisans of the Insurrection! The Duke de Palmella took refuge on board our ship of war, the *Hibernia*, on the night of the 27th inst., which has likewise been made the resort of three Miguelite refugees, Ignacio de Barros, brother of Viscount Santarem, who (Barros) was the leader of the late armed insurrection at Cintra, the Conde da Ribeira, and the Mar-

quis da Villada. These are both very young men, and their alleged dread of danger to their persons at Lisbon was merely assumed for a political purpose. The Duke de Palmella was received with distinction by Admiral Parker, to whom he alleged as the motive of his flight that he was afraid of being assassinated, in consequence of the appearance of some printed pasquinades on the *esquinas* or corners of streets in Lisbon, covering him with abuse and charging him with giving money to assist the insurgents. The Duke loudly protested his innocence of these charges. Our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Southern, had subsequent communication with the Admiral, the result of which was that the Duke wrote a most extraordinary letter to the Revolutionary Junta of Oporto, at the request of Admiral Parker (as formally stated by him) and with Mr. Southern's knowledge and consent, in which he mentioned that he had been ordered by the Queen to quit the country, and that he had a request to make of "their Excellencies" before he left, which was, to liberate the Duke da Terceira, adding that they might at the same time insist on M. da Terceira leaving the country until the present crisis shall have passed. He concluded by stating that "this step would tend to gain the sympathy and support for the *justa causa which they have so nobly defended!*" The Junta being thus officially assured of the divided opinion entertained by the British authorities, we are now entirely and irrevocably committed as partisans, and the Queen and Court cannot fail henceforth to abhor both Englishmen

and the English alliance. The only thing that is likely to prevent the Junta from acceding to the request for the Duke da Terceira's liberation, is that, if they let the Duke escape them, they will be deprived of the opportunity of making favourable terms for themselves and their friends, in the event of the insurrection terminating (as is probable) in a "transaction," either at Oporto or at Santarem, where they would sell the life of the Duke against those of all the heads of their party, for to a question of life or death it is likely that it will come at last. M. de Palmella had been frequently before requested to use his influence with the Junta of Oporto for M. Terceira's liberation; but invariably refused until he was thus pressed on board the *Hibernia*, having made the most frivolous excuses to the Duchess of Terceira, when that noble and interesting woman repeatedly sued him with tears. The Duke is so remarkable a politician that it is impossible to anticipate or be prepared for all his shiftings and doublings. Yet I scarcely think that he has given any aid to the insurrection, the more especially as I was assured by the Duke de Saldanha himself, that the Duke de Palmella was fully aware of the counter-movement of the night of the 6th of October, and did not oppose the views of those who made it, having in fact been anxious to be released from the cares of an Administration, which he could no longer conduct without plunging the country into the abyss of Revolutionary change.

The Duke has sailed in the *Madrid* Peninsular steamer for Cadiz, with his two sons-in-law, Alca-

çovas and Galvias, who have fled the country simply because they wish to escape from serving in the Volunteer Batallions. He is also accompanied by the Marquis de Nisa, who was to a certain extent compromised. The Queen had conveyed an intimation to the Duke that his leaving the country for a time would be desirable, as his presence here might be interpreted into giving countenance to the rebellion—a harsh policy on the part of Her Faithful Majesty and her advisers, but one quite in accordance with Peninsular customs.

The *Cyclops* war-steamer on her way to England will make some stay at Oporto, to try the effect of the Duke de Palmella's letter to the Junta, in liberating M. da Terceira. If the Junta consents to the liberation (which is doubtful) it will be with a view to secure, as they will interpret Palmella's letter, the entire support and sympathy of England! So now the Revolutionary *mania* is destined to live here for ever; and we may lay out our account for hearing of a regular succession of armed insurrections (vulgarly, rebellions) for years to come. Long will the Peninsula have occasion to rue the day, when any foreign power threw its influence into the scale of insurrection, which no act of the Sovereign, but one of such violence as Dom Miguel was in the habit of perpetrating, ever could justify. To illustrate the ruinous effects of the present rising, the incubus of inconvertible paper-money (*papel-moeda*) is again fastened on the country, which will set all the forgers of Europe in activity, which the Duke of Wellington, in his Dispatches, has repeatedly

denounced, and which an enlightened Frenchman, Raynal, said, "made Portugal like a carcase, all whose parts have fallen into a state of putrefaction, and, separating, are transformed into a heap of worms which rot themselves after devouring all within their reach!!"

The news has just been received and confirmed of the entire defeat of Sá da Bandeira, late Minister of War, near Chaves, north of Oporto, and of the utter rout and disbandment of his army of 2,500 men. Thus, in every instance, where the insurgents have awaited the onset of the Queen's troops, they have been uniformly cut to pieces. It was so at Vianna, it was so at Villareal, it was so at Cintra, it is so at Chaves. Can any one doubt that such will likewise be the result at Santarem? Incomparably the best general of Portugal, the veteran Marshal Saldanha, is there with 4,400 men investing the town, and Schwalbach, their second best general, effected his junction with him four days since. So now, unless the dreadful weather (for it is raining in torrents) makes military operations impossible for the next two months, we may soon expect an end of what I thoroughly agree with Colonel Wylde in describing as "an utterly groundless and unheard-of rebellion."

The unfortunate Revolutionary habit of the Portuguese is to be referred to self-conceit and prejudiced ignorance. Sound political information is seldom found to exist here, yet each man in the community sets up for a politician, and Revolutionary movements are adopted as the medium of

bringing himself and his party into power. No one waits for real grounds of impeachment against a Ministry. They are all "robbers and scoundrels" *en masse*—so says the disaffected *amotinador*, and the ignorant mob believes him. With no excitement in the legitimate pursuits of life, all men are ready here for a political movement, by which they presume that their position will not be made worse, and may be bettered. Every man, in his own estimation, is fit enough to be a Minister. They see one who lately served the Crown in that capacity, who twelve years since had a butter and beer-shop at Oporto. They see another, the attaché to an Embassy, and a Baron, who began a few years back as a barber's boy. They see a third, a tobacco-contractor, and likewise a Baron, rolling in his splendid carriage, who commenced about the same time as a poor clerk. Ambition, vanity, and a lust of public plunder, thus set the whole community agog for change. Revolution in Portugal takes the place of trading speculation, and Conspiracy of honest industry.

The railway speculations have all been abandoned, as might naturally be inferred in the insurrectionary state of the country. But, in the very thick of the disturbances, a speculation has been set on foot by some local capitalists, which may become successful, for lighting Lisbon with gas. Their establishment is in the Boa Vista, and their gasometers, pipes, and other preparatory works, appear to be on a respectable footing. The coal from which this gas is to be made, and from which

they have already produced some good specimens, is raised from a very good vein which has been found at Boarcos, about a league north of Figueiras, at the mouth of the Mondego, the spot where the Duke of Wellington first landed with his gallant little army. A contract was taken two years since for lighting Oporto with gas, but abandoned, rather wisely, in time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The *Fidalgos* and *Grandes* of Portugal.—Privilege of *Parentesco*. Sketches of the leading Noblemen, Statesmen, Politicians, and Generals: the Duke da Terceira, the Duke de Palmella, the Duke de Saldanha, the Conde de Villareal, the Marquis da Fronteira, Dom Carlos de Mascarenhas, Conde da Cunha, Conde do Tojal, Conde do Lavradio, Conde do Farrobo, Conde das Antas, Viscount Sá da Bandeira, Mousinho de Albuquerque, Conde do Bomfim; Generals Schwalbach, Casal, and Vinhaes; the Marquis de Loulé, the Marquis de Vianna, the Marquis de Fayal, the Marquis de Abrantes, the Marquis de Pombal, the Marquis de Nisa.—Maladministration of the property of the Portuguese *Fidalgos; Feitors.*—The *Alencastros*, descendants of John of Gaunt.—The Newspaper Press.—Prevalence of avarice amongst the Portuguese.—Laziness and unbusiness-like habits of public men.—The plague of employés.—Administration of justice; *empenhos.*—Police.—Wines.—Coinage.—Origin of Names.—Costume.—Language.—Conclusion.

THERE is little difference in the general arrangement of *Hidalguia* (gentle blood), nobility, and *Grandeza* (grandeeship), in Spain and Portugal. The remarks in my former work will therefore generally apply. There is one peculiarity in Portugal—the privilege of *parentesco* (relationship), which causes the few who possess it to be addressed by the sovereign as "*meu sobrinho*" (my nephew). The Duke

of Terceira is one of the very limited number who have this privilege. The relationship in these cases is almost always imaginary, and the privilege of *parentesco* was accorded by the Sovereign of Portugal to the infamous Godoy. The prefix *Dom*, equivalent to the Spanish *Don*, (and the more direct abbreviation of the Latin *Dominus*, as the whole language is more directly derived from the Latin), as has been previously remarked, is not used by the Portuguese except in the case of the members of the Royal Family, canons and cathedral dignitaries, and some ten or a dozen families of Spanish extraction. The nobles who figure now in Lisbon are nearly all Constitutionalists, the Miguelites having for the most part disappeared from the scene: some of them, however, were latterly becoming reconciled to the existing dynasty, and merging their political designation into the softer shade of "Royalists," but the late unfortunate events have generally "swept away all that," and, I fear, re-opened the old wounds.

The Marshal Duke da Terceira, who has now been unhappily for some weeks a prisoner in the Castle of Foz at Oporto, is a slender, graceful, and gentlemanly-looking man, of some sixty-three or sixty-four years of age. His complexion is fair, his moustache almost white, and of a military cut, betokening that he belongs to the profession of arms. He is personally very brave, but not distinguished for capacity as a general, though his star has been in the ascendant and won for him a number of victories. *Sang froid* in peril is his leading charac-

teristic. He is one of the most amiable of men, but also one of the most careless and procrastinating. And to this unfortunate habit he is indebted for his present position as a prisoner. Instead of proceeding to Oporto at once on the 7th October, when the counter-movement was consummated at Lisbon, he delayed forty-eight hours before he set out, and when he reached Oporto, instead of acting vigorously at the barracks of the different regiments, proceeded to discuss a comfortable dinner, the consequence of which was that the democrats had time to take their measures for his arrest. But his procrastination (*amanhãa*, mañana—the most fatal word in the Peninsula) had likewise given warning to Das Antas, to whom Sá da Bandeira, the late Minister of War, had despatched a courier with intelligence of the *coup* the moment that he ascertained it, and all Oporto was in full possession of the recent events at Lisbon when the Duke entered the house of the Conde da Terena. The Duke at the period of his arrest behaved with his accustomed gallantry. He coolly lit his cigar, and presented himself at the door to the armed and roaring mob: "*Que 'morras'*"? (What shouts of 'Kill him'?) said he; "If you want to kill me, here am I"! They walked him and his party off through the entire length of the town to the Castle of Foz, which is near the entrance to the harbour, treating them with considerable roughness, tearing in some instances the clothes off their backs, and the more infuriated of the *patulea* menacing them with knives. The Duke's imprisonment has greatly embarrassed

the course of proceedings in this rebellion, through dread of sanguinary reprisals.

The Duke de Palmella, the late Prime Minister, is in appearance what he is in birth and policy, an Italian. The family name is Holstein. His father was a Piedmontese noble in the diplomatic service of Portugal, and the Duke entered the same career as Chargé d'Affaires, during his father's temporary absence from the Court of Rome, where he was Minister. The Duke subsequently served for a short time in the army of Portugal during the Peninsular War, and was finally Portuguese Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna. He is now about sixty years of age, and his abilities are of the highest order. He took a very active part with the Duke da Terceira in the expedition against Dom Miguel, for the restoration of Dona Maria to the throne of Portugal. His subsequent history is well known. The Duke is of short stature, with rather bright eyes and a hooked nose. His equipages are very superior.

The Marshal Duke de Saldanha, who obtained the last step in the Peerage the other day for his recent services, is a very noble-looking old soldier, whose appearance, manners, and accomplishments would do honour to any *noblesse* in Europe. His hair, moustache, and whiskers, which he wears rather full, are as white as snow, and contrast extremely well with the soldierly brown of his complexion. His nose is a little blunt, but his mouth is benevolent, his eyes bright and expressive, and his forehead expansive. He is about the middle

height, and has an easy and gentlemanly figure—remarkably upright for a man who must be at least sixty-two years of age. The Duke is equally distinguished in arms and diplomacy, having served during the entire Peninsular War, and subsequently took an active part in the War against Dom Miguel. He is by far the ablest general in Portugal, and about the eminence of his strategic talents there is no dispute whatever. He finds it requisite to be a little Machiavellian in his policy with the Portuguese, and lets none into his confidence through fear of being betrayed. An officer in the army of operations, which he is now commanding opposite Santarem, where I doubt not he will speedily reduce Das Antas to submission (if the weather permit) writes to me the following curious passage, which well portrays this well-known feature in M. de Saldanha's character: "Of the Marshal's plan we know nothing; not even to those nearest him does he divulge it. On the contrary, he says one thing to do another quite different," (*pelo contrario diz uma cousa para fazer outra muito differente*). It is needless to observe that in the peculiar circumstances of a civil war this is the only safe course to pursue. The Duke, however, is too good a diplomatist not to be a little of a Machiavellian, though in this respect he must decidedly yield the *pas* to His Grace of Palmella. M. de Saldanha was lately Her Faithful Majesty's Minister at the Court of Berlin, where he lost, thirteen months back, a son, of the greatest promise, by that disease to which I also am destined soon to fall a victim. The Duke is an

accomplished linguist and general scholar, and published a clever work at Berlin—"*On the Connexion between the Sciences and Revealed Religion.*" He is said to be descended from the famous Bernardo del Carpio, whose father was the Conde de Saldaña. His accomplishments as a linguist are very great, and he speaks English, French, and German with perfect fluency.

The Conde de Villareal has quite the look of an English nobleman, and speaks English with correctness, for which accomplishment he is indebted to the fact of his having been an aide-de-camp to Lord Beresford during the Peninsular War, when he distinguished himself in several actions. The Count is not a fluent speaker, but he is an influential politician, constitutional, moderate, and practical. In manner he is very polite and dignified, and his air is extremely chivalrous. On the fall of the Cabral Ministry in May last, the Queen called on him to form an Administration, but after the lapse of twenty-four hours he resigned the task to the Duke de Palmella. The Count's father expended an immense sum upon his splendid edition of Camóens, which he published entirely at his own expense under the *pseudonyme* of "Morgado Matheus." His son, Dom Fernando de Botelho, has figured both in the present and the late Rebellion, and has been deprived for this offence, by Royal decree, of his right of succession. The Count is rather tall, and in about his sixtieth year.

The Marquis da Fronteira is also a good-looking man, rather tall, and about forty-six years of age.

He has a good fortune for Portugal (about 4000*l.* a year) and spends it worthily, residing in a fine but rather curious old Palace in the Italian style at Bemfica. The Marquis does not aim much at the character of a politician, but he is of a chivalrous character; and a devoted adherent of Dom Pedro's Charter. He is at present Civil Governor of Lisbon. His brother, Dom Carlos de Mascarenhas, is Commandant of the Municipal Guard of Lisbon, a fine body of about 1000 men, by whom the police duties of the metropolis are administered. Dom Carlos took a very active part in the late counter-movement, and the soldiers generally are very much attached to him. He is a tall, strapping, burly figure, with a great black moustache, and looks formidable either on foot or on horseback. Conda da Cunha is a rotund, portly figure, who appears fonder of a dinner than a debate in the Chamber of Peers, does not pretend to weight as a politician, and will get to the bottom of a bottle of champagne or brandy before he will sound the depths of many questions in political economy. He drives in rather good style.

Conde do Tojal, late Finance Minster, is indebted for his ennoblement to his own abilities and conduct. His father, originally a proprietor in the island of Madeira, was Court physician to Dom John VI., for whom he discharged a diplomatic mission at the Court of Paris. The success of Count Tojal's financial administration is well known, and there are few of the foreign bondholders who do not desire to see him back at the Treasury. The Count

is about fifty-seven years of age, a low-sized man, with a long, rather rough, but intelligent face, and eyes of rare penetration and brightness. He speaks English with quite as much fluency as his native Portuguese, and is possessed of a very fascinating address. Conde do Lavradio, who was a member of the Duke de Palmella's late Administration, is about the same age—an ungainly-looking man with an unpleasing address, but great rectitude of principles and firmness of character. He is rather impracticable, however, and it is a matter of no small difficulty for his brother Ministers to agree with him. He is not a little subject to the fiery passions of the South, but his decisions are always the result of honest conviction. Conde do Farrobo (as I have elsewhere observed) is an extensive capitalist, chiefly noticeable as a musical amateur and lover of the fine arts generally. He is the proprietor of a beautiful private theatre at his Quinta of the Laranjeiras, in which he gives very pleasant representations, and drives out the actors and singers from Lisbon in a four-in-hand.

Conde das Antas, the leader of the present rebellion, is a soldier of fortune, who achieved the nobility and *grandeza*, of which the Queen has lately deprived him for his contumacy, by his military services. He is one of the best generals in Portugal, but a man of restless temperament, whom it is extremely difficult to satisfy. He is also not to be much depended on, having figured in 1842 under the *Entrudo,* or Carnival Ministry, as Commander of the Lisbon Division, and taken office under

Costa Cabral about two months after as Governor of Portuguese India, a post which he resigned in six months on account of his health. He is about fifty years of age, and wears a thick moustache and a long, peaked black beard, his appearance being altogether somewhat conceited and pretentious. His recent conduct at Santarem in flogging an aged proprietor and alderman (*vereador*), for a mere expression of opinion, has disgusted his very adherents, and will probably precipitate his ruin.

Visconde Sá da Bandeira, late Minister of War, is likewise a soldier of fortune, and enjoyed considerable reputation as a general, until his recent signal defeat near Chaves, which the desertion, however, of 700 of his best troops may readily excuse. The Viscount is one of the ablest statesmen in Portugal, and was one of the few members of the Chamber of Peers who proved himself an able legislator. His range of information is very great, and the largest as well as the most minute subjects shared his attention, and were enlightened by his intelligence. Most sincerely do I regret his present compromised position, and wish to see him well out of it. The Viscount is about fifty-seven, with long features, and an intelligent, agreeable face. He has lost an arm, and is deaf, but his mental activity abundantly supplies these defects. Luiz Monsinho de Albuquerque, also one of the late Ministers, is another man of great mental accomplishments, whom I sincerely regret to see involved in this rebellion. He is a statesman of large capacity and of powerful eloquence, the best scientific scholar in Portugal, and

skilful in every department of public administration. He is a Colonel in the Engineers, and has presided over the construction of many public works, which evidence his skill and judgment. As a politician, however, he is very *exaltado,* and is a man capable of readily going to the scaffold in vindication of his principles. He is of the middle age, and rather above the middle size, and his appearance indicates a high sanguineous temperament. The fourth most important leader in the rebellion is the Conde do Bomfim, who was likewise the leader in that of Almeida—a man of most disagreeable countenance and of equivocal character, discontented, self-seeking, intriguing, and ready for rebellion, or any other Catalinarian work.

Of the Queen's Generals, I have already taken note of Saldanha and Terceira. The two others of any eminence are Schwalbach and Casal. Schwalbach, Visconde de Setubal, is a German who took service under Dom Pedro, and distinguished himself in the field, wherever an occasion presented itself. His military talents are beyond dispute, and indeed they must have been so to enable him to hold his ground against the intensity of national jealousy when peace was re-established. He was always an ardent supporter of Dom Pedro, who was attached to him with equal ardour. Baron Casal is also an able tactician, and remarkable for decision and energy, qualities which contributed much to the complete rout of Sá da Bandeira near Chaves, on the 16th inst. Visconde do Vinhaes is not much to be relied on since his treacherous

desertion of the Cabral Administration with his division, which was disposed to fight, but that their general parleyed with the rebels. The Duke da Terceira is paying for the treacherous letter which he wrote to Vinhaes upon that occasion, ordering him "not to hostilize the people," by his present imprisonment in the castle of Foz; and Vinhaes is atoning for his share in that transaction by his recent improved conduct. Vinhaes is a very good cavalry officer.

In the foremost rank of the Grandes of Portugal figure six young Marquises, of ages varying from twenty-five to thirty-eight. The most conspicuous of these is the Marquis de Loulé, one of the handsomest men in Europe, but a slippery politician, who is the mainstay of the rebellion at Coimbra. The Marquis married an Infanta of Portugal and one of the Queen's Aunts, Dona Anna de Jesus, whose conduct, unfortunately, has not corresponded to the sanctity of her name. The Marquis and she have lived separately these many years past. In one of his proclamations at Coimbra the Marquis betrayed considerable heartlessness by expressing his satisfaction at the imprisonment of the aged and illustrious Duke da Terceira, his own first cousin and married to his sister! It was said that the Marquis entertained a design of promoting the Royal blood of one of his own young sons to the throne of Portugal in the room of the present dynasty. But this is scarcely probable. The Marquis de Vianna is a young Miguelite, or rather Royalist nobleman, of fine, manly appearance, not

unlike that of an accomplished English country gentleman. He has a splendid house in the Rato, where the Marchioness gives dashing parties. He also drives in good style, being one of the few persons in Lisbon whose fortunes will permit this.

The Marquis de Fayal is the son and heir of the Duke de Palmella, and is in possession of one of the largest fortunes in Portugal, which belongs to his wife, the daughter of the late Conde do Povoa, who accumulated this fortune as a contractor to the British Army during the Peninsular War.

The history of the violent abduction of this heiress, to whom the Duke married his young son when she was in her tenth year (!), need not be repeated here. The lady, however, appears well pleased with her position, and very much attached to the Marquis, who is of amiable character. The Marquis de Abrantes is a young Royalist nobleman, of lofty stature and fine appearance, who has made a few speeches of promise in the Chamber of Peers. His father was an intimate familiar of Dom Miguel's, who with his assistance is believed to have treacherously murdered the father of the Marquis de Loulé. The Marquis de Pombal's appearance has been described in a former chapter. *The* Pombal was tall and a splendid figure, which makes the contrast more strange. This young nobleman is of inoffensive manners and of amiable private character. The Marquis de Nisa is an imitator of the *ci-devant* irregular career of the Marquis of Waterford, and is renowned for fast living and for his adventures with Opera girls. He is well known as a dead shot,

and is equally skilled in the use of the small sword and sabre. The Marquis is a lineal descendant and bears the name of the illustrious Vasco da Gama, the discoverer of India, and has an hereditary title to the post of Lord High Admiral of Portugal, his father having upon one occasion commanded, during some evolutions in the Mediterranean, the combined fleets of England and Portugal, when the precedency was accorded to him by the famous Sir Sydney Smith. The Marquis, though still young, has contrived to run through a very handsome fortune. The properties of the Portuguese nobility are most wretchedly administered, being left entirely in the hands of *Feitors* or factors, who contrive to enrich themselves, and to make scarcely any return to their masters; and sometimes these, for want of ready money, are obliged even to sell their standing crops!

To this notice of the Portuguese nobility I should add that the body contains lineal descendants of our John of Gaunt in the family of Portugal e Alencastro (Lancaster).

There is no hope for Portugal till she has an enlightened and virtuous Press. Spain is in advance of her in this respect, having now (besides several respectable journals) a creditably conducted Review, called *Revista de España y del Estranjero*, which a good deal resembles the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The only journal of this kind which Portugal possesses is the *Revista Universal* of Lisbon, a work of very narrow scope, embodying no political instruction and little enlargement of ideas.

Reviews are started from time to time at Oporto and Coimbra, but they do not go the right way to work, and speedily vanish. To continue my comparative anatomy of the two Peninsular kingdoms, Spain is likewise superior to Portugal in the spirit of speculative enterprise. The number of new Companies projected or in operation, at Madrid, is considerable, and though some may have a stock-jobbing character there can be no doubt that others will bear fruit. Thus there has been lately established at Madrid a *Banco da Proteccion y Empresa de Camiños y Canales*, with a capital of 200,000,000 reals (2,000,000*l.* sterling) in 50,000 shares, for which there were ten times that number of applications. At the head of this Company are the solid and practical names of Rivas, Murga, Castro, Jordan, O'Shea, Miraflores, and Viluma, and another Company of a similar description was formed at the same time, both basing their operations on the loan which has been recently contracted for the formation of roads. These companies have both for their object to support every description of enterprise which tends to the development of the national wealth, and assist with their capital private speculations of acknowledged utility, having a tendency to promote an industrial spirit in the nation.

In Portugal one hears of similar companies from time to time, especially with relation to the development of her fine Colonies; but they have only a rickety existence upon paper, and perish before they are born, while, amongst the other noticeable features of the Spanish progress is the formation of a

national mad-house on a great scale—the first institution of the kind in the Peninsula.

One of the worst features in the Portuguese character is money-grubbing, and this is at the root of most of their revolutionary movements. A Portuguese parts with his money as with his heart's blood, and will perish rather than pay a new tax. The country people respect the effigy on a *crusado* more than in old times they did a Capitão Môr. They will not part with a penny to subscribe to a newspaper, and will neither read nor write, because both are attended with outlay. They prefer to remain in ignorance.

The position of the newspaper press in Portugal is truly that of a "chartered libertine." It may say any thing it pleases with impunity, and with that conviction takes full fling. It does not hesitate to charge an opponent with robbing a priest at college, and, if that is not enough to blacken him, with murdering his own father! To make this game of turpitude secure, Priests, whose shoulders are exempt from the visitation of horsewhips, are frequently the editors. The Government is incessantly prosecuting the Opposition papers, but in vain: they can get no jury to convict. The people here misconceive the privileges of the press, and draw no line of distinction between legitimate censure and the grossest libel. They confound, in short, liberty with license. Out of 120 prosecutions of the press within three years, at Lisbon and Oporto, not a single conviction has been obtained!

Hence, at every period of disturbance, all papers are suppressed but the Government *Diario*.

The laziness of official men is incredible. In the hot weather neither Deputies nor Employés can be got to work. Business-like habits are unknown. The Committees of the Chambers take weeks to do what might be despatched in a few days. And when their work is done, many days are lost in making out a fair copy of their report. These scandalous delays make useful legislation almost an impossibility in this country. There is a great excess of *empregados publicos* (clerks or employés) in the public offices, and many of these consume the bulk of their time in idleness, and pass the lazy intervals of occupation with a cigar, or a toothpick and a glass of water. A reduction in this swarm of *empregados* has been often spoken of, but no Minister has of late been found with virtue or resolution to effect it. The public offices are, in fact, paddocks for the younger members of the aristocracy and middle classes; the most powerful influence is used to obtain an entrance; and the same influence is exerted to prevent the diminution of their numbers. There is little commerce in the country, and but slight employment in the regular professions. The consequence is a rush to the public offices, where even *fidalgos* do not think it *infra dig.* to serve their sovereign. But the service which they render is the greatest disservice to an impoverished and bankrupt nation.

The Marquis of Pombal took a summary mode

of reducing the swarm of public employés. He found the finances administered by no fewer than 22,000 clerks, distributed through a great number of different offices, where they contrived to eat up the revenue, embroil the accounts, and swallow nearly the entire exchequer of the country. By a single edict, in the month of October, 1761, Pombal reduced this enormous crowd of national blood-suckers to *thirty-two* chosen and competent persons. The finances never were better administered than after this reduction, the accounts were wonderfully simplified, the receipts and payments regularly made, and perspicuity, precision, and security took the place of an inextricable labyrinth. This was one of those heroic reforms, however, which none but a Pombal will attempt, and evidenced his iron and inflexible temper almost as much as the more despotic measure by which, five years later, he caused an enormous number of vines to be plucked up by the roots, and grain to be substituted in the late vineyards, chiefly with a view to injure British trade. But of all his violent reforms not one subsisted six months after his death.

The administration of justice in Portugal is almost as liable to reproach for impurity as that of Spain. It is impossible to conceive a mechanism more curiously adapted to produce that result than the construction of the principal Courts of Justice. Those are the two Relação Courts of Lisbon and Oporto, and the Supreme Tribunal of Justice at Lisbon. The first of these contains fifteen, the second a dozen, the third sixteen, judges, each of

them with a salary varying from 250*l.* to 300*l.* per annum. With this miserable stipend they are obliged to keep up a certain "*representation*," and can scarcely avoid keeping their coaches—poor things, but yet indispensable and attended with considerable expense. A Cato or a Brutus might be pure under such circumstances, but it is scarcely within the reach of ordinary humanity. The Jurors are equally liable to undue or corrupt influences. The moment a party has a cause, whether criminal or civil, he sets about making what are called "*empenhos*," literally "pledges," by which the influence of persons in power and authority is secured in his favour. Judge and jury are thus influenced indirectly, and, if needful, there are money-bags thrown into the scale. In the last resort, the Ministers of the Crown are sometimes induced by these *empenhos* to influence the decision of the Court. Through this abominable system the whole social body is honeycombed by corruption.

The police of the great towns is well and satisfactorily administered. The municipal guards of Lisbon and Oporto are very creditable bodies, who, for the most part, preserve public peace and order upon an exemplary footing. There are nightly patrols in both cities, composed invariably of parties of two men, with guns on their shoulders, an odd-looking spectacle, but intended to prevent surprises. The streets are remarkably quiet, and assassinations and robberies few in number.

The Lisbon *termo* (a district extending about fifteen miles round the metropolis) contains wines

of the greatest variety and excellence. These are commonly known as *vinho tinto do termo* (red Lisbon wine) and *vinho branco do termo* (white Lisbon wine). The ordinary red wine is far superior to the French *vins ordinaires*, and sold in Lisbon at about 3*d.* the bottle: it is often equal to claret. The ordinary white wine, sold at the same price, is not so good; but when three or four years old, with due preparation, and bottled, it is little inferior to sherry. The best varieties of the red wine are Colláres, from the village of that name near Cintra, and Lavradío, from a district so called opposite Lisbon. Both these wines may be drunk in Lisbon, bottled, and in the best state, from 5*d.* to 6*d.* the bottle. The Colláres very much resembles claret; the Lavradío may be compared to an admixture of port and claret in equal proportions. But the ordinary wines of the *termo*, when carefully prepared and presented in their purity, are of great excellence and yield very little to claret. The red Carcavellos is also a very fine wine. The white varieties are better known: these are Bucellas, made from a Rhine grape, and bearing some resemblance to Hock, Carcavellos, a rich, generous wine, resembling golden sherry, and Arinto, a still sweeter and more delicate wine, not unlike the Bual of Madeira. A genuine, good dry Lisbon is, perhaps, the best of all these white wines—called dry, "*secco*," in consequence of the vinous fermentation having completely subsided, by which the sweet flavour is got rid of and a generous smack imparted. The

preparation of this wine differs little from that of Sherries and Madeiras: it has been my lot to witness the preparation of wine in all three countries. Lisbon has several sweet wines, but, alas, no Malmsey; the ordinary *vinho abafado*, "choked wine," is prepared by throwing *jeropiga* and brandy into the casks. This prevents the vinous fermentation, and causes the sweet taste of the must to prevail. The best sweet wine of Lisbon is the muscatel, prepared from the rich grape of that name. Since the blockade of Oporto, the world is shut out from its regular supplies of Douro wine. Good port is always dear in Lisbon, at the least a new crown, or 2*s*. 2*d*. the bottle, and for the finest qualities I have paid twice that price. Port, as drunk here, is very little brandied, and is much mellower, and to my taste, more agreeable than that which is prepared for the English market. At Oporto you may taste the varieties of white port and *vinho verde*, the latter somewhat disagreeable from being raw and unripe. Good Madeira may be drunk in Lisbon at about 19*d*. the bottle. Claret and Champagne may be drunk at from 5*s*. to 6*s*. the bottle (smuggled in from France).

Monetary information will not now be of much use, the currency having been quite disturbed. But it is sufficient at all times to know that the system is a decimal one, and the basis an imaginary unit, the *rei* or *real*, about the quarter of an English farthing. Five reis (the smallest copper coin) is a fraction more than a farthing. The ten rei piece is one twelfth more than a half-

penny, and the *vintem* than a penny. The latter coin is only imaginary. The *pataco*, a thick and clumsy copper-piece, is equal to two of these vintems. The silver coins are the half-testoon (*meio-tostão*), 50 reis, 2½*d.*; the 3-vintem piece, 60 reis, 3¼*d.*; the testoon (*tostão*), 100 reis, 5½*d.*; the 6-vintem piece, 120 reis, 6½*d.*; the 12-vintem piece, 240 reis, 13*d.*; the *crusado-novo* or new crown, 480 reis, 2*s.* 2*d.*, and the 5-testoon piece, 500 reis, 2*s.* 3*d.* The gold coinage is almost withdrawn from circulation, and it is not necessary to specify it, further than by the general statement that the *milreî*, which is the common standard, is rather more than a dollar, being at *par* 4*s.* 6*d.* sterling, and that the moidore (which may be had either in notes or gold) is equal to ten crusados-novo or new crowns, and is therefore, 4800 reis, or 1*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* A *conto* or million of reis, is 225*l.*

The name of Portugal is derived from *Portus Cale*, an ancient city famous in the Roman era, situated close to Oporto, on the opposite side of the Douro. The name of Lusitania is derived from *Lusi*, which in the Phœnician, signifies an almond-tree, a growth which was found very abundant at the discovery of this country.

The Portuguese language is the lineal descendant of the Latin, to which it approaches nearer than the Spanish, and much closer than the Italian. It would be tedious to proceed to prove this in detail, but the fact will not be disputed by the few who are conversant with the four languages. There is a much greater number of English words derived

from the Portuguese than is generally imagined. Some of these words are commonly alleged to be derived from the Spanish; but as the Portuguese navy had precedence of that of Spain, and as the words are chiefly sea-faring terms, their Portuguese origin is indisputable. Amongst these words are "Admiral," *Almirante;* "Commodore," *Commendador;* "avast," *basta, basta,* pronounced rapidly and falling into *a-bast;* "steevedor," (one who by stowing trims a ship,) *estivador;* "mast," *mastro;* "keel," *quilha,* (pronounced *keelya*); "pipe (of wine), *pipa;* "barrel," *barril;* "tun," *tonal;* "ton," *tonelada;* "orange" (brought first from China by Dom John de Castro), *laranja* (*l*) *aranja;* "quod," *quadro* (the bounds within which vessels are detained by the custom-house officers; "crikey!" from the Spanish *carajo!* "traps," from the Portuguese *trapos,* signifying "rags;" "mariner," *marinheiro;* "mate," *contra-mestre,* through its French equivalent, *contre-maître,* pronounced short, *mait;* "captain," *capitão, capitan;* "cord," *corda;* "capstan," *cabrestante;* "careen," *crenar;* "calker," *calafate;* "veer," *virar,* to turn; "poop," *popa;* "navy," *navio;* "pilot," *piloto;* "helm," *leme, elme;* "rudder," *rodar,* to turn, to move round; "sound," *sondar;* "haul," *alar;* "hoist," *içar;* "pennon," *pendão;* "cable," *cabo;* "coil," *colhida;* "stays," *estaes;* "reef," *recife;* "cat-block," *cadernal,* pronounced short, *cad, cat;* "braces," *braços;* "yacht," *hiate* (the pronunciation is identical); "sloop," *chalupa;* "schooner," *escuna;* "brig," *brigue;* "frigate," *fragata;* "corvette," *corveta;* "bark,"

barca; "smack," *sumaca*; "ketch," *queche*; "galleot," *galeota*; "lugger," *lugre*; "embark," *embarcar*; "disembark," *desembarcar*; "brigantine," *bergantem*; "cabin," *gabinete*; "cabouse," *cabozo* (perfect); "port-hole," *portinhola*; the points of the compass, *norte, nordiste, noroeste, &c.*; "berth," *berço* (a cradle); "hammock," *maca*; "companion-ladder," from *companha*, a ship's crew; "macaw," *macao*; "binnacle" or "bittacle," *bitacola*; with "nigger," "mulatto," "creole," "pickaninny," &c.; and a great number of the names of our possessions in India and on the African coast, besides *maiz*, "maize;" *milho*, "millet;" sarsaparilla, and many other words of commerce. To these must be added, "quarter" and "quarters," *quartel*; "battery," *batería*; "starboard," *estibordo*; "larboard," *bombordo*, (sweetened a little by our rarely refining tars). *En revanche*, the Portuguese have borrowed from us one nautical phrase, "stop!" in taking the log, which the French have likewise borrowed from us, it being of all words that which is best suited for the time, place, and purpose.

The Portuguese is a very fine language, notwithstanding the defect of its nasal sounds, which in the mouths of cultivated people are not nearly so disagreeable as in those of the vulgar. If they were to substitute the Spanish terminations *an, on, anes, ones*, and *en*, for *ão, aens, oens*, and *em*, the language would be one of the most perfect in existence. The number of dipthongs is sixteen. It is rich and copious in the highest degree. In my "Ocean

Flower" I explain fully the peculiar beauty of the word *Saudade*, which conveys in one word a meaning so expressed by no other language in Europe. The multitude of Portuguese words signifying "a garden," in its various senses, equals the variety of expressions for the usual description of "hill" and "mountain" in a language of still purer originality, the Irish. The Portuguese diminutives very much resemble the Irish, thus "Joaninho," *Shoneen*, (little John); "rapasinho," *boghalheen*, (little boy); "menina," "meninasinha," *collheen*, (little girl); "copinho," *cruisheen*, (little glass); "adeosinho," (a tender little adieu), *savourneen* (little darling); and while "*bonitinho*" (pretty little thing) has the Irish diminutive termination, it quite reminds one of the Scotch "bonnie," being pronounced *bonnieteenyo*.

The very little original literature that is now produced in Portugal is purer in character than the popular living literature of Spain. Those of Spain far outstrip the generality of French writers in indecency, not hesitating in fact *to state anything whatever* in print. The Portuguese are swayed by a better taste and a more creditable morality. The actual social state of Spain is for the most part extremely licentious; that of Portugal is considerably better; meanwhile, a general laxity of principle prevails all over the Peninsula. The most popular literature of Lisbon and Oporto consists of translations of Paul de Kock's indecent novels.

I once, in conversation with a literary Spaniard,

full of nationality and of jealous *pundonor** mentioned casually the noted liar, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, as a countryman of his. "He was no compatriot of mine," was his reply. "The infamous Pinto was no Spaniard, but a Portuguese—a difference wide as the spheres. The Portuguese monarchy, in the seven centuries of its complete existence, has produced but two literary celebrities—Camoens and Mendez Pinto, the former absurdly overrated as a poet, because Portugal has had no poet but him (the spinster who has but one cat thinks it the finest cat in the world); the latter known by his book of travels, and celebrated only as a rogue and liar."

This speech was for the most part grossly unjust, Portugal having had many excellent poets besides Camóens, as may be seen from the specimens in my "Ocean Flower." But the anecdote will serve to prove how strong is the feeling of dislike between the two races. In fact, it amounts to positive hatred. I have seen frequent proofs of this, especially at Lisbon, where Spanish visitors are for ever indulging their sarcasm against the Portuguese, and cannot even refrain from mocking their names, *Alfandega*, "Custom-house;" *Chafariz*, "fountain;" and *por grosso e miudo*, "wholesale and retail;" which are quite as good words as their equivalents in the Spanish or any other language. But it was at the frontier especially that I witnessed the intensity of this hatred. They often shift their boundaries back and forward into the Spanish and Portuguese territory, and assemble with guns to *Oregonize* or organize

* The point of honour.

the question of disputed territory. The Spaniards have even a proverb, *tan quemado que un Portugues*, "as brown as a Portuguese," which is merely founded in prejudice, for Spanish skins are quite as dark.

The extraordinary affinity of the Portuguese with the Latin may be inferred from the following verses, in honour of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, which are written at once in both languages :—

"Canto tuas palmas, famosos canto triumphos,
Ursula, divinos martyr concede favores;
Subjectas, sacra nympha, feros animosa tyrannos;
Tu, phœnix, vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.
Illustres generosa choros das, Ursula, bellos;
Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das sancta columnas;
Æternos vivas annos, o regia planta!
Devotos cantando hymnos, invoco favores.
Tam puras nymphas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.
Per vos felices annos, o candida turba,
Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores!

The Latinity will provoke a smile, but it is as good us would have been written by any monk of the twelfth century. "*Subjectas*," is also used as a verb by Virgil. The errors in quantity are indefensible in the words "*ardendo*," and "*invoco*." I find Portuguese scholars scandalously careless in this respect, and Greek is scarcely known at all in the country. To illustrate the inexcusable laziness of the writer from whom I have extracted the above verses, he might have avoided the errors in quantity cited by adopting the two words which I now substitute, *ignita* for *ardendo*, and *imploro* for *invoco*, which are correct in quantity and are both Latin and Portuguese.

How much Portugal is indebted to the Revolu-

tionary disposition of her sons, may be inferred from the fact that, with the exception of the short roads to Cintra and Sacavem, and between Braga, Guimaraens and Oporto, (which latter was constructed by the Company of Public Works during the period of quiescence under the Cabral Administration) there is not a road in the entire Kingdom! Neither is there a penitentiary, nor a mad-house, nor one tolerable school of Art, nor any systematic inquisition in cases of sudden death, nor proper life-boats, nor means of restoring persons taken from the water in a drowning state, nor even water or steam-mills in any number, the corn being ground by those fantastic and Quixotic-looking windmills, with which every height round Lisbon is studded. All the works of administration and enterprise remains yet, like the water and steam-mills, to be set in motion; and here it is within the scope of a minister of genius to hew the marble wilderness around him into shapes of lasting beauty.

Lisbon, December 10.

Let those who imagine that popular risings in Portugal are fine things, and confound these frantic convulsions with the movements of rational liberty, have their illusion dispelled by a fact or two. In the single month of March, 1809, near the commencement of the Peninsular War, the population of the Minho (the district which for five months past has been in a nearly constant state of rebellion) committed the following horrible atrocities:—They murdered first their General Freire for no fault but because they were too ill-disciplined to withstand the French; next his staff-officer Villaboa, for no

reason but because he was Freire's friend; next the governor and several prisoners in the gaol, whose mangled bodies they cast into the street; and next twenty of their own fellow-citizens, prisoners whom Soult had released! All these horrors occurred at Braga. Next they murdered the correjidor at Barcellos, and their General Vallonjo at the bridge of Ave, with circumstances of brutal atrocity, because through their own fault they had suffered a defeat (a common description of vengeance in the Peninsula). They mutilated the French prisoners in the most shocking manner, and the "furious rabble" of Oporto, says the liberal Napier, on the 22nd of the same month, despatched with many stabs Louis d'Oliveira with fourteen other persons, and dragged their mutilated bodies in triumph through the streets. Such are the men who were lately spirited on to the arrest of the Duke da Terceira, by that Passos whom the Duke de Palmella has addressed with a profusion of "Excellencies" as the "noble defender of so just a cause," in a letter of which the British authorities here took charge, and which he even states in its context that they prompted him to write. Our modern *patulea* only flourished their knives and tore the uniforms off the backs of the Duke da Terceira's party. But surely such violent proceedings are not to be sanctified by the desecrated name of liberty. Before the end of that same month of March, they murdered another of their Generals, Leina, whose only fault was that he attempted to rally them in their flight after the Battle of Oporto, and fastened all their French prisoners upright and living in the principal squares,

having first torn out their eyes and tongues, and gashed and mutilated their other members! By the testimony of an English writer, who confesses that "he has a bias towards the popular side," the Duke da Terceira and his party would have been massacred the other day but for the active and strenuous interference of some influential young men of the town.

So disgusted was the Duchess da Terceira, a very noble and elegant woman, with the terms of the letter written by the Duke de Palmella soliciting her husband's release, and especially with the part of it which characterized the arrest of the Duke as "a noble defence of a just cause," that she declared, had she been acquainted with the English language, she would have written to Admiral Parker not to accept or transmit so degrading a letter! The Duchess is of most amiable character, and tenderly attached to the Duke, but she would prefer seeing him dead to seeing him released with dishonour. England has compromised herself in this transaction by becoming the patroness of an armed insurrection —the most fatal of errors, since it is the especial duty of her position to teach both Peninsular countries, which are still *in statu pupillari*, that they must seek redress of wrongs in legitimate Parliamentary opposition, and not in those revolutionary habits which make a hell of the paradise they inhabit.

During the last ten years there have been no fewer than nine Revolutions, or considerable Insurrections in Portugal:—

The Revolution of September . . . 1836

The attempt to restore the Charter at

Belem—British troops landed, and re-embarked, *re infectâ* . October, 1836
The "War of the Marshals"—Ineffectual attempt of the Dukes of Terceira and Saldanha for the same purpose . . 1837
The new Constitution promulgated . 1838
Insurrection of Miguel Augusto . . 1840
Revolution of Oporto, headed by Costa Cabral, and Restoration of the Charter at Lisbon 1842
Insurrection of Torres Novas, and siege of Almeida 1844
Insurrection of "Maria da Fonte" against the health-dues, and Revolution of Minho . . . . May, 1846
Arrest of the Duke da Terceira and Insurrection at Oporto, consequent upon the counter-movement at the Palace, and commencement of the Civil War throughout the kingdom . 9th October, 1846

Nine Revolutions or Insurrections within ten years!

Any one who reads Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, book ii. chaps. 1 and 2, will be struck with the remarkable resemblance which all Portuguese Insurrections bear to each other. The rising against the French was very much like those which have been recently witnessed. "When the insurrection was grappled with, it proved to be more noisy than dangerous." "The Portuguese never made head for a moment against a strong body during the whole course of the insurrection." (Chap. 2.) The energy of Junot and his lieutenants

suppressed these movements everywhere with great facility, until the landing of our countrymen, and the battles they so gloriously won. By Junot's judicious distribution of a small force, reduced to 28,000 men, "any insurrection could be reached by a few marches, and immediately crushed;" (chap. 1;) and, as an instance, the town of Beja having risen, Colonel Maransin marched with such rapidity, that he passed over forty miles in eighteen hours, fell suddenly on the insurgents, "defeated them with considerable slaughter, and pillaged the place." (Chap. 2.) How different have been the proceedings of the generals during the present insurrection! Without imitating the cruelty of the French, it were well to emulate their energy.

Napier's authority will likewise be of use in warning the British public against the ridiculous fabrications, which for the last two months some English papers have been in the constant habit of copying from Oporto bulletins, or receiving from the streets of Lisbon:

"There are few nations that can pretend to vie with the Portuguese and Spaniards in the fabrication of plausible reports." (*Hist. War. Penins.* book ii. chap. 2.)

The Lisbon lies are the fattest in Europe. Thousands of idlers are engaged in their concoction and dissemination from morning till night. Newspapers being suppressed, and nearly all the communications cut off, imaginations are necessarily set to work with galvanic activity, and the unprincipled of all countries propagate falsehoods through the streets, which are immediately caught up and circulated by

credulity or malice. Juntas lie, and Generals distort; even the Government is not exempt from blame; until no one knows what to believe, the population are alternately deceivers and deceived till all are alike demoralized, and Truth becomes the ludibrium of the entire community.

I do not find that this journey has materially affected my health either for better or worse. My lungs are in the same miserable state, my sufferings not diminished. The symptoms of organic disease become more confirmed daily. But I have had the satisfaction, for a sum little exceeding 40*l.*, of travelling 1500 English miles, from London to Lisbon, almost entirely by land, "seeing," in imitation of Ulysses, "the cities of many men and noting their manners."* And if, unlike the sage Ulysses, I have received but a faint impression from my journey, and recorded its results but feebly, in comparison with the eloquent words with which he charmed Arete and godlike Alcinoüs, my breast at least has been warmed by a patriot glow as I pass over the many Peninsular fields which have been made renowned by British valour; and I have not, I trust, forgotten for an instant, amidst all the discomforts of my sickness, the love of truth and freedom which becomes an Englishman.

* Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω.
HOM. *Od.* i. 3.

THE END.

W. Stevens, Printer, Bell Yard, Temple Bar.

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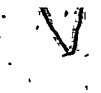

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